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IRISH POETS AND THE EAST.

THAT the most Western country in Europe should display Eastern affinities is not what one would look for at first sight. But when we remember that Ireland possesses in her own tongue the oldest spoken language west of the Caucasus, that her people have remained, in spite of conquest by England, largely pastoral and have clung through ages to many of their old beliefs and superstitions, the wonder somewhat disappears. Being one who does not hold the doctrine that the East is East and the West is West and never the twain shall meet, but rather that all men are brothers who in the fulness of time will not only meet but join hands in friendship, the present writer finds this theme a very agreeable one. Irishmen, for reasons there is no need to particularise, entertain much sympathy with the native races of India; and, as poets everywhere have shown broader sympathies than common men, the glory and the sorrow of the Orient have specially appealed to our sons of song. When Thomas Moore elected for his leading work the theme of *Lalla Rookh*, he brought home to the English reading public, almost for the first time, the brotherhood of sentiment that binds both East and West, and painted in undying verse the common truths which underlie the great religions of the world. No English writer up to then had gone so far to demonstrate the ennobling principles of a creed which was not Christian, or the sanctities of a love and the self-sacrifice of a patriotism which were not European. I am not now concerned with the manner in which Moore accomplished his task. His style has fallen into disrepute, and many of his dainty similes which moved our grandparents almost to tears now provoke only smiles. That is a matter of literary fashion, and Moore was above everything a fashionable poet. But in the matter of his poetry and in the courage he displayed

y showing that Mahomedans and Fire-worshippers could be just as good or just as bad as Christians, Thomas Moore deserves to rank among the true teachers of mankind. The impressions such a work as *Lalla Rookh* makes on the growing enlightenment of a people do not disappear when the work itself loses popularity among critics. The poem is still read and admired by multitudes, and those whose tastes are grown beyond it do not need its teachings as our grandmothers needed them. The poetic reader has better fare to feast on now since Sir Edwin Arnold gave us the Orient studied from within. Moore had no personal acquaintance with the East and no knowledge of its native literature. He derived his information through the records of French and English travellers, —in other words, through European spectacles—so that the accuracy of description which satisfied his contemporaries is merely the reflection of their own impressions which the poet's industry enabled him to reproduce. With the austere reverence and self-restraint of Asia he was little in touch. Her sunshine, her roses, her jewels and gazelles made the chief appeal to his imagination, and from these he fashioned a series of glittering pictures that weary with excessive prettiness. As one reads, to-day, Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, the astronomer-poet of Persia, one is puzzled to think how two poets of the same race could differ so widely in their tastes as Moore and Fitzgerald. No doubt Fitzgerald's original astronomer, like astronomers of every age and country, was a sceptic, and his scepticism appeals to our generation as surely as mere prettiness appealed to Moore's. It is another way of stating that literary fashions change, and poets, like the rest of us, are influenced by their surroundings. But it is fifty years since Edward Fitzgerald made his first version of the *Rubáiyát* which was then so little to the public taste that it could find neither publisher nor readers, and when printed at the translator's own expense, was finally disposed of at a penny a copy. No; apart from time and fashion, the chief difference lies in the personality of the two men. Moore was a gay, genial soul, adaptive and receptive like the majority of his countrymen. He spread his sails to the breeze of popular fancy which Scott and Byron had set blowing, and he sailed swiftly to his reward. Fitzgerald, like the minority of Irishmen, was a reserved, self-centred, concentrated soul who

laboured long to perfect a little. Content to bide his time, he, too, has reached his fame. Between these two in point of time and talent lies the place of James Clarence Mangan. He was more Irish, and, perhaps, in actual tastes, more eastern than either. As his reputation has hardly extended beyond Ireland, or, at least, beyond Irishmen, it is to his work I would like to call the attention of your readers. Two volumes of selections from his verse have appeared in America. Both books contain samples of his translations, or alleged translations (for his work has been so little studied, it is by no means certain which) from the Persian, Arabic and Turkish tongues. A much larger collection of Mangan's poems has recently been published by Mr. O'Donoghue, of Dublin. On this volume I propose to draw, trusting that those who like my samples will obtain the book and study for themselves. Before doing so, however, I shall give from Mr. O'Donoghue's previously published *Life of Mangan* a few particulars of the poet's unhappy career. He is the most personal of writers. Without some knowledge of his life it is hard to understand his gloomy genius.

On May Day, 1803, James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin. Like Thomas Moore, his townsman, Mangan was the son of a grocer. There all resemblance between the lives of the two Dublin poets ends. Moore was lovingly reared, carefully educated, and passed a happy life in England almost suffocated with applause. Mangan, according to his own story, was harshly treated by his father as a child, and, according to undoubted evidence, neglected as a youth, compelled to labour into manhood at the toil of scrivenery to support his needy relatives, and his measure of reward starvation in a garret. He was mainly self-taught, had a decided gift for languages and lost no opportunity of extending his knowledge of strange tongues. A priest instructed him in Latin and Italian. How he picked up French and German is unknown. What was the extent of his acquaintance with Asiatic languages or whether he had any such acquaintance at all, remains a mystery even to his biographer. His real knowledge of the East—the near East we call it to-day—came through his German reading. His translations from the German poets, great and small, were among the most welcome of his contributions to the Dublin magazines of his day, and, indeed, the only portion of his work which reached book-form

during his lifetime. To-day his Anglo-Irish poetry, translated and original, places him in the first rank of the poets loved in Ireland.

The Dublin libraries are rich in mediæval literature, and when, through the influence of local admirers, he obtained a post as assistant in the library of Trinity College, he was able to indulge his taste for curious reading in unbeaten bye-ways. But being in sympathy with the somewhat revolutionary politics of his countrymen at the time, he lost this post and sank into the utmost poverty. A craving for the use of stimulants, which his feeble health had engendered, did not mend matters, and in 1849 he died in hospital of the prevailing cholera at the age of forty-six. His character was shy, amiable and melancholy to a marked degree, subject to ecstatic flights and consequent depressions. His poetry is weird and unequal in quality, at its best reaching to the verge of sublimity and always marked by much agility of rhyme and rhythm. He had anticipated Edgar Allen Poe (if he did not teach the American) in the beautiful resonance of the repeated line, and in pretended translations produced some of the most original metres to be found in English versification. No competent Orientalist has ever examined how far his alleged eastern translations are based on originals. Perhaps some reader of *East & West* will enlighten us on this point later on. In the meantime, I venture to suggest they are mostly the outcome of Mangan's own whimsical humour. In 1837 he began the *Literae Orientales* in the *Dublin University Magazine*. How he considered a translator should set about such work may be gathered from one of his articles on the subject :—

The student is not to flatter himself that because he has rattled through a Persian grammar and skimmed Richardson's dissertation that the business is accomplished, and that he has nothing more to do but take his MS. in hand and loll on his ottoman. A severe initiation awaits him. He must for a season renounce his country, divest himself of his educational prejudices, forego his individuality and become, like Alfred Tennyson, 'a Mussulman true and sworn.' . . If he would appreciate Ottoman poetry, if he would even make an approach to understanding it, he must disencumber himself of all the old rags of Europeanism and scatter them to the winds. . . He must begin his poetical education afresh, and after a series of years (industry, commentaries and opium in the meantime assisting) he may be able to

boast that he has measured the height, length, breadth and circumference of the Great Temple in which the imagination of Bakki and the soul of Hafiz are enshrined, and beyond the extreme outer porch or Ethnic Forecourt of which none save those who have served a like probationary apprenticeship to the Genius of Orientalism have ever been permitted to advance.

If this be fooling, one is forced to say that, like Hamlet's madness, "there's method in't."

Here is a sample of how he takes his own advice, in describing a murderer stricken with remorse :—

THE HOWLING SONG OF AL-MOHARA.

From the Arabic.

My heart is as a house of groans
 From dusky eve to dawning grey ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 The glazed flesh on my staring bones
 Grows black and blacker with decay ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Yet am I none whom death may slay ;
 I am spared to suffer and to warn ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 My lashless eyes are parched to horn
 With weeping for my sin alway ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 For blood, hot blood that no man sees,
 The blood of one I slew,
 Burns on my hands. I cry therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Because I slew him over wine,
 Because I struck him down at night
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Because he died and made no sign
 His blood is always in my sight ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Because I raised my arm to smite
 While the foul cup was at his
 Allah, Allah hu !

Because *I* wrought *his* soul's eclipse
He comes between me and the Light
 Allah, Allah, hu !

His is the form my terror sees,
 The sinner that I slew ;
 My rending cry is still therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu !

Under the all-just Heaven's expanse
 There is for me no resting spot ;
 Allah, Allah hu !

I dread man's vengeful countenance,
 The smiles of woman win me not ;
 Allah, Allah hu !

I wander among graves where rot
 The carcases of leprous men ;
 Allah, Allah hu !

I house me in the dragon's den
 Till evening darkens grove and grot ;
 Allah, Allah hu !

But bootless all !—Who penance drees
 Must dree it his life through ;
 My heart-wrung cry is still therefore,
 All night long on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah, hu !

The silks that swathe my hall deewan
 Are damascened with moons of gold ;
 Allah, Allah hu !

Musk-roses from my Gulistan
 Fill vases of Egyptian mould ;
 Allah, Allah hu !

The Koran's treasures lie unrolled
 Near where my radiant night-lamp burns
 Allah, Allah hu !

Around me rows of silver urns
 Perfume the air with odours old ;
 Allah, Allah hu !

But what avail these luxuries ?
 The blood of him I slew
 Burns red on all—I cry therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu !

Can Sultans, can the Guilty Rich
 Purchase with mines and thrones a draught
 (Allah, Allah hu !)
 From that Nutulian² fount of which
 The Conscience-tortured whilome quaffed ?
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Vain dream ! Power, Glory, Riches, Craft,
 Prove magnets for the Sword of Wrath ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Thornplant man's last and lampless path,
 And barb the Slaying Angel's shaft ;
 Allah, Allah hu !
 Oh ! the blood-guilty ever sees
 But sights that make him rue,
 As I do now, and cry therefore,
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu !

More pleasing, if less dramatic, is "The Time of the Barmecides," also alleged to be from the Arabic. It is the best known of Mangan's poems, so I shall only give a couple of stanzas:—

My eyes are filmed, my beard is grey,
 I am bowed with the weight of years ;
 I would I were stretched in my bed of clay
 With my long-lost youth's compeers !
 For back to the past though the thought brings woe
 My memory ever glides,
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,
 The time of the Barmecides !
 To the old, old time, long, long ago,
 The time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
 With its turrets of Moorish mould,
 And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
 Whose binishes flamed with gold ;
 I call up many a gorgeous show
 Which the Pall of Oblivion hides—
 All passed like snow, long, long ago,
 With the time of the Barmecides ;
 All passed like snow, long, long ago,
 With the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
 Were free to rove and roam,
 Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky
 Or the roof of the palace dome :
 Oh ! ours was the vivid life to and fro
 Which only sloth derides !
 Men spent life so, long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides ;
 Men spent life so, long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

The lament over wasted youth which he gives as " The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers " has a touch of humour in its sadness. He states it is " from the Ottoman."

THE WAIL.

La' laha, il Allah !

Here we meet, we three, at length,
 Amrah, Osman, Perizad ;
 Shorn of all our grace and strength,
 Poor and old and very sad.

We have lived but live no more ;
 Life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore
 Boating down the Bosphorus !

La' laha, il Allah !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 Old time brought home no loss or us !
 We felt full of health and heart
 Upon the foamy Bosphorus !

He goes on describing the delights of life in *varying rhymes* upon the Bosphorus through four or five stanzas till we come to this:—

Gone is all ! In one abyss
 Lie health, youth and merriment !
 All we've learnt amounts to this ;
Life's a sad experiment !
 What it is we trebly feel
 Pondering what it was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus.

Then comes—

THE WARNING.

Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
 Save himself t'accuse, if her
 Temptings prove, when all is done,
 Lures hung out by Lucifer.
 Guard your fire in youth, O friends !
 Manhood's is but phosphorus,
 And bad luck attends and ends
 Boatings down the Bosphorus !

It is sad to think that poor Mangan, like the temperance preacher whose eloquence was inspired by a drunken headache, wasted so much of his own strength in foolish boatings down the river of excess, and it is a significant fact that Omar, who glorifies the use of wine, was quite a sober person. Therein lies the difference between theory and practice. Yet is there something of a kindred feeling between them. Is it that both are just a trifle insincere in this matter of indulgence ?

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
 Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling ;
 The Bird of Time has but a little way
 To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Mangan repeatedly vowed to leave off drinking and devote the remainder of his life to nobler things. Here the theoretical and practical tippler are at one as Fitzgerald paraphrases:—

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
 I swore—but was I sober when I swore ?
 And then, and then came Spring and Rose-in-hand
 My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

How Clarence Mangan would have rolled the flowing verses of the *Rubáiyát* from his melodious lips one can easily imagine, if his mouth had not been "stopt with dust" many years before that masterpiece appeared.

In the poem entitled "The Last Words of Al-Hassan" we hear his melancholy note of Clarence Mangan himself, again.

Farewell for ever to all I love !

To river and rock farewell !

To Zoumlah's gloomy cypress-grove

And Shaarmal's tulipy dell !

To Deenween-Kullaha's light blue bay,

And Oreb's lonely strand !

My race is run—I am called away—

I go to the lampless Land.

'Llah Hu !

I am called away from the light of day

To my tent in the Dark, Dark Land.

Yet why should I live a day—an hour ?

The friends I value lie low ;

My sisters dance in the halls of the Giaour

My brethren fight for the foe.

None stood by the banner this arm unfurled

Save Khárada's mountain-band,

'Tis well that I leave so oase a world,

Though to dwell in the Lampless Land—

'Llah Hu !

'Tis well that I leave so false a world,

Though to dwell in the Dark, Dark Land !

Even she, my loved and lost Ameen,

The moon-white pearl of my soul,

Could pawn her peace for the show and sheen

Of silken Istambol !

How little did I bode what a year would see,

When we parted at Samarkhánd—

My bride in the harem of the Osmánlee,

Myself in the Lampless Land !

'Llah Hu !

My bride in the harem of the Osmánlee,

Myself in the Dark, Dark Land !

We weep for the Noble who perish young,
 Like flowers before their bloom—
 The great-souled Few who, unseen and unsung,
 Go down to the charnel's gloom ;
 But, written on the brow of each, if Man
 Could read it and understand,
 Is the changeless decree of Heaven's Deewán—
 We are born for the Lampless Land !
 'Llah hu !
 By the dread firman of Heaven's Deewán—
 All are born for the Dark, Dark Land !

The wasted moon has a marvellous look
 Amiddle of the starry hordes—
 The heavens, too, shine like a mystic book,
 All bright with burning words,
 The mists of the dawn begin to dislimn
 Zahár's castles of sand—
 Farewell !—farewell ! Mine eyes feel dim—
 They turn to the Lampless Land.
 'Llah hu !

My heart is weary—mine eyes are dim—
 I would rest in the Dark, Dark Land !

There is, however, more than the affinity of contrast between the *Literae Orientales* of Mangan and Fitzgerald's *Omar*. Witness the following :—

SAYING OF NEDSCHATI.

O. B. 1508.

(*From the Ottoman*).

The world is one vast caravanserai,
 Where none may stay,
 But where each guest writes on the wall his word—
 O Mighty Lord !

This is the bud. Here is Fitzgerald's full-blown flower :—
 Think, in this battered caravanserai,
 Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
 Abode his destined Hour and went his way.

Again, Mangan had written "The World—A Ghazel"—which he explains is a short Oriental poem distinguished by the recurrence of one particular rhyme from beginning to end—long before the advent of the English *Rubāiyāt*.

To this Khan and *from* this Khan,
 How many pilgrims came and went, too !
In this Khan and *by* this Khan,
 Which for penance man is sent to,
 Many a van and caravan
 Crowded came, and shrouded went, too !
 Christian man and Moslem man,
 Guebre, Heathen, Jew and Gentoo,
 To this Khan and *from* this Khan
 Weeping came and weeping went, too !
 A riddle this since time began
 Which many a sage his mind hath bent to.
All came and went, but never man
 Knew *whence* they came or *where* they went to.

And Fitzgerald—

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
 A Sultan to the realm of Death address ;
 The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
 Strikes and prepares it for another Guest.
 A moment's halt—a momentary taste
 Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
 And lo !—the phantom Caravan has reached
 The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste !

Comparisons between Moore and Mangan are much easier to make and generally to the advantage of the less-known poet. The mystic Rose of Persia is a favourite theme of both. Most persons will see at a glance that the phrase *Gul Sad Berk* which Mangan renders "The Hundred-Leaféd Rose" is preferable to Moore's "The Flow'ret of a Hundred Leaves."

In *Lalla Rookh* we read :—

A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy—for now
 The valley holds its Feast of Roses ;

The joyous Time when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and in their shower
 Hearts open like the Season's Rose—
 The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows
 And every leaf its balm receives.

From Mangan's poem of twenty-seven stanzas, every alternate line of which finds a fresh rhyme for "Rose," I select the following.

Like crisped gold, laid fold over fold,
 Like the sun that at Eventide glows,
 Like the furnace-bed of Al-Khalil *
 Is the Hundred-leaféd Rose.

Her cloak is green with a gloomy sheen,
 Like the garment of beauteous Jose,†
 And prisoned round by a sentinelled wall
 Is the Hundred-leaféd Rose.

The Flower of Flowers as a convent towers
 Where Virtue and Truth repose ;
 The leaves are the halls and the convent walls
 Are the thorns that fence the Rose.

Who sees the sun set, round and red,
 Over Lebanon's brow of snows,
 May dream how burns in a lily-bed
 The Hundred-leaféd Rose.

A virgin alone in an alien land
 Whose friends are but smiling foes,
 A palace plundered by every hand
 Is the Hundred-leaféd Rose.

Oh ! give her the gardens of Peristan,
 Where only the Musk-wind blows,
 And where she need fear nor Storm nor Man,
 The Hundred-leaféd Rose.

* The Friend of God—Abraham—who, tradition says, was cast into a furnace by Nimrod.

† Joseph.

It would seem as if Mangan challenges comparison with Moore's mellifluous muse in one instance at least.

Moore :—

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
And oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think, is the nightingale singing there yet ?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they
shone,

And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

Mangan's verses are titled :—

HEAVEN FIRST OF ALL WITHIN OURSELVES.

I stood where the home of my boyhood had been,
In the Bellflower Vale, by the Lake of Bir-bol ;
And I pensively gazed on the wreck of a scene
Which the dreams of the Past made so dear to my soul.
For its light had grown dim while I wandered afar,
And its glories had vanished like leaves on the gale,
And the frenzy of Man and the tempests of War
Had laid prostrate the pride of my Bellflower Vale.
I thought how long years of disaster and woe
Scarce woke in my bosom one sigh for the Past,
How my hopes, like the home of my childhood, lay low,
While the spirit within remained calm to the last.
Then I looked on the lake that lay deep in the dell,
As pellucidly fair as in summers gone by,
And, amid the sad ruins of cottage and cell,
Still mirrored the beautiful face of the sky.

And I said, so may ruin o'ertake all we love,
 And our minds, like Bir-bol, abide bright evermore ;
 So the heart that in grief looks to Allah above,
 Still reflects the same heaven from its depths as before !

This is not imitation ; it is rivalry. The pretty conceit of comparing the attar of the roses to memory is as characteristic of the one as the serious religious simile is of the other.

A capable critic recently asserted that Moore is at his best when describing some event which suggests comparison with the history of his own country. This is equally true of Mangan, as, indeed, perhaps, of every other writer. Surely, the Irish Exile must have been in our poet's mind when he penned " The Karamanian Exile," though he tells us it is " from the Turkish " :—

I see thee ever in my dreams,
 Karaman !
 Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
 Karaman ! O Karaman !
 As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
 As when the deepening sunset seams
 With lines of light thy hills and streams,
 Karaman !
 So thou loomest in my dreams,
 Karaman ! O Karaman !

 The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
 Karaman !
 Seem death-black marble to mine eyes
 Karaman ! O Karaman !
 I turn from summer's blooms and dyes ;
 Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
 In welcome glory to my eyes,
 Karaman !
 In thee my life of life yet lies,
 Karaman !
 Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
 Karaman ! O Karaman !

The poem is too long to give fully, but the laments of the exile over his fallen nation and his thirst for vengeance on its oppressors

can be inferred from the foregoing. I don't know why, but Karaman suggests Siberia which although not directly East is, certainly, east of Ireland. That must be my excuse for introducing the poem here. It is thought by some one of Mangan's best. The very lines seem as frozen as the theme.

SIBERIA.

In Siberia's wastes
The Ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothed steel ;
Lost Siberia doth reveal
Only blight and death

Blight and death alone !
No summer shines.
Night is interblent with Day.
In Siberia's wastes away
The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Nought is felt but dullest pain,
Pain acute, yet dead ;

Pain as in a dream,
When years go by
Funeral-paced, yet fugitive,
When man lives, and doth not live,
Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
Is one with those ;
They are part and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
None curse the Czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The North Blast, that heweth nigh
With sharp scymitar.

And such doom each drees,
Till, hunger-gnawn,
And cold-slain he at length sinks there,
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
His last breath was drawn.

After this glacial picture let us once more return to the roses of Persia.

Morning is blushing ; the gay nightingales
Warble their exquisite songs in the vales;
Spring, like a spirit floats everywhere,
Shaking sweet spice-showers loose from her hair,
Murmurs half musical sound from the stream,
Breathes in the valley and shines in the beam.
In at the portals that Youth uncloses
It hastes, it wastes, the Time of the Roses.

And so on for eight or ten stanzas till he winds up by introducing the supposed author in this fashion :—

I, too, Meseehi already renowned,
Centuries hence by my songs shall be crowned ;
Far as the stars of the wide Heaven shine,
Men shall rejoice in this carol of mine.
Leila ! Thou art a rose unto me :
Think on the nightingale singing for thee ;
For he who on love like thine reposes,
Least heeds how speeds the Time of Roses !

About these productions Mangan showers names and dates with most suspicious accuracy, and there are allusions in footnotes to MSS. which he alone appears to have studied. It is a quaint fraud in keeping with the poet's general character.

To go through the entire collection of Mangan's Eastern

verse is beyond the scope of a magazine article. There are love ditties, epitaphs, epigrams, ballads, and long, serious, prayerful poems. There is humour too, of a strange, and not too healthy kind, ingenuity of rhyme and rhythm and much slap-dash phraseology. But through it all shines the light of wayward genius. His German paraphrases are numerous and brilliant, but it is upon his personal and purely Irish verse that his fame (such as it is) rests. In "Dark Rosaleen," where he apostrophises Ireland, he rises to his greatest height. I can only give one stanza :—

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
 Are my lot night and noon,
 To see your bright face clouded so,
 Like to the mournful moon.
 But yet will I rear your throne
 Again in golden sheen ;
 'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
 'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

And, to finish, I shall quote a few lines of his "Nameless One"—a poem descriptive of himself.

Roll on my song, and to after ages
 Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
 He would have taught men, from Wisdom's pages,
 The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
 And worn by weakness, disease and wrong,
 He fled for shelter to God who mated
 His soul with song—

And he fell far through the fit abysmal,
 The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
 And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
 Stock of returns.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms ! There let him dwell !
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

I trust enough has been quoted to induce the East to do for this neglected poet what the West has failed to do—take him to its larger heart and study him, for he was one who accomplished much and truly loved his fellow-men of every race, colour and creed.

WILLIAM BOYLE.

THE NAMING OF MOUNT EVEREST.

VERY little is known of the English Godfather of that Himalayan mountain. Circumstances, into which I cannot now enter, led to the destruction of nearly all written memorials of his life ; and as he married in late middle age, his own family were too young at the time of his death to remember much that can throw light on his Indian career. Nor do I know much of it ; but I have a vivid recollection of his character and personality ; and perhaps the little that I can tell about him may throw light on the nature of the feeling that prompted those who remembered him to connect his name with an inaccessible snow-peak.

No portrait taken of him reminds me of him as much as does a statue of Moses, the legendary Deliverer of Israel, of whom it was said that " no man knows his sepulchre." As a matter of fact, George Everest was buried at Hove near Brighton. But if I were writing my impressions of him in metaphor or parable, I could not express them better than by saying of him, as is said of Moses, that after spending his life in leading other people out of bondage to within sight of a Promised Land, he went up a mountain to be alone with God ; and some Unseen Power disposed of him, and left his friends suddenly aware that they had in reality never known much about him. He was always a land-mark, a beacon to others ; always utterly lonely, and always misunderstood.

In the year 1806, he, being then sixteen years old, was sent to India as a cadet. He had received the ordinary unscientific education of a young gentleman of that period, which comprised a certain amount of accurately taught Latin, a very little illogical theology, and a large amount of flogging, fagging, and fisticuffing. He was considered an excessively troublesome boy. Not that he was ever accused, I believe, of any action that could be considered really wrong, deceitful, or unkind. But he was always in danger.

And his escapades kept the ladies of the household in a perpetual state of terror. At last he was found in a quarry, firing against the rock, reckless where the bullets might recoil to. His father was spoken of by people who did not like him as a man who loved philosophic calm more than anything else on earth ; he decided to send George away for the peace of the household. Before sailing, George went to take leave of his sister, a pupil in a select boarding school. She took him into the school-room ; whereupon he blew out the candles, and took advantage of the confusion that ensued to kiss the pupils and teachers indiscriminately in the dark. That is all that I can remember being told of his boyhood ; except that he was his mother's favourite child, and her death, which took place soon after his departure, was supposed to have been hastened by grief at losing him. He seems to have been the idol of the whole family, and perhaps his father's decision was not as selfish as it was represented to be. He (the father) was in many respects a wise and far-seeing man. He knew his children better than most fathers do ; and I am inclined to think that he sent the boy off because he felt that such a boy would be safer facing dangers and difficulties for himself than being coddled and spoilt at home.

I have heard from others that George became a brave soldier. He certainly was a brave man, possessed of a remarkable amount of both physical and moral courage. But I have not the least reason to suppose that he ever cared for his profession, or thought with anything but pain of any use of military weapons against natives of India. I have no doubt that he did his duties as a soldier as long as he had any such duties to perform ; but many circumstances conspired to make those duties distasteful to him, and he was, I know, very thankful when a happy accident diverted his energies from the work of conquering India to that of surveying it.

He had an active and eager mind, athirst for knowledge of all kinds. His first device for procuring mental food and occupation was to get himself taught as many languages as he could, by native teachers. This must have struck, from the first, the keynote of his future career, marking him as different from ordinary English officers, among whom it was not, I believe, at that time, much the fashion to enter into sympathetic relations with conquered countries.

He made the acquaintance of a learned Brahman, who initiated him into that ancient philosophy of the relation of Man to The Unseen Inspirer, to the *As-Yet-Unknown* Truth, which forms the common underlying basis of several Asiatic religions (including the Brahman, Buddhist, Parsi, Jewish, and Christian). His devout mind was intensely impressed with the ancient conception of a relation between Man and The Unknown—a relation which is direct, primary, and independent of, and prior to, any religious belief, and of which each religious formula is a more or less inadequate expression. The whole idea of any particular religion being the essentially right one, or claiming to be necessarily truer or better than any other, became utterly abhorrent to him. That anyone should attempt to convert anyone else to his special form of worship, or should speak of his own doctrines as essential to salvation, was enough to rouse his contempt and anger to the last years of his life. And I fear he never was on very good terms with Christian Missionaries. Having learned all the languages that he could get anyone to teach him, he next turned his attention to the study of mathematics. And he caught a vision of the Ancient Secret, that mathematical notation is not a mere mechanism for calculating numbers, but the supporting framework of that same organic relation of Man's mind to the *As-Yet-Unknown* of which religions are various outward expressions.

Now the main difficulty of mathematics consists in the fact that students treat it as a "secular" subject. As soon as the student sees mathematical notation in its true light, as the supporting skeleton of religious thought, what was before obscure becomes easy to understand. This is the explanation of many a phenomenal career in mathematics. George Everest's progress in the study was rapid and sound.

While he was still quite young, the Surveyor-General of India needed an assistant. My uncle's account of what then happened was this. If the authorities could have found another man in India, who knew mathematics enough, they would not have appointed him, for already they hated him ; but there was no one else competent to do the work ; therefore they were reluctantly obliged to appoint him.

And so he escaped from the duty of coercing and slaughtering

natives to the more congenial task of organising and supervising the work of the native surveying staff, and teaching trigonometry to young Parsis and Hindus.

By what particular mode of offence he had made himself thus early hated by the authorities, he did not inform me. One can infer its probable nature by what followed during the survey.

That he loved difficulty and danger for their own sake became evident when, after his return to England, he told us tales of his hairbreadth escapes from perils. Jumping into a live cactus hedge to escape wild cattle was one of his adventures; leaping from a precipice into the branches of a tree growing from its side in order to avoid being crushed by some heavy vehicle that had broken the traces in going up a hill, was another; all these episodes were told as pure jokes and with great zest; but never a word can I recollect of fighting any one—except the English priests of red tape!

The quarrel that I heard most about was over a signalling instrument. When he took charge of surveying parties, he found that the native surveyors were made to take out-door observations when it was unhealthily hot and to do calculations indoors when it was cooler. He wished to reverse the arrangement; but the signals could not be seen, from hill to hill, except in the glare of the sun. He invented a more suitable instrument, by means of which signals could be seen in cloudy weather. Having made it a real working possibility, he applied to the authorities for leave to bring it into general use in the survey. There ensued a long and angry correspondence; red-tape probably could not understand why any implements were needed except those in use; and George Everest was not the man ever to understand why there need be any delay in carrying out any project which tended towards the emancipation of man, woman, or child, from bondage or unsuitable conditions. His advocacy of his protégés may have been more zealous than judicious. What is certain is that people who were content because they were taking for granted the legitimacy of their own position dreaded his influence, and whoever felt wronged and oppressed loved him—then, and always, and everywhere, to the end of his life.

In one of his letters to the authorities he made the remark that he knew he was making himself obnoxious, but that would not trouble him; he had taken for his motto:—“Serve God and

fear no man.' Remarks of that kind do not tend to make a subordinate popular at headquarters ! But they act as rice-seeds cast at random into swampy ground ; after many days some of them are found growing. A young Parsi employé in some Government office had to copy the correspondence. The story was told to my aunt, either by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji or Mr. Fardunji, when they were in England together ; and I think the copying clerk was one or other of them. Whoever he was, he was struck by the phrase, and adopted it as his motto. Later on, this clerk realised that Parsi women were being kept in a degraded condition of ignorance. He and one or two friends organised a movement for procuring English teachers for Parsi girls. They had many difficulties to encounter and some persecution and obloquy from their co-religionists ; but they had taken for their motto "Serve God and fear no man."

I do not know whether the quarrel about the signalling preceded or followed my uncle's long visit to England in the eighteenth-twenties. During the course of that holiday, he went to Germany, taking with him his youngest brother (my father), then latterly ordained a clergyman of the English Church. They went to a great gathering of scientific men somewhere in Germany, travelling in company with John Herschell and Charles Babbage. Knowing as I do know something of what my uncle's influence was on my father then, and after his final return to England on my own mental development, I can read between the lines of Babbage's and Herschell's writings and gather something of what my uncle's Brahminical view of the meaning of mathematical notation must have done to sow in their minds the seeds of an ideal more spiritual than those current in English Universities.

He came home finally in 1844. I was then a child of twelve. From the first, he was always the centre of stir, passion, emancipation. No repressive prohibitions that anyone made could be enforced where he was ; he simply laughed to scorn the notion of any one coercing any one else. Children and animals worshipped him. Every one loved him to a degree that was distracting ; yet the grown-up members of the family seemed to spend a large part of their existence in wishing that he would not say the things he did say. Perhaps they feared he would spoil us

children ! If they thought so, it was a great mistake. Loyalty to relationships and to accomplished facts emanated from him like a contagion. I can remember nothing which made me so willing to submit to my parents as uncle's naughty-sounding exhortations to me not to let any one coerce me. He had a power greater than any one else I ever knew, of calling out the spirit of "Liberté oblige," of making one feel that the claim for Freedom is the outcome, not of dislike to doing what the authorities wish done, but respect for one's self as a child of God. He made one long for discipline for its own sake ; he called out in one a passionate revolt against all that could come between one's soul and God ; including one's own weakness and selfishness and cowardice. I feel certain that he would sooner have cut his tongue out than have uttered a word calculated to induce any one in India to real rebellion. But probably the home authorities suspected the contrary, for red-tape has the fatal property of strangling in its devotees the power of understanding loyalty. If the home authorities had the courage to give to such men as George Everest a free hand in India, it might have been, by this time, in a condition of more real self-government than it now is ; better able to reform itself religiously, to educate itself intellectually and to protect itself from internal evils, such as famine and plague ; a more organic unity within itself, and therefore more actively and helpfully loyal to England than is yet the case.

An episode of my uncle's life after his return to England may serve to throw light on the reason of the strange sense of unrest which surrounded him. He took a country house at Ascot, and soon afterwards was visited by a deputation of neighbouring gentlemen who had come to express their desire that he should represent their party in Parliament. He agreed to stand, and asked what steps he was to take. He would have to pay a certain sum into a local Bank. "Very well. But what is to be done with it ?" "It is for election expenses." "Yes ; but how will it be spent ?" "Make it payable to the order of your agents, and do not ask for details." My uncle rose and rang the bell ; when the servant entered, he said : "Shew these gentlemen out." Such was his account to me of the one attempt of his countrymen to enlist him in the service of his country in the capacity of Member of Parliament. The

whole question as to which party won at an election, and who was and who was not in power, would always have seemed to him trivial in comparison with the harm that would certainly be done to the country by the slightest dishonourable action. And it is not difficult to guess why a man who took that kind of tone was obnoxious to men accustomed to treat as "necessary election expenses" a certain amount of bribery done by agents without the sanction of the principals !

He helped and befriended Bishop Colenso, and every one else whom he heard of as trying to reform or broaden the English Church or any other Church ; but he never allowed his name to be publicly connected with any movement of reform, because he would not allow himself to be supposed to belong to any party in particular. " I don't believe in Colenso's view more than any one else's," he said ; " I back up whoever is attacked, because I can't bear to see a man ill-used."

This religious impartiality gave pious people the impression that he was indifferent to religion. Never was there a greater mistake. On one occasion, during the last year of his life, I was in his company, along with two pious ladies. Beside his couch was a small table on which nothing was to be seen except a red bandana handkerchief. As we three rose to leave him, he beckoned to me to stay behind. When the door had closed behind the other ladies, he took up the handkerchief ; beneath it lay a Bible. The next few minutes were amongst the most awful of my life—awe-ful in the literal sense of the word. I realised then what a struggle his life had been, torn between his childlike and humble devoutness, his passionate love of God the revealer, his longing to be in religious communion with his friends, and his intolerance of any religion which claimed to be superior to all others.

When I undertook to write this sketch, I thought it would be easy to say a great deal about the man whose name, while he lived, was synonymous, wherever he went, with the sense of help for the weak, of hope for the hopeless, of cheer for the sorrowful, of courage for all who were struggling in any good cause ; and of bewildered terror to whoever was content to take for granted the rightness of his own claims, rights, religion, opinions, beliefs, or moral codes. But I find there is little I can say. And perhaps, after all, this

incapacity of mine to find much to say about him is the true interpretation of the motives of those who named the mountain after him. Perhaps he filled the background of their minds as of ours with the sense of inexplicable inspiration and power, without giving them many intelligible facts to record. They gave his name to the highest thing they knew of, and left it to the *Eternal Silence*.

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A HINDU DEVOTEЕ.

(Continued from our last Number.)

ARE Light, Heat and Electricity perfectly impersonal? Is the Omnipresent—who is both personal and impersonal, not present in them? If so, how does the impersonal transform itself into the personal—the homogeneous into the heterogeneous? There are infinite permutations and combinations, and throughout all of them, the impersonal or the homogeneous basis of the transformation—the stable nucleus—is never extinguished. But how can there be any such permutations and combinations if there is no potentiality of heterogeneity in homogeneity—no potentiality of personality in impersonality? Does not the potentiality come from His Omnipresence?

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Lucretius said, over nineteen hundred years ago: "It matters much with what others, and in what positions, the same first-beginnings of things are held in union, and what motions they do mutually impart and receive. The same numbers of the same atoms may be arranged in different ways; the results of the different arrangements will be molecules whose reactions are not the same." Modern chemistry has now discovered innumerable illustrations of this truth; but for explanatory hypotheses it resorts to that great science—Geometry—which assumes the truth of the law of Continuity. Plato used to say that God geometrises in all His acts, and the theory of geometric isomerism is a remarkable corroboration of his opinion. The whole truth apparently does not lie with those who believe in atoms only—nor with those who believe in Continuity and Homogeneity. Neither the worshippers of the Personal nor the worshippers of the Impersonal possess a monopoly of

holiness and wisdom. There seem to be infinite stages of ascent, and at each stage there is a *thesis* and *antithesis*, and an *imperfect synthesis* tentatively combining the two, and creating a further mystery to furnish a motive for higher efforts. Thus "man's reach" is always exceeding his "grasp."

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The absolute is the Highest Synthesis of the Personal and the Impersonal, and of infinite other opposites, and, therefore, cannot be defined in language, or even adumbrated except by negations or couplings of contradictions. Those alone, apparently, have the best chance of realising Him who are intent on eliciting His simultaneous and sole radiance, ray by ray, in order to live not in a part, but in the Whole, who have faith that all partial beauty is "a pledge of beauty in its plenitude," and who believe that earnest absolute faith brings about its own fulfilment.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;
Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

* * * *

That is what the Mandukopanishad teaches, though the words are Browning's. Why should the scientist "in the least things have faith, and yet distrust in the greatest of all"? Why should he believe in the derivation of gross matter from his chemical elements, and of the elements from electrons, but not in the Underlying Unity which impels even him to seek hypotheses for co-ordinating apparently irreconcilable facts, and for bringing all such co-ordinations under a single law? Kekule's hypothesis explains certain facts—but what explains the faculty which enabled him to invent the hypothesis? What explains the longing to explain—to classify—to unify? "'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would Do."

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Surely, surely, He who is Love in His Personal Aspect wishes to be loved. And love is not love if it is love by compulsion, if it is love by mere machines. How, then, if He wished to be loved, could He have withheld His gift of freedom from those by whom

He wished to be loved? And to confer that boon effectually, to enable them to choose, there must be the power to grieve Him, and the power to glorify Him, and there must be at least two things—like Light and Darkness, Virtue and Vice—to exercise their free choice upon. If He is omnipotent, what is there to prevent Him from making his own masks, his personæ free? And if He wished to be loved, He could not but make them free. Given initial freedom, and a continuous life through aeons of time, and ever-present opportunities for retrieving the past, and His mercy is reconciled with His justice.

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? Here, the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end, what Began?
Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, Who yet alone can?

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Whence comes "the sweet and palpitating mystery" that
makes a beloved woman sacred? Is it impossible to see Him in all
we love? Is it unnatural

From the gift looking to the giver
And from the cistern to the river
And from the finite to infinity
And from man's dust to God's divinity?

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Mr. Pattison Muir, in "The Story of the Wandering of Atoms," writes: "In the study of natural occurrences, it is well constantly to remind oneself that 'in nature there are no boundary lines, however necessary it may be for us to draw them'; and 'in nature everything is distinct, yet nothing defined into absolute independent singleness.' A change in the arrangement of a group of atoms so small that we can only liken the product of that change to the image of an object reflected in a mirror, is accompanied by a very distinct change of properties. May we not refine a little more? May we not picture to ourselves a complex collocation of atoms constantly giving up a few atoms to the substances which environ it, and constantly assimilating some of the atoms which compose the materials of its environment? May we not speak of that

complex atomic group as existing only as long as it undergoes change of this kind, as exhibiting its characteristic properties only while it is in a state of flux, as being, only when it is becoming ; as existent, only as it is ceasing to exist ; as finding itself only by losing itself ? The difficulty is to translate such loose conceptions as these into a working hypothesis for use in the laboratory. We cannot do this to-day, we may do it to-morrow." This certainly augurs well for Science. The paradoxical language of Christ, the paradoxical language of Vedant, is being applied to atoms. But what a lack of warmth is there in such language ! Is my God merely " a complex collocation of atoms "—Is there nothing in us besides such matter as can be experimented upon in a chemist's laboratory ? Is there not another laboratory—the laboratory of the loving, meditating soul in the realm of the spirit—where all such paradoxes can be better realised ? Was St. Augustine indulging in pure fiction when he wrote : " If to any the tumult of the flesh were hushed—hushed the images of earth and air and sea—hushed the poles of heaven—and the very soul were hushed to herself and by not thinking on self should transcend self—hushed all dreams and imaginary revelations and whatever exists only in transition—if these should all be hushed, having only opened our ears to the voice of Him that made them, and He speak alone not by them but by Himself, that we might hear His word not through any tongue of flesh, nor angel's voice, nor in the riddle of a dark similitude, but might hear Him whom in these things we love, His very self without aid or voice from these ; could this be continued on, and other visions far unlike it be withdrawn, and this so enwrap the beholders in their inward joy that life might be for ever like that one moment of understanding, would not this be, Enter thou in the joy of the Lord " ? May He bless me with that " one moment of understanding."

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In Guru Nanak's days, molasses and Dháwá flowers, and the bark of the kikar tree were used in distilling intoxicating liquor ; and the lid of the distilling vessel was generally plastered over. The Guru—to reconcile the Four Paths—has a song in which he says :—
 "Make Gian (Gnan or Wisdom) your molasses, make Dhián (meditation) your Dháwá flowers, make (righteous) Karma your kikar bark : mingle these in that distilling vessel—the World, (and) apply the

plaster of Prema (Bhakti or Love). In this way the juice of Amrit will filter out. My son, he who with intoxicated mind drinks the juice of the Name tranquilly remains enraptured in the joy (of the Lord)." One must combine Gnana Yoga, and Dhayna Yoga, Karma Yoga and Bhakti Yoga in order to obtain that "one moment of understanding." They are not antagonistic but complementary, and every rhythmic step is a step in advance on the Spiritual Ladder.

Earn the means first—God surely will contrive

Use for our earning.

Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes :

Live now or never !"

He said, "What's time ? Leave Now for dogs and apes !

Man has Forever."

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Why should I not think of Him as often as I draw my breath ? It is only thus that I can come to understand what is meant by the *Ajapa Jap*, and by the *Anahat Shabd* of our God-intoxicated men. "Tell me," says St. Chrysostom, "if you had to abide always in the presence of your Sovereign, with what circumspection and caution, with what reverential awe would you not behave ? Whether then you eat, or drink, or sleep, or amuse yourself, when you are tempted to anger, or whatever else happens to you, think that God is close at hand, and be assured that this thought will so restrain you, that you will never give way to any unseemly mirth, nor even to a single act of impatience or anger." Yes, verily, "He is closer than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet," and Science is truly rendering a service to the devout by enumerating the marvels of matter—which are merely the marvels of His outer garment.

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There must be certainly greater marvels in other worlds. If we "the quintessence of dust" can weigh the Sun in our mental scales, and count the velocity of light and electricity, and see some of our chemical elements where our eye cannot reach—if we are a million-fold above the humble ant in all such matters—is it not foolish presumption to suppose that no one in all the infinite worlds is a million-fold above us ? May not the thirty-three crores of Hindu gods and the millions of Christian and Mussalman angels be

a miserable under-estimate ? And as we befriend the lower animals and quicken their evolution by kindness—may there not be opportunities also to those who are above us, to befriend us likewise, and quicken our own evolution ?

I dare at times imagine to my need
 Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
 Unlimited in capability
 For joy, as this is in desire for joy,
 —To seek which, the joy-hunger forces us :
 That, stung by straitness of our life, made strait
 On purpose to make prized the life at large—
 Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
 We burst there as the worm into the fly,
 Who, while a worm still, wants his wings.

* * * *

That part of me which wishes to prepare for the “throbbing impulse we call death,” very much dreads the daily post—for the post not seldom brings sad or distracting news unfavourable to continuous meditation and communion. And yet why should any news be sad or distracting to me ? Surely He is not dead !

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Shekh Farid, a lover of God, calls the body the bride of Death—and to-day comes a letter which tells me, in so many words, that the body of my favourite niece is preparing for that bridal. I must bring her here to nurse her, and my studies and my meditations cannot any longer go on in their wonted course. But it is blessed work to cheer a fellow-pilgrim—a child of my God.

* * * *

Motherless and fatherless, she has had little happiness in the few years of her married life, and now she must prepare for the unwinding of this mortal coil. May He give her His Peace.

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I think I can distinguish my three-fold Karmic self from my Akarmic self, and I think I understand that fine passage in the Gita, which says there is Karma in Akarma and Akarma in Karma. My conscience is my Sattvic self—my passion-nature is my Rajasic self—and the grovelling, groping part of me is my Tamasic self. Naturalists talk of *Symbiosis*—of Commensality—of Mutuality and

Parasitism—and I am afraid the hermit crab, the sea anemone and their scavenger worm are not exceptions in nature.

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Doubts perplexed me for a while—for the Rajasic self, backed by the Tamasic, asserted itself, but thank God, they have been conquered. "Might it not be better," said these confederates, "might it not be better to plunge into worldly action, and forget the sorrows that now net you around? God does not listen to prayer—for law is supreme. The plague is going on, and one of your nieces is down with consumption and another miserable, and your only surviving sister will be shortly a widow. You want to meditate and lead a calm peaceful life during the few months of leisure that you have secured after a life of hard work. What can you gain by meditation? And how can you fix your mind amidst such troubles? Law is supreme." The Sattvic self replies: "True, law is supreme, and all the Karma Lokas, as the Munduk says, are without true happiness. On that very ground, give up all **desire**. Do your duty, but without desire for fruit, and without egoism. In that way, deprive Karma of its sting, and reconcile Karma with Akarma. Behold you read yesterday of a dear English friend, who is hundreds of miles away from you, and you received a disquieting, unjust letter from a Railway construction officer. Both these were small unconnected things, but when you fell asleep they managed to interweave themselves with the memory of your beloved dead brother, and you dreamt of him. The connection was known to your sub-conscious self—though not to your waking self. If thought-association can do such wonders, if a part can remind of a whole, why may not the *chayas* (shadows) in you remind you of Him whose *chayas* they are? So persevere, and in the name of the Nameless, be content. Remember, you must have sinned in your former life, and you have sinned in this life, and retributive justice demands your suffering. But suffering is good for you. What glorious concentration it gave you to-day during your morning devotions! How beautiful was the inner light! It was all due to suffering. Remember all that takes place—takes place because you deserve it. In the name of the Nameless, then, be as dust to those who cause the suffering, if you wish to break the Karmic knot. What are your sorrows compared to those of others? You should rejoice that

you have so many blessings. "His Law is Love, His Justice is His mercy."

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There is a real Chancery in the Karmic self. The counsel on both sides demand a hearing. Happy the Karmic self in which the Chancellor decides: "Thy will be done—O Holy One—'Our wills are ours to make them Thine.'"

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My niece is reduced to a skeleton. The doctor says one-sixth of the right lung and one-tenth of the left are affected. I am nursing her tenderly, and realising the strength of weakness.

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I had no sleep last night except for about an hour, and to-day I am feeling feverish. But a few homœopathic aconite drops always cure me—though allopaths say it is my faith that cures me. Perhaps "faith aided by the infinitesimal doses" will be nearer the mark. But even Professor James bears testimony to the marvellous faith-cures effected in America without the assistance of any medicines.

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I feel now how powerless we are to purify the Rajasic and the Tamasic selfs. We must turn to the Spiritual Sun for help if we want to be pure. I now understand why our Hindu and Mussalman saints say so often: "Without Thy look of mercy—there can be no liberation." Did not Luther also teach the doctrine of Salvation by Faith?

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I am realising more and more the infinite beauty of love and also why the Gita winds up with the words: "Come to me for refuge." This morning I had an unusually intense spiritual experience of sweetened sorrow, and with increased inner experience, I find new meanings in many a simple word of our glorious Gita.

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How difficult it is to become perfect in Ahinsa (non-aggressiveness and harmlessness in thought, word and deed). I am yet imperfect, though I try my best to practise it. To remind me of my imperfection, a dog rushed furiously upon me, when I was returning from my sea-walk; but its master whistled to it, and it went back

immediately. My mind is worse than that dog. It goes not back to its Lord, even when He whistles to it.

* * * *

Pandit G. . . . writes, his son has failed in the matriculation examination, and he asks me to recommend his son to one of the examiners ! What a curious idea he must have of public morality ! Is not a request to God to restore a person to health like this request of the Pandit ? Break certain laws, and you forfeit health and life. You fail to pass your examination, and then ask for grace !

* * * *

“The fool and the sage are one—one light and two names,” says Guru Nanak. What did he exactly mean ? How are we to judge what portion of our sacred books is inspired ? What are the indicia of inspiration ? How can one ascertain God’s will ? What, again, are the limits within which human activity is not bounded by fate ? Can all the remedies the doctors can give prevent the death of my niece—if she is doomed to die ? We can, however, discover the doom only by putting forward all our efforts to checkmate it—otherwise, the doom may be only that which follows stupidity, inertness, and lack of self-sacrifice.

* * * *

Remember, the whole of this universe is but a small bubble in the infinite ocean of Divine Existence. Don’t judge of the ocean from the bubble. The suns are but microzoons in the bubble, and the planets are but shadows of the microzoons, and we shadows of shadows a thousand times removed. When Patanjali says “*dukham eva sarvam vivekinah*,” he means all this universe—this bubble—is a house of sorrow compared with what the Divine Ocean is. Let us do our best to deserve deliverance from that house, for even in the tiniest bubble He is present to aid us and to guide us.

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Are not all religions mere schemes of “suggestion” ? May they not be of use even as such ? Why should I not then tell my niece of God’s love and justify His ways to her ? She could not sleep last night, and I also could not. She is suffering with such sweet resignation, that it will not be difficult to turn the passive feeling into even active gratitude and love to Him. Religion alone can effect such transformation and bring perfect peace.

Call it Creation—call it Emanation. Is not the object this, that the not-God for the time being should realise God's beauty and wisdom and power? We have to extract poetry from life, and God as non-God extracts it.

* * * *

During the terrible volcanic eruption in Japan, which took place about 12 years ago, and which has been described so graphically by Henry Norman, in his "Real Japan," a Japanese peasant who sat on a hill and considered the whole phenomenon to be a subjective one due to his being bewitched, was not hurt in the least. Is not the best part of the apparent not-God like that peasant? Is not all this hurly-burly of the world a mere subjective dream to it? May not the sickness of those dear to us be also in essence a dream? "The world is a piece of jugglery," says Kabir.

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He is the True Self. But He is the paragon of Selflessness and denies himself. So He is "the true self-denying self" of Max Müller, and allows himself to be replaced. Hence the jugglery of Dualism.

* * * *

I had to remove from my cottage by the sea for the sake of my niece, and to-day after about three months' illness she breathed her last, an hour after sending forth a fervent prayer with great love to her Maker. She was well prepared for the end, and it is a consolation to me that all is well with her. She has willingly paid her debt, and He whom she loved will take care of her. "The good die young."

* * * *

Constant nursing has affected my health. But all is for the best. I have been reading the sacred songs of our saints, and they have been renovating my spirit.

* * * *

Our *OM* is a masterly formula. Just as mathematicians use symbols to facilitate their various complex processes, so this symbol of symbols is used to summarise in itself the macracosm and the micracosm, Parabrahma as well as the Jiva Atma. A learned Sadhu has shown how all the letters of the Sanskrit, Persian, and English alphabets and all the arithmetical figures can be constructed with

the various separated parts of the symbol. Last night looking at the moon, it occurred to me that the symbol represents many more things, but it is mostly useful for fixing attention on the Supreme. The point represents the perfect Adwait Amatra Parabrahma (the Supreme without a second and without parts)—whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere. The partial suggestive outline of a circle below it represents the manifestation of Parabrahma, as Ishwara cosmically and Pragna individually in the Sushupti (Blissful sleep) state in Sattvic Máyá. The serpentine curve, “the straight staff bent in a pool,” represents His manifestation as Hiranyagarbha cosmically, and Taijasa individually, in the Swapna (dream or subjective state) in Rajasic Maya. The rest of the figure represents His manifestation as Vrâta cosmically, and Vaishwanara individually, in the Jâgrit (waking or objective state) in Tamasic Maya, the horizontal line at the top standing for the basal sattwa, the ingredient of Bliss and Illumination, and of all that is highest in that Maya, the vertical below for the active Rajas, the ingredient of emotion and passion and movability, and of all that is middling, the looped line for the predominant Tamas, the ingredient of darkness, immovability and passivity, and of all that is lowest. Thus the whole of the teaching of the Mandukyopanishad is comprised in the Symbol and the Word for which it stands. That Word (Shabda), says the divine Nanak, is the Guru, and Surt (Illuminated Insight) is its *chela*.

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The distinguishing feature of the religion of our saints is the realisation of God's presence. That also is the distinguishing feature of the religion of saints in other lands. The names may differ, but the spirit is the same. Substitute Christ for Hari (the taker away of sins)—for Rama (the all-pervading)—for Krishna (the well-beloved), in the Sikh Grantha or in the songs of Kabir, Rawidas, Namdeva and Tukaram, and few Christians will find anything exceptionable. Substitute any of these words again for Christ in the sayings of St. Francis of Assisi, or in the writings of St. Francis de Sales or of St. John of the Cross, and few in India will find anything exceptionable. Most of our controversies are really controversies about words—words—words, and nothing but words.

My Memory, Imagination, and Hope worked together to realise my God, and I perceived a holy light within me. Is it a will o' the wisp? Is it a mere illusion? If it is, a thousand blessings upon every such illusion—every such will o' the wisp!

* * * *

I had a long talk with one who has realised Him. He said most truly that the *Shruti*—all inspired writings—are, as it were, the contents of one scale of the mental balance—that the teachings of the living Guru, who preferably should be a Brahmanishtha and a *Shrotri*, are as it were the contents of the other scale, and the pointing needle is one's own spiritual experience (*anubhava*) resulting from *Abhyas*. Such experience, he said, is equal to eight annas out of sixteen, and the contents of each of the scales equal to four annas only. He is right also in saying that without *Shradhá* (faith) no Guru's teaching or mantra can do any good, and that where there is *Shradhá* any words will serve as a mantra. One of a very low caste, who had faith in a Brahmin teacher, but who had been ordered off by the teacher with the words "Off, off," took those words as his mantra, and, meditating on them, said to each of his vices and defects, "Off with you—off with you," and gradually, purifying himself, was able to put off the old man and put on the new man. The master-key of spiritual experience, therefore, is faith in Him and His.

(To be continued.)

ZERO.

THE ONLY WAY WITH THE EMPIRE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN declared, not so long since, that the side of this question, the permanent unity of the Empire, which most deeply appealed to him, was the imaginative side. Who can doubt it? It would be impossible for any man to make the fight he has made and is making, in the interests of any cause whatsoever, were it not a cause which appealed to his higher sensibilities—to his heart as strongly at least as to his head.

The purpose of this article is, however, to show why it was, and is, essential that the problem of imperial unity should be approached from the side the ex-Colonial Secretary's enemies are pleased to call the sordid side. When that statesman declared that without closer fiscal relationship, or closer political relationship, a United Empire would be beyond the bounds of possibility, the world, the world asleep, rubbed its eyes with amazement. But Mr. Chamberlain, in his then capacity, merely put the official seal, so to speak, on opinions long held by himself, and held throughout the best part of half-a-century by the pioneers of the imperial idea. It is true that in the seventies, eighties and nineties, stated broadly, in the days before the Boer war, the votaries of imperial federation were content to deal, for the most part, in generalities. The decks had to be cleared for action, and all the old lumber left by the Manchester crew had to be thrown overboard. Above all, before any practical policy could be evolved, it was necessary to create the sentiment of imperial solidarity. It is sometimes assumed now-a-days that the early workers in the cause of imperial unity achieved little or nothing for the cause, since they were unable to bring about any constitutional change in the relationship subsisting between the colonies and the mother country. Their work was of a different character and necessarily so. They set themselves to get great principles accepted as abstract propositions; to

alter the trend of political feeling which had been leading straight for imperial disintegration; to change sentiments of reciprocal antagonism, or in any case indifference, as between colonist and metropolitan, into feelings of a warm and affectionate nature.

So much has been achieved already, and more. The reasons why it is for the benefit of all men and women whose allegiance is due to the King of England to stand together within the Empire, have been gradually, but in some measure, surely, brought home to the common apprehension of British subjects. The menace—political and commercial—of powerful and actively-aggressive nations, the absorption and obliteration everywhere of small states and principalities and kindred developments, have impressed upon the British colonist, in all parts of the Empire, the wisdom of unity. It is true this internal conviction is sometimes dissembled; still, on the whole, responsible men in the colonies, politicians and writers, and in no less degree in India also, have become so imbued with it, that they have tacitly lent themselves to a conspiracy of silence concerning many matters affecting their relations with the Metropolitan State, upon which they feel deeply. In fear lest passion should get the whip-hand over reason, colonists have exercised commendable self-control in the teeth of annoyances and injuries of the most maddening character, annoyances and injuries inflicted upon them by the rulers of these islands. Australians have been stung to the quick by the inability (to use the mildest expression possible) of the mother-country to see eye to eye with themselves in the matter of New Guinea and of the New Hebrides. South African loyalists have smarted under the deep disgrace of Majuba, and the political crime of allowing Germany to intrude herself into South-west Africa. Canada, particularly sensitive on the fiscal question exposed as she is to the alternate wooing and bullying of her powerful southern neighbour, has been singularly hurt by the continued indifference of our statesmen to every overture she has made in the direction of securing preferential treatment of her produce in the English market. Then there is the damning indictment against us the West Indies could present. The peoples of the Indian Empire have had, too, to deplore the lamentable ignorance displayed by the bulk of our legislators, when questions affecting their interests come up for debate in the House of Commons.

On the other hand, the people of Great Britain have borne patiently enough the obvious determination of the self-governing colonies to stand aloof from any real or substantial contribution to the enormous expense of imperial defence—India bears her share, for the defence of India is the defence of the Empire, since India's northern boundary is the Empire's most vulnerable part. The people of England have accepted good-humouredly, as if they believed them, those entirely specious pleas under which colonists, officially and unofficially, have been and still are in the habit of excusing themselves from obligations which properly belong to them. That the colonist, man for man, is better able to pay for the maintenance of the imperial navy, coaling stations, and so forth, than the metropolitan, is probably an easily-demonstrable thesis. It would be quite as easy to shew that the colonies are practically the only tangible asset the people of the British Isles have to set against the incubus of the national debt. But we long since gave colonists entire control of their respective colonies, so that they can, and until recently they universally did, levy heavy duties on our merchandise entering their ports. Nor is this all. In relinquishing the Crown Lands we gave away the one liquid asset, so to speak, appertaining to the Imperial estate, which belonged by right to all Englishmen indifferently, whether over-sea settlers or stay-at-homes; since all are the representatives of men who fought for, or directly or indirectly suffered in the great cause of national expansion. More still, possessing these Crown Lands, many of the colonies have flatly refused to allow the people of Great Britain and Ireland to settle upon them; have refused, indeed, to give any aid or encouragement to the unemployed of our islands, who have wished to make their homes with them; much less to permit them to enjoy or participate in domains to which morally, by the common right of inheritance, they had a claim. Again, it has struck Englishmen at home, at their wits' end to devise some way of arresting the physical deterioration of the people, consequent upon economic and social conditions, as singularly selfish in colonists that they should steadily refuse to take from the mother land any but the pick of its people. In the British Isles, the average density of the population is some hundred human beings to the square mile; in many of the colonies there is not one soul to the square mile. Still, it may be allowed that it is im-

possible for the colonies to deal with this problem, or to be of any effective aid to the mother country, unless and until the initiative should come from Great Britain; while there could be no kind of prospect of successful co-partnery in this work, unless some legal restriction were put, and the restriction would have to be operative over a considerable number of years, upon the personal freedom of the settlers.

These things are mentioned as samples merely of the various disturbing factors which have tended to unsettle the relations of the mother country and the colonies, and *vice versa*. They all belong to the past quarter of a century or thereabouts. By mutual consent, however, very little has been heard of them. This fact, an important moral symptom of the healthiness of the imperial idea, may be claimed as the result of the ceaseless efforts of such men as Sir George Grey, Mr. Edward Wilson (of the "Melbourne Argus"), James Anthony Froude and Mr. Edward Jenkins, a stalwart pioneer (who invented the name Imperial Federation, a fact referred to by Sir Charles Dilke in his "Greater Britain") and later, to the work of Mr. W. G. Forster, Lord Tennyson, Sir John Colomb, Sir Frederick Young and other patriots, to bring British subjects, the world over, to a better understanding of the meaning and necessities of imperial unity. Still it is obvious that, however wise the policy of silence was in the past—and surely there can be no question as to its wisdom—it would be impossible to continue indefinitely the administration of a great Empire on the principle of ignoring—treating as if they had no existence—real and substantial causes of discontent—such very palpable injustices (on both sides) as those enumerated. Canada attained the full stature of manhood some thirty-seven years since; Australia achieved her majority the other day; and South Africa, if, as we dare to hope may be the case, the question of British predominance is settled once and for all, will presently join the ranks of the Canadian and Australian nations, and become a third united people affiliated to the British Empire. In this connection the phrase "affiliated to the British Empire" is used advisedly, and with special significance. Obviously, the British Empire proper consists of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its dependencies. Under existing conditions the colonies, being as they are practically independent States, recognising

no distinct obligation or responsibility to the Empire, are not, strictly speaking, component parts, as equal units or provinces of the Empire : they are States in alliance with or affiliated to the British Empire. It has been demonstrated before now, on irrefragable historical testimony, that the original conception of the status of English colonies was very different from what it afterwards became. Even in Saxon times the King of England claimed imperial prerogatives. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth distinctly insisted that England had always been an Empire, and in the days of the later Tudor and early Stuart monarchs, the colonies were invariably regarded as separate kingdoms and so styled. The Cromwellian régime began, and the Revolution of 1688 carried on, the theory of the Sovereignty of Parliament in the Empire. This idea lost us the New England States—lost us America, in fact ; the practical insistence on the theory, that is to say. But it remains to-day the accepted constitutional dogma.

Clearly, then, the most logical, and were other things equal, the most effective, way to bring about real imperial unity, while preserving the entire independence within their respective zones of the various provinces of the Empire—by various provinces the Mother-Country and the respective groups of colonies are connected indifferently—would be to create a real Imperial Parliament endowed with supreme authority to deal with imperial matters. The Crown Colonies and India would be represented in such an assembly, though whether or not by the method of direct election I will not stop to discuss. This, of course, has been, and is, the ideal of Imperial federationists, and is the ultimate goal they all have in sight and toward which they all direct their steps. But all practical federationists, who have grappled at close quarters with the subject, know that at present the difficulties in the way of any such devolution of power are insuperable ; though we need not regard this suggested change in our administrative methods as revolutionary.

Recognising the impossibility at the moment of instituting closer political relations, the pioneers of the movement, the Imperial Federation movement so-called, fell back on their second line of practical action, and threw themselves into the business of trying to secure the federation of the Empire for defence. But in practice

it was found that no machinery could be created for such an object, until some scheme of colonial representation that should carry with it "the power of the purse," had been brought into being. Such a system of equally co-ordinated power might be symmetrical, or it might be loose and informal; but obviously it was, and for the present still is, outside the region of practical politics. It has been made pretty clear that neither in England, nor in the colonies, is public opinion ripe for a change which would involve common imperial responsibilities as the corollary of common legislative privileges. Meanwhile, the colonies have declared officially by the resolution adopted at the latest Imperial Conference (1902) that they are content with the existing conditions, in other words that they are not insensible to the material advantage, for that is what it amounts to, of throwing the whole expense—practically the whole—of Imperial defence on the Mother Country. The sea-borne commerce of the colonies is one-fifth of the total trade of the Empire, and the united revenue of the colonies is two-fifths of the total Imperial revenue. These facts make the plea of poverty look rather ridiculous. Still, until the colonies develop a sense of humour, I will not add of honour, it is no good pressing the point home.

We arrive, then, at the third proposal for bringing about some kind of real and effective imperial unity—the proposal which entered the region of practical politics so soon as Mr. Chamberlain made it his own. Obviously, until the colonies have a population four or five times as large as the total of their present inhabitants, an Imperial Zollverein, pure and simple, is impossible. That is a far off divine event. It will come, or something very like it will come. At present Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters have something much more limited in their immediate purview. The scheme which holds the field is in a sense tentative. Nothing more is proposed than a carefully-devised and gradually growing system of imperial reciprocity, a scheme devised so as not to dislocate violently the trade upon which our existing prosperity, precarious and dwindling as it is, is built. Such a scheme will have the undoubted virtue of satisfying colonial aspirations on the one point upon which there is already something like unanimity. The temporary indifference, or partial indifference, of certain colonies was due to local causes and is passing,

has indeed almost passed. Every colonial industry that may be stimulated under preferential treatment will represent the migration to the colonies of a considerable number of the inhabitants of these islands ; indeed, the undoubted effect of this policy must be to people the colonies with British subjects and the citizens of the other progressive peoples of the world. In this matter of inter-imperial trade, the United States, which enjoy between themselves such trade, have supplied us with a ready made object-lesson ; and it is safe to make the foregoing prediction. Population will grow, industries will be developed, the Empire will become self-supporting and self-contained in the matter of food supply and in every other regard, so that the ultimate adoption, should the then condition of the world make it desirable or necessary, of an Imperial Zollverein may be reckoned upon as among the more likely possibilities of the future ; and as Mr. Deakin said in the Australian Federal House of Representatives—his words have been telegraphed to England as I write this article—“ We trade as freely with possible enemies as with friends, the only consideration being the price ; but a penny cheaper is not always the noblest consideration, and we must remember we are partners in the shop next door.” Mr. Deakin went on to say that duties could be re-adjusted so as not to increase prices, but to increase the volume of trade, and he indicated that with proper fostering the needs of Great Britain individually and of the respective parts of the Empire respectively, could be met within the Empire. Since Mr. Watson, the labour leader, seconded Mr. Deakin’s remarks, it will be seen that Australia has travelled far toward the acceptance of the Zollverein idea, as a far-off possibility, in any case. Canada also has given recent expression to a similar faith. If in 1950 the British race beyond the seas numbers two-thirds of the race remaining in the central islands, then, in any case, the time will have come when all the requirements of the home population, not self-supplied, could be provided by Greater Britain. In any event—and there is no need to attempt prophecy as to the actual results—however possible or probable they may seem, it is safe to say that a carefully-devised scheme of reciprocity would lead to beneficent results far more pregnant than the most imaginative among us can foresee. It would carry with it the possibilities of those changes in the incidence of taxation for imperial purposes already referred to, and would smooth

the way to the adoption of a satisfactory scheme of extra-insular representation.

In asking for the adoption of the principle of fiscal unity by the mother country as a condition precedent to approaching the Colonies, sound political judgment was demonstrated. The arithmetical exercises which have followed one another in streams since Mr. Chamberlain identified himself with the policy of inter-imperial trade, have been interesting and stimulating, but whether their object be to support or confound the suggested policy, they need not, in my view, be taken too seriously. Figures can, it is said, be made to prove anything, but in any case nothing is clearer than this—the most careful calculations of the effect of fiscal changes of this kind in which large political issues, within and without the empire, are involved, must, in the very nature of things, prove illusory. Such calculations have always so proved themselves in the past. Also all these historical precedents are so much word-chopping. The comparison drawn between the position of the working classes in the British Isles during the twenty years' war with France, and some time thereafter, and their status to-day, is one among the many attempts, built on fallacious grounds, to deduce arguments from false premises, in order to confound the supporters of these fiscal reforms. History affords, I venture to assert, no parallel, nothing nearly resembling a parallel, with the condition of the British Empire to-day. Those who believe in the wisdom and necessity of departing from a bastard system of free trade, ask from the mass of the people a little faith only, a little imagination, a little patience, and the courage to follow a courageous lead. An American essayist has truly asked: "Was ever a reform projected that did not spring from a vision—a vision of future happiness?" In this matter, however, no proposal involving sweeping changes is advanced in any quarter. Indeed, it seems to many of us that the craven fears, with which too many worthy persons are troubled at the spectacle of Mr. Chamberlain's identification with views neither new to him, nor to many other persons usually accounted level-headed, are a very disquieting symptom of the moral condition of too large a minority of English folk. Let it be granted that the triumph of the scheme will involve some little, or great, even immediate, sacrifice. Personally I have no kind of belief or fear that this demand will be made of the people of the British Isles;

but should it be, are we to forego all large schemes for the good of the people to come after us, because they may not bring their full measure of reward, or their reward at all, in our life-time? This was not the spirit which inspired the builders of our Empire. Unhappily no one can watch the trend of modern thought and modern conduct in Great Britain, without being driven to admit that the philosophy, crystallised in the famous mot of the French monarch, is accepted too generally to-day.

The fact is, the tactics of the out-and-out Free Traders or Free Fooders are very similar to those of the out-and-out supporters of the voluntary system of military service. They attack all and sundry who support fiscal schemes which will have the effect of bringing the people of England back to the land, as the opponents of universal service attack everyone who dares to advocate a modest measure of enforced military service which shall embrace the manhood of England, Scotland and Ireland. But the supporters of preferential trade within the Empire are not merely thinking of United Empire, though they are thinking much of both. Neither do the advocates of universal service base their advocacy mainly on any mistaken ideas of national or imperial defence. They know that the British Empire will be finished when the command of the seas is lost. What we are thinking about is the steady deterioration which is going on in the physique of the nation; for it will profit us nothing if we gain the world at the price of the loss of national stamina. It is not too much to say that every tendency making for the degeneracy of the people is fostered and encouraged under the political and economic heresies which hold sway in the Mother Country. And this brings us back to the colonial question. To the colonies who have to look in the immediate future to the British Isles as their principal recruiting ground (I speak, of course, of industrial recruiting), the physical well-being of the British people is a matter of supreme importance. So that while the colonist, on the crudest and most selfish bases, must welcome any scheme which might tend to make agriculture more profitable in England, the Mother Country, for like reasons, must hail with delight any policy which offers a chance of removing her unemployed to those provinces of the Empire where they can rise again to the full stature of their manhood. The imperial federa-

tionist is likewise satisfied, since he regards the welfare of the Empire as a whole as the one thing above all others worth striving after ; and he believes that imperial reciprocity in matters of trade, would mark the first step toward imperial unity. The only proper way to approach the question of imperial unity is to remember that the metropolis and its provinces are one; and that it is the duty and privilege of imperial statesmen to rule the Empire in the common interests of the whole realm, weighing the interests of one province against those of another, with the result that the measures, devised and carried into effect, shall secure, without prejudice or favour, the safety, honour and welfare, the prosperity, contentment and happiness of the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland, of India, and of the other dominions of the King beyond the seas.

It will help us to realise what this unity would mean if we ask ourselves whether we should not be in a far stronger position to face all those difficult questions of national and imperial policy at home, on the Indian frontier, in the Persian Gulf, and elsewhere, were the whole might of the British Empire co-ordinated and systematised so as to be available to act, and if need be strike, in meeting all the great issues and in combating all the hostile influences and movements involving the vital interests of its entire people. It may, I am sure, be assumed that the loyal peoples of India, recognising that their ultimate status in the imperial system of Britain as a whole can only be determined slowly—the efflux of time will determine it—desire above all things that the hands of Great Britain should be so strengthened that they shall be able to hold at bay the designs upon British supremacy in India cherished by at least one great European power. It ought to be obvious to the meanest student of world-politics that, unless England can bring the entire might of the Empire into the field, unless the colonies are allowed to make their voices heard to stiffen the all-too-easy-going and complacent counsels of the statesmen born and bred in the British Isles, who at present sway the destinies of the British Empire, a determined attack on India is one of the certainties of the future. As things are to-day, no loyal British subject can regard the contingencies of the future, in this respect, without experiencing serious misgivings. Therefore, if for no other reason, and other reasons are many, India is deeply interested in the triumph of the only policy which can insure the strength and

stability of the British Empire as a whole. For the rest, I have only to add that the incessant jug-jug of the opponents of Mr. Chamberlain's policy seems to one removed from the actual arena of the strife, as the present writer, by reason of his long residence in foreign countries has been, to be lacking in any kind of sense or discrimination of essentials. Its acceptance is the condition precedent to that imperial unity, the attainment of which few Englishmen to-day have the hardihood to repudiate as an article of national faith. Why give hostages to fortune when undue delay may mean national disaster and the Empire's Eclipse?

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

HIS RESTING PLACE.

Not 'neath his native English elms or yews

He takes his rest.

The cedar's mourning purple blossom strews

His quiet breast.

About his couch the frangipanes rich tribute bring

To the spic'd air ;

The stephanotis and the tuberose cling

And mingle there.

Far overhead the mist-veil'd mountain guards his sleep

The eons long,

And in his ears the murmuring western deep

Makes slumber song.

DOROTHY HARDING.

THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF PROVENCE.

(THE TROUBADOURS.)

. . . Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished ;
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

—*Henry Kirke White.*

IT is but a faint echo we now hear of the once glorious song that burst forth from the South of France in the 12th century. Yet it was here that dawned the first glimmer of poetry imbued with the spirit of modern times. To our sight that period appears with all the charms of a distant vision, a land of flower and foliage where a thousand birds are pouring forth their thousand melodies of passion, now sweet and tender, now shrill and mocking, now plaintive and grief-laden ; to our imagination it lends, with clash of arms and glitter of steel, with warlike men and heroic deeds, all the glamour of romance and chivalry, "that beautiful dream of the human mind"—that light which shed its brilliant ray over the misty hazes of the Middle Ages. For well-nigh three centuries all the south of the Loire was verdant, and in an incredible abundance, with that impassioned poetry of love and war, till it was cruelly trampled out by the iron hoofs of fanaticism and plunder, during the invasion of the North and the Crusade against the Albigenses ; till ravished of its grace and freedom, and driven from the happy soil where it was born, its death-song turned into a bitter wail, breathing hatred and vengeance on the relentless tyranny of its persecutors.

That poetry is the poetry of the Troubadours, of which but a minute portion, and of whom but the names of a few, have floated down to us from the great wreck of an interesting nationality and of a literature which exercised so powerful an influence during the Middle Ages.

To many the name "Troubadour" is equivalent to the English "Minstrel," an error to which the publication of Percy's "Reliques" gave colour. This confusion has continued ever since the romantic bishop transferred to them the social condition and the brilliant gifts of the Provençal poets, and which the English minstrels were far from possessing. The Troubadours were not only strolling minstrels wandering from castle to castle for the sake of the gifts to be obtained from the courts of noblemen ; they also came from the highest classes of society themselves, and thus acquired the esteem in which they were held in those times. They became the mouth piece of popular voice and popular liberty, or more correctly speaking, they were the prime instillers of those principles, and began to exercise a moral sway which made intellectual force paramount at a time when material strength was but all too powerful. Nay, most of these Troubadours were themselves warriors, so that in their own person they combined both of these predominant elements. Noblemen, with their large retinues and strong castles, and even sovereign princes prided themselves on being ranked as Troubadours, and helped not a little, by their own contributions and by their patronage, to raise this class to a vaster sphere of importance and influence. As the knight had his squire, so had many a Troubadour his follower. The Troubadour composed the poetry, and it was the "Jongleur" by whom he was generally accompanied, who sang everywhere the song of his master. The "jongleurs" diverted the people more or less in the same manner as the "minstrel" and the "clown." Their condition, as that of the minstrel in England, was somewhat held in contempt by the higher orders of society.*

In Burney's "Essay on Music" there is a fragment giving some of the accomplishments of the Jongleur, versified into English by Thomas Roscoe :—

All the minstrel art I know ;
I the viol well can play ;
I the pipe and syrinx blow,
Harp and gigue my hand obey ;
Psaltry, symphony, and rote
Help to charm the listening throng,
And Armonia lends its note
While I warble forth my song.

* See Burney's "Essai sur la Musique."

I have tales and fables plenty,
Satires, past'rais, full of sport,
Songs to Vielle I've more than twenty,
Ditties too of every sort.
I from lovers tokens bear,
I can flowery chaplets weave,
Amorous belts can well prepare,
And with courteous speech deceive.

However, when a jongleur proved to be talented and fortunate enough to gain by his verses the approbation of the celebrated ladies to whom they were generally dedicated, he was made a chevalier and raised to the rank of a troubadour with all the honours and privileges belonging to that profession. On the other hand, also, if a troubadour committed faults other than such as were universally accepted or privileged to this class, he was degraded to the rank of a jongleur. For instance, when a celebrated troubadour, Gaucelm Faidit, had the misfortune to lose all his belongings at the gaming-table, he lost his title and was no longer received at court or castle except in the lower capacity of a jongleur.

Animated by the genial nature of their sunny soil and the innate music of their souls, favoured by the sonorous and metallic accents of Provençe, the troubadours attacked or celebrated in their songs the barons and the princes, now inducing them to peace, now exhorting them to war and bloodshed. By its gaiety, its satire, its insult, by its audacious and unrestrained attacks on the vices of the times, and by its appeals to the ardent and deep-rooted passions of men, the poetry of the troubadours, repeated everywhere by the people, seemed not only the source of a new literature, but what is more important yet, the germ of a new spirit of individual independence, a spirit which made itself felt so powerfully during the great questions which were to agitate the 16th century. Provençal poetry wielded political power as well as moral; it became, as it has been termed, the liberty of the press of feudalism, a liberty more crude, more independent and far less restrained than what we even now enjoy. It was not only the Church which dominated over the mind. Popular poetry arose and made head against the practices and the dogmatism of that mighty body. Just imagine what the power of the Church then was; and think what the force must be which could boldly oppose itself to the sovereignty of pontifical and ecclesiastical authority. Whilst many

an unjust and ferocious baron trembled under the weight of the episcopal anathema, oft did a troubadour of Toulouse or Limousin arise to repress with song and satire the avarice and tyranny of the priest. The love of liberty, fondly cherished in the human heart, the new spirit enunciated by the poetry of the troubadours who did not spare the sanctified abuses of the clergy, brought them into conflict with the Church and finally proved the means of their annihilation. This clash between popular poetry and clerical preaching, between liberty of conscience and the intolerance of the Church, became so acute during the Albigensian persecutions against which it loudly protested, that Rome found in these parts a resistance to which it had never been hitherto accustomed.

The famous satirist of the 13th century, Pierre Cardinal, has distinguished himself by his vigorous satirical songs against the whole society around him, and has earned the title of the "Juvenal of the Provençals." The vices, the avarice, egotism, and corruption of his times rouse his anger and his eloquence. He rails with asperity against the clergy, and his bitter invectives against the Church at the time of a stern Inquisition astonish us:—

"Indulges and pardons," he says of them, "God and the Devil are all called into requisition. By their pardons they accord paradise to some, whilst by their excommunications they condemn others to perdition. . . . There are no crimes for which the monks have no absolution. For the sake of money they grant to renegades and usurers that sepulture which is denied to the poor, because they cannot pay for it. To live in pleasure, to buy good fish, the finest bread and wine, is their object. So it pleased God, I would be of their order, if I could purchase my salvation at this price."

What were the influences at work which prematurely produced such an intellectual ferment in southern France more than anywhere else. We must glance at the condition of society in France to trace the causes which favoured such a development of the troubadour literature. France in the north was subjected to the frequent ravages of hostile invasions. But for two centuries Provence enjoyed comparative peace under its princes. It acquired greater riches and its industry and prosperity increased rapidly and made it the envy of other countries. Feudalism lay here with a lighter weight than anywhere else. The softer climate, the impressions of chivalry acquired from the Moors through Spain, had alike communicated to its inhabitants a poetic grace, an elegance, a richness of imagination akin to that of the Arabs

whose manners and whose poetry, passionate, graceful and artistic, left their undoubted impress on the mind and the literature of the people with whom they came in contact, the people of Southern France. At the brilliant courts of Provence and Barcelona a crowd of noblemen flourished, whose ample leisure was spent in pleasures, and occupied in composing elegant verses and singing them, in courting the favour of fair dames, in discussing subtle questions of amorous metaphysics before the so-called "Cours d'Amour." All this tended to produce the early growth of free ideas in Provence and the prosperity of its art and literature. The very conditions which inspired the genius of these poets, also inspired the softness and licence of their manners which are not rarely reflected in their works. The golden ages are only ages of innocence and purity to those that come after them, not to those who live in them. For in the writings of those times we constantly meet with complaints against the growing corruption and the initiation of evil principles. Licence and even impiety are found mingled with the charming ingenuousness of the naïve and piquant productions of the south. Nevertheless this very freedom perhaps produced the distinctive trait of the Provençal muse, bold and free, which had acquired to itself the right of censure and of satire, and which it exercised against all the powers of the 12th and 13th centuries. It is hardly credible for us now to read the bitter mock a troubadour would freely lance against the excesses of the court of Rome or the violent and provoking censure of temporal power. A remarkable song, widespread and appreciated in its time, shows the offensive and seditious boldness of some of these troubadours. An illustrious chevalier troubadour, Blacatz, dies. A valiant and magnanimous warrior, his mourners celebrate his virtues which could put the most powerful monarchs of Christendom to shame. The poet, lamenting his death, turns his plaintive song into an outrageous outburst against all the princes of Europe. It is by Sordello, whom Dante has rendered immortal by invoking him, when he meets him in his mysterious wanderings, as the equal of Virgil. The song is more remarkable for its liberty than for any poetic value. "In this rapid song of a sad and wounded heart, I mourn the noble Blacatz ; and I have good cause to do so, for in him I have lost a lord and a noble friend ; with him have vanished at once the noblest virtues. The loss is so great, it may never more be replaced ; not unless his heart be taken out and those who have none be made to eat of it ; then they will have enough. First, let the Emperor of Rome eat of his heart : he has great need to do so, if he wishes to

conquer by force the Milanese who now hold him in subjection. . . After him let the King of France eat of it, that he may have courage to recover Castille which he has lost by his cowardice. But if he thinks of his mother, he will not eat, for does it not look by his conduct as if he does nothing which may displease her? . . . I wish the English King to eat of this heart, and much of it too: then will he become good and brave and regain the lands which the French King has ravished from him, knowing him to be weak and timid. . . ."

But the true genius of the Provençal poetry, its real charm and brilliancy, lay in the vivacious and elegant expression of tender and romantic sentiments. The passion of its muse is pre-eminently lyrical. At times it has been thought that the poetry of the troubadours is only licentious and at most satirical. It is indeed true there is a lack of variety in the subjects they treat, a sort of uniformity in their talent as in their imagery, which, but for the numerous rhythmic combinations, might become somewhat monotonous to us. Love, war, the Crusades, the Church—the chief topics which interested men of those days, form also the chief themes which evoke their literary enthusiasm. No noteworthy compositions of theirs, no dramatic attempts worth the name, have yet been disclosed to us, with the exception of a metrical chronicle of the Albigensian War and a few romances. In fact, their genius did not lie in the production of works which should require a continued effort of talent. Their shifting and adventurous life hardly made it possible. It is in the "*pieces d'occasion*," in the eloquent and transitory effusions of anger or hatred, in the divers vehement passions which they felt within them and which they reflected in their poems as they were felt, with an impetuosity and verve which often equalled those of the greatest poets, that the troubadour revealed his ardent soul and attained the true height of his glory. Some of their elegiac verses are extremely touching and often religiously grave. If the sentiment, the thought and their expression have not, as has been alleged against them, sufficient force and variety, the admirable rhythm of their verse displays a science almost equal to that of the classical poets, and an art, ingenious, symmetrical and artistic to a degree which surpasses even the elaborate metrical interweavings and artifices of style employed by modern poets.

In the midst of all the agitation and accident of feudal life and the crude manners of the Middle Ages, it is delightful to see the love of nature imbued in the stormy breasts of these warrior-poets. It is a remarkable trait of Provençal poetry, and a natural one too. Their

active, open life, with the bright blue sky above them and the picturesque charm of their native land, could not but induce the enjoyment of nature, stirring in the depths of their soul a passionate desire for emotion, for life, for the expression of feeling. It is like a perfume from the flowery East, wafted with the sound of steel and the tramp of the Crusaders returning from the Holy Land.

That great event in which all the heroism, all the religious fervour of those ages came to be concentrated, could it fail to inflame the imagination and to agitate the minds of these bards who were themselves the witnesses and actors in that magnificent and romantic exploit? The time of the Crusades constitutes "the heroic age of European nations." And the poetry of the troubadours gives us perhaps the most lively and truthful image of the adventurous spirit of that heroic age; it fully displays the ambitions, the hatreds, the cupidity, the jealousies which clung around these religious wars, with a freedom and frankness at once bold and unassuming; it brings to our view a hundred profane ideas which became mixed with all the fervent zeal and pious heroism the wars called forth. A warrior would only join the Crusades for the sake of a frivolous motive, as in the story of the knight who went to the East in order to approach with greater facility the lady whom he could not see in the castle of her lord. The history of Geoffrey Rudel is one of those fancies of the troubadours which have fixed themselves durably in the literary imagination of Europe. Celebrated for the ingenious turn of his songs and the sweetness of his voice, Geoffrey Rudel was shown the portrait of the beautiful Countess of Tripoli. He was seized with a passionate desire to greet her, and he sailed with the Crusaders towards the East. He fell dangerously ill on board the ship, and was in a dying condition when they landed at their destination. The report of a chevalier-troubadour, attracted from so far by the renown and the virtues of the Countess, whom he asked to see before he died, moved her, and she went on board just to find him dying. She was touched by his devotion and misfortune, and gave him her ring. After his death, she caused him to be buried in the Church of the Templars, and soon after took the veil herself.

Swinburne has rendered this story in his "Triumph of Time"—

There lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless, dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman and none but she.

And finding life for her love's sake fail,
 Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
 Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
 And praised God, seeing ; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace ;
 For she bowed down to him weeping, and said
 ' Live,' and her tears were shed on his face
 Or ever the life in his face was shed.
 The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung
 Once, and her close lips touched him and clung
 Once, and grew one with his lips for a space ;
 And so drew back, and the man was dead.

The imagination of the troubadours embellished and renewed, in varied and glowing colours, stories such as these, and the chivalry of the times supplied many such.

Although the troubadours exhorted the princes and the people to take part in the Crusades, they themselves showed reluctance to brave all its perils and privations, fond as they were of the luxuries of the dazzling courts of Provence, whence, however, they cast their bitter "Sirventes" in the face of sovereigns whose jealousies and strifes made them loth to fight for the Cross ; in the face of princes and nobles whose inactivity they denounced in unmistakable terms as ruining the cause of Christianity. The Marquis of Montferrat, afterwards King of Thessalonica, hesitated to start for the Holy Land and remained immured in his own country : this is how a troubadour apostrophises him :—

" Marquis, I wish the monks of Cluny had made you their head, or that you had been made an abbé of Citeaux, since you have a heart base enough to love a plough and oxen at Montferrat rather than to be Emperor. . . . The Kingdom of Thessalonica, armless and unprotected, and many another castle, you might have. By heavens, Marquis Roland and his brother, Marquis Guy and Raimond, Frenchmen, Burgundians, Lombards say everywhere that you are only a bastard. . . Your ancestors, I hear, were all valiant men, but you hardly seem to remember that. If you are not desirous to become like them, you will lose your power. . . ."

Whilst from the height of the pulpit the sermons of the Church incited the zeal of the faithful, and the Papal bulls called upon the monarchs and people of Christendom to do their duty, we hear the voice

of the troubadours, mocking and malignant, or stern and defiant invoking men to the Crusades and to martyrdoms. Religion and popular poetry, the two forces of the Middle Ages, divers in their origin and unequal in their results, often contrary to each other, join hands in celebrating the Crusades, in prompting all who bore a manly heart within and a broadsword by their side, to fight for the glory of Christ. They made one common cause in incessantly recruiting fresh forces for those which the vast East speedily devoured. But few of their songs were inspired on the seat of war itself. The troubadour, exiled to the banks of the Jordan, never lost the love of his beloved land of the "Gaye Science," and the sweet remembrance of his native land that floats over his song is full of grace and tenderness, blended as it is with the colours of Oriental genius which does not fail to influence him here. Peyrol of Auvergne, banished by his prince for his verses to the Duchess of Mercœur (sister to the Dauphin of Auvergne), went to the Holy Land to atone for his frivolous life in the luxuries of the Court, and composed some touching songs, the beauty of which cannot be well conceived in a bare rendering. But before he set out for the Holy Land, he sang of his love a song which has been turned into English verse, a few lines of which run thus :—

Love! I long have been your slave,
Till my heart is broken ;
What is the reward I have ?
Where, my duty's token ?

Love ! I've still been true to you,
And if now I leave you,
' Tis what I am forced to do ;
Do not let it grieve you.
Heaven will see me safely through !
Heaven, too, make the kings agree !
Keep them both from fighting !
Lest Saladin their folly see
Which he'll take delight in.

Love ! I've felt your power depart ;
Though my fair one's beauty
Lingers still about my heart,
Yet I'll do my duty.

Many a lover now must part ;
Many hearts must now begin
To feel their sad griefs springing,
Which, but for cruel Saladin,
Had joyously been singing.

After the Crusade, he renders thanks for his pilgrimage in these words :—" Since I have seen the Jordan and the Holy Sepulchre, to Thee, O true God and Lord of lords, I render thanks that Thou hast been pleased to reveal to me the lands where Thou wert truly born ; so that when I am once more in Provence I shall be long known as Jean the Saracen." He pines now to return to his beloved country, already imagining himself floating on the blue waters once more : " Now Heaven grant us a safe route and a fair wind, a goodly ship and a skilful pilot, for I would return to Marseilles. Were I but on the other side of the sea, gladly would I recommend Acre and Tyre and Tripolis, the Temple and King John to the grace of God, when I should be sailing once again on the waters of the Rhone." He then laments the lukewarmness of the leaders of the Crusade :—" O God, our Father, listen to my prayers and watch with care over those whom Thou makest Kings and Emperors, to whom Thou givest castles and fortresses. For as soon as they become powerful, they count Thee for naught. Not long ago I witnessed many an oath sworn by the Emperor, oaths to which he now pays no heed, and which he took, the liar, only to escape from his duty. . . . Emperor, Damietta awaits you ; and night and day her white turrets weep for your Eagle which has been snatched away by the Vulture. Timid is the Eagle a Vulture could chase away. Shame to you and honour to Saladin ! Yet, how sad it is to see the harm done to you and to let our holy laws be thus trodden underfoot."

(To be concluded.)

KAIKHOSHURU P. M. MEHTA.

AN INDIAN CHAPLAIN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

*Being some extracts from the Letters of the Reverend Benjamin Millingchamp
Chaplain of Fort St. George, Madras, between the years 1782—1797.*

THANKS to the cutting of the Suez Canal, to regular and rapid transit, and to an excellent postal and telegraphic system, existence in India to-day can scarcely be described as exile when compared with the former conditions of Anglo-Indian life in the old days of "John Company" and the long tedious voyage round the Cape; though, curiously enough, Madras, with which the ensuing pages will deal, was at that time the most accessible of the three great cities of British India.

The Reverend Benjamin Millingchamp, of whose residence as Chaplain of Fort St. George some account will be given here, was born at Cardigan in 1756, being the eldest of the eight children of Benjamin Millingchamp (a scion of an old English family settled in Western Wales) and Anne Gambold, his wife. Mr. Millingchamp, who was Comptroller of the Customs at Cardigan, was a man of small means, so that all his sons had to go out early into the world to make their living, Benjamin obtaining entrance at Oxford as a sizar of Queen's College, which he subsequently left for Merton. Having taken his degree, Mr. Millingchamp was ordained deacon by Dr. Yorke, Bishop of St. David's, in August 1778, and two months later was appointed (through the kind offices of an influential cousin) chaplain to Admiral Sir Edward Hughes,* who was then in command of the fleet about to sail for the East Indies. Mr. Millingchamp held his post of chaplain on board Sir Edward Hughes's flagship, the *Superbe*, for nearly four years, seeing all the hard fight-

* This fine British seaman, nicknamed "Cherubim Hughes" on account of his pink and white complexion, died in 1800. His portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, whilst a good miniature of the Admiral is in the possession of the writer of this article.

ing off the Indian coast between Admirals Hughes and De Suffren for the mastery of Southern India. An account of this period of his life, entitled "A Naval Chaplain of the Eighteenth Century," and taken from various letters and a journal, has already appeared in the *United Service Magazine* (January 1903), concluding with Mr. Millingchamp's appointment to the chaplaincy of Fort St. George in July 1782.

At Madras Mr. Millingchamp evidently determined to make the best of his not very enviable situation, a resolution which his cheerful disposition and his strict sense of duty helped him to carry out to the full. Judging by the few letters that have survived, he seems to have greatly appreciated the all-too-few cultivated and pleasant people whose acquaintance he was able to make at Madras, and with whom intimacy in such a restricted society was easily possible; at the same time he laments the monotony of the life, intensified no doubt in the case of a young unmarried clergyman. He enjoyed several expeditions into the interior to such centres of interest as Arcot and Vellore, of which places, then cities of wealth and importance, he has left some valuable contemporary descriptions. To beguile the time Mr. Millingchamp also began to study Persian, of which language he became, in due course, a good scholar, translating with ease from Oriental manuscripts; indeed, one small volume of Eastern stories, specially translated by him in later years for his friends Anna Maria and Jane Porter, the novelists, was published, and met with some success.

The chief drawback, apart from the terrors of the climate, to the young Chaplain's comfort and happiness at Madras was the uncertainty and often complete absence of news from his family and friends at home, a state of things that was of course due to the disturbed state of European politics and the consequent difficulty of communication between India and the West. In a lesser degree Mr. Millingchamp was frequently inconvenienced by the low financial condition of British India at this time, to which many allusions are made in the following letters. Of these letters (which, though few in number and often meagre in detail, are of considerable value in throwing light upon a state of Anglo-Indian society that has long passed away), the first extant is dated January 28th 1783, some six months after his appointment to Fort St. George.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I have but a few minutes allowed me to address you, as the Gentleman who takes charge of this Letter is just going to embark ; but well assured from my own feelings of the state of your's, it gives me the most sincere pleasure to think I add in the least degree to your happiness by relieving your anxiety as to the fate of your Exile. . . . When this country is once more blessed with peace, I flatter myself that the Indian Spirit of Liberality will exert itself and enable me to be of some little service to my Friends; at present the system of economy (adopted your side of the Cape) prevails in every department of this Presidency, and it was with the greatest difficulty, after an application of four months to the Governor, that I procured the customary appointment. I have been twenty times on the point of sending in my resignation to the Board, but by the advice of some of my Acquaintance have persevered and conquered every Obstacle. In the rainy Season I was sent to by a Committee established for the purpose to provide myself with a House out of the Garrison, as my quarters belonged to the Military. I remonstrated, but without effect ; the Committee insisted on my leaving 'em ; however, I had possession, and as a *dernier resource* applied to Lord Macartney,* who behaved very well upon the Occasion, and indeed, to do him justice, on every particular which depended upon him alone he has shewn an attention which I little expected. He prevented my being dislodged in the most positive manner, (when the Ladies who were in the same predicament were under the disagreeable necessity of retiring to the Black Town) an object of no small importance, if Madras is besieged. The French Fleet are riding triumphant on the coast and daily making prizes of our trading Ships, but I trust their triumph will be of short duration, and that another month will bring Sir Edward (Hughes) from Bombay to pluck the Laurel from the brow of M. Suffren,† a man who (though a brave enterprizing officer) has disgraced humanity and disgraced the profession of arms by sending his prisoners to that barbarous tyrant,‡ where our poor unhappy seamen suffer the most intolerable hardships. I hope one day to see him convinced of his

*The Rt. Hon. Sir George Macartney, K.B., born in 1737, created an Irish Baron in 1767, and raised to an Earldom in 1794. Lord Macartney, who served many important offices both at home and abroad, was in 1792 appointed British Ambassador at the Court of Peking. In 1797 he became Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, and died in England in 1806 without issue. He was at this time Governor of Madras.

† Admiral de Suffren, commander of the French Fleet in the East Indies.

‡ Tippoo Sahib, Sultan of Mysore, who had recently succeeded his father, Hyder Ali, and who was finally crushed and slain at the siege of Seringapatam in 1799.

error. . . . Don't be surprised if I leave this country when Sir Edward goes home !

The second letter is dated February 1st, 1784, exactly one year later, and is also addressed to the writer's father.

. . . As the distresses of War must now draw near an end, I hope the communication between us in future will be more regular than it *has* been ; I won't pretend to describe to you what I have suffered from so long an interruption of our correspondence, let it suffice to assure you that in public and private I can by no means divest myself of the Idea, it haunts me, it preys upon my Spirits ; but I flatter myself that, as impediments are no longer in the way, I shall be favoured with an account to make amends for my feelings during the last 8 months. . . .

You will have heard long before this reaches England of the unhappy loss of the *Superbe* ; to me it was like the loss of an old Friend, my attachments were stronger than you can easily conceive to that old Castle. . . . It has been a blow of a severe nature to me in other respects, having deprived me of the honour of being Chaplain to Sir Edward Hughes and the emoluments annexed to that office ; but how fortunate was it that I had left her before the accident ; a residence in Madras without a Ship and consequently without Pay, would have been a poor compensation for my self-denial in bidding so long an adieu to my Friends. My *present* Situation relative to money-matters is but indifferent, as India is entirely drained, and from my settling here to the present moment I have never received a single Pagoda of my salary except in Paper, the value of which is something like the American paper dollars. However, as there is a fair prospect that the Olive Branch will soon flourish in this desolated Land, I look forward with hope to a restoration of the golden age, though small will be my share, happy in the sentiment that the little I acquire will be acquired by means I shall never be ashamed of.

The third letter, dated February 1st, 1785, has a pathetic interest attached to it, seeing that it was destined for Mr. Millingchamp's father, who had already been dead several months before it was written—a little side-light on Anglo-Indian existence of a century ago, that helps us to realise the complete banishment from home-life and home-news an East Indian career entailed in those days.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I have long been wavering between in-

clination and propriety relative to my stay in Madras after my Patron and Friend (Admiral Sir E. Hughes) had quitted it ; the trial cost me a struggle, of which before my resolution was put to the test, I had no idea. My affectionate wish to revisit my Friends, my strong attachment to the Admiral had almost conquered, and I was on the point of bidding adieu to these burning Shores, when a sense of my former dependence occurred to me, and I was convinced that it was a Duty I owed to you, to my Friends, and to Myself to bear the mortifying reflection of being banished for a time, as it may enable me to make some returns of gratitude for the many fond partialities heaped on me by the best of Parents.

One circumstance, indeed, has helped to reconcile my feelings to a longer residence in Fort St. George, which is the fitting-up of our Church in a much more elegant manner than it ever was before; in a style superior perhaps to any Church in England. During the War it was converted into a Granary and cost me many an uneasy moment from our being reduced to the disagreeable necessity of performing Divine Service in the Governor's House to very thin Congregations: the serious part of the Settlement refusing to attend prayers in a room built for public amusements ; but by continued applications to the Government we have at length succeeded, and the Church of St. Mary* was opened on Xmas Day to the most numerous audience ever assembled in this place.

It is a source of no small pleasure to me to assure you that the Parishioners in general are well satisfied with both their Chaplains ; we set them a *tolerable* example and give 'em the best advice we can. My Colleague is a dignified Clergyman with two Livings in Ireland, and at the same time a Chaplain of Lord Macartney's, from which you may conclude his emoluments infinitely surpass mine ; however, he is a very worthy Man and I don't envy him. Mr. Thomas may have informed you that it was once fashionable in this Country to make handsome presents to the Clergy at Christenings, Weddings, &c., but to my great grief that good old custom is growing out of date, and our Vestry, having taken this into Consideration, have agreed to allow us in future Surplice fees, which will be no small addition to our present Income, if the Colour of Money should ever more grow familiar to the eye. We are now in a most lamentable Plight, since Bengal withdrew its Bounty. It was the mode of payment in Madras for late years to issue

* This church, a handsome Georgian building bearing not a little resemblance to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, is still used as a place of public worship at the present time.

Bills on that Presidency, and the little business I had in that way was transacted by my old friend Griffith Jones and his Partners. . . .

The next letter, dated the same year and month, which is addressed to the writer's sisters, Margaret and Anne Millingchamp, contains a pitiful appeal for home-news and also a curious account of social life in Madras. Doubtless this absence of letters, of which the Chaplain complains so bitterly, was due to the disturbed state of traffic between Europe and the East and not to neglect or forgetfulness on the part of his family.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—In the name of fate what have I done to merit this usage from my good Girls who were in days of yore the most regular of all Correspondents? For which of my crimes have I deserved the severe mortification of not receiving a single line from my best Friends for more than twelve long Months? Believe me, my dear Peggy and Nanny, that there is not a single day in which you are not affectionately remembered by your Brother, and that our former intercourse by Letters is at present the source of my principal satisfaction. . . . To you who live in so various a circle as that of Cardigan and its neighbourhood, the insipidity of an East Indian life must be inconceivable. Cooped up all day within the narrow Limits of a Fort (as my Finances will not admit of a Country house) without a single Companion, I devote my *Evenings* to a formal visit on the *Plain*, where all our great ones have elegant Palaces, superior to any that I have ever read accounts of. The Ride in a little Carriage, which I drive, drawn by two little black Horses, not much bigger than Rats, is very pleasant, but my visits are to me exceedingly tedious; Card-playing is all the *Rage*, and as I formed a resolution on my first arrival (from the reflexions thrown out against my predecessors) to avoid even the appearance of Gambling, I saunter about the room from one table to another without the least satisfaction and generally leave my Company with very little regret. However, custom has made it necessary to pay regular visits to the People of distinction in the Settlement, and the smallest inattention on this point is always construed into slight and neglect. The Ladies who are just arrived go through the ceremony of sitting up in high form three nights consecutively, during which time it is expected that *every* Inhabitant will call upon and welcome their new guest; thus an acquaintance is formed without difficulty, and where Pride or Shame will not allow a Lady to submit to this established custom, there are many instances of their continuing for years in Madras without a single female connexion.

Pity me, then, my dear Sisters, when you behold me a Slave of Form and Etiquette, and suffer me no longer to endure this horrid state of suspense about your Welfare and that of my Brothers. . . For Heaven's sake write to me, my good Peggy and Nanny, and relieve from this painful anxiety

Your affectionate Brother,

B. MILLINGCHAMP.*

Between these two letters just quoted—one written to a father already passed away, and the other to sisters with whom communication had long been interrupted—and the next letter in existence, there is an interval of over five years. It appears that towards the close of 1789, Mr. Millingchamp, whose health had naturally suffered in the meantime from the Indian climate, obtained leave to return home, taking passage on board a China merchant ship, the *Rockingham*, and reaching London on May, 1790. He writes to his favourite sister Margaret on his arrival.

London, May 22nd, 1790.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—I have great pleasure in telling you that I am once more in England, although my health is still in a very unsettled state; . . . however, I fully trust that my own country-air may once more prove a restorative.

The *Rockingham*, after a tedious voyage of 19 weeks and 2 days from Canton, arrived yesterday morning off Portsmouth, and my fellow passengers and self landed at ten o'clock; our passage has been highly favourable. as during a Navigation of 16 or 17 thousand miles we have not experienced one hour's bad weather. I long to hear how my dear Sisters and Brothers are at present situated, and shall look with anxiety for a few lines. My hurry since my arrival has been such that I can hardly see what I am writing for inflamed eyes, and I can venture to assure you that for the last three nights I have been deprived of more than two-thirds of my natural rest; I have walked about this morning untill I am nearly crippled. . . It is a consolation beyond what I am able to express, to think that I am within a few days' journey of my beloved Sisters. . .

Mr. Millingchamp seems to have remained on leave nearly a twelvemonth in England, for we find him in the April of the follow-

* A portion of this letter has already appeared in the pages of the *United Service Magazine* (January 1903) which the Editor has courteously granted the writer permission to reproduce here.

ing year waiting at Gravesend for the *Manship* to sail for the East Indies. He had in the previous month already engaged a cabin on board this vessel, the passage money amounting to £105. Before his return to Madras, Mr. Millingchamp had been ordained priest by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I have teased the Archbishop not a little, and I hope at length into compliance, which will be determined on Sunday next at the Chapel Royal. If I should be ordained it will be an entire matter of favor, as he assures me he will in future have no concern with the East, the burthen being too heavy for him. My testimonial was signed by his own Chaplain, by Dr. Breynton and by Doctor Lewes.

In May Mr. Millingchamp, on the return voyage to Madras, contrives to send a letter to his sister Margaret (now Mrs. Davies) by a homeward bound ship.

"Manship" at Sea. May 21st, 1791.

Longitude 23. W. Latitude 6. N.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—As an English Ship has made her appearance this morning and is probably homeward bound, my Messmates and myself have hurried from breakfast to our respective Cabins to say to our Friends that we are here ; I wish I could add we were all well, as that has not been my good fortune, but we must endeavour to be resigned and hope for a favourable change. We are now in what Sailors call the trolly-lollys, (*i. e.*, the Atlantic to the South of the Cape Verde Islands) rolling from side to side without a breath of air, the weather exceptionally hot, and we have had no amusement except fishing for Sharks. On Sunday last our Seamen were in a state of mutiny in consequence of the confinement of two of their comrades for quarrels with the Soldiers, and insisted on their immediate release, which was refused. They instantly rushed from the Deck and declared they would not touch a Rope on any other condition, but the Captain and Officers flew among them, seized the Ringleaders and, with drawn Swords, compelled the Gentlemen to return to their duty. Adieu !

The following letter, which is the last to be quoted here, is dated more than three years later from Fort St. George. It is addressed to Mr. Millingchamp's elder and favourite sister, Mrs. Evan Davies, and is a good example of that familiar and playful, yet elegant, style of writing, so much appreciated by our forefathers, which has become almost a lost art at the present day.

Fort St. George. Oct. 17th, 1794.

MY DEAR SISTER,—The arrival of our new Governor* brought me your long expected Letter, and in the midst of bustle and noise when all the folks at our Presidency were wild with curiosity, some to contemplate the wisdom of his Excellency's features, others more anxious to admire the charms of the engaging Lady Hobart, and a third party, consisting principally of young Beaux, squinting at the fair Miss Adderley, your unfashionable Brother thought not of Lords, Ladies or Misses, but indulged himself in the more rational luxury of perusing an Epistle from a Sister he dearly loves ; although, by the bye, Miss Adderley, Lord Hobart's daughter-in-law,† is well worth looking at, and one of the most beautiful and interesting Girls I have seen in this Country. I had lately the honor of handing her to Dinner, and of course the felicity of her conversation for two or three hours, a situation truly enviable : you will think me vain, and so I am.

Sir Charles and Lady Oakeley,‡ two of the most respectable people that ever came to India, leave us in a few days, and in losing them, I lose two of my best friends; if you knew them as well as I do, you would not wonder at my speaking of them in such terms, and as they are no longer in high station, one may be allowed to speak handsomely of them without suspicion of flattery. They are in every sense the most finished Couple I ever saw ; Sir Charles thought by the Ladies, who understand such matters, a very handsome Man, and Lady Oakeley so elegant a Woman, that she must command the admiration of every circle ; add to this, they both possess uncommon abilities, and in private life are an ornament to human nature.

Their successors are at present very popular and seem desirous of promoting sociability in our Society : Lady Hobart has a public Rout every Wednesday night where all the gay world assemble to Cards and to Supper and sometimes, to give a Zest to the entertainment, to a

* Robert, Viscount Hobart, (eldest son of George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire) who had recently married Margaretta, widow of Thomas Adderley, of Innishannon, Co. Cork, and daughter of Edmund Bourke, of Urry.

† Step-daughter. The confusion of this particular relationship is not rare in literature, Charles Dickens himself having been more than once guilty of such a mistake.

‡ Sir Charles Oakeley, who was created a Baronet in consequence of his distinguished services in India, was Governor of Madras from 1790 to 1794, his term of office being marked by the capture of Pondicherry from the French ; he likewise effected great changes for the better in the finances of the East India Company. Sir Charles married Helena, only daughter of Robert Beatson, of Killerie, Fifeshire.

dish of scandal ; however, if it is not highly seasoned, I hope there is no great harm in it. . . .

Your affe. Brother,

B. MILLINGCHAMP.

With this last glimpse into the social life of old Madras, the present article must close for want of further material, there being no more Indian letters of Mr. Millingchamp's in existence. It may, however, be of sufficient interest to add a very short account of the Chaplain's career after finally quitting the East Indies in 1797. A year after his return, Mr. Millingchamp married Miss Sarah Rawlinson, of Westgate House, Grantham, and a little later purchased the house and estate of Llangoedmore near his native town of Cardigan, by which we may conclude that his long wearisome exile on "the burning shores of Madras" must have brought him not a little wealth. He had left Cardigan, twenty years before, poor and the son of a poor man ; he returned to it with sufficient means to buy a good residence and property. In course of time Mr. Millingchamp obtained the valuable rectory of Rushall in Wiltshire ; was made prebendary of St. David's Cathedral ; and in 1827 was appointed (by his old friend, Bishop Burgess) Archdeacon of Carmarthen. Archdeacon Millingchamp died in January 1829, at the age of 73, and was buried at St. Cynllo's Church, Llangoedmore, where is to be seen a monument to the memory of himself and of his wife, who survived him more than forty years, dying at the great age of 95. The Millingchamps left an only child, Sarah, married in 1825 to Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Vaughan, of the 90th (Perthshire) Light Infantry, whose descendants still possess Llangoedmore.

HERBERT M. VAUGHAN.

UMAR KHAYAM.

UMAR KHAYAM, or to call him by his proper name, Ghiasal-din Abdul Fattah Omar bin Ibrahim, is one of the most remarkable and distinguished of the Persian poets. His name has been rendered immortal by Edward Fitzgerald, the close and life-long friend of Tennyson. Of all the Persian poets next perhaps to Hafiz and Sadi, he commands the largest number of admirers in Europe and America. Besides Fitzgerald, Whinfield, Justin M'Carthy, John Payne, Mrs. Cadell and others have rendered his poetry into English verse, and many of his quatrains have been translated into French by Nicolas. The "tent-maker" poet, or Khayam, is a name quite familiar to European ears. Whatever is therefore said or written about him is likely to prove of some interest to a large circle of cultured and literary men, not only in Asia, but in the more highly intellectual and scientific regions of the West.

Undoubtedly Fitzgerald's "Omar," "that large infidel," has been a name to conjure with and exercises a potent spell on Asiatic and European imagination. In London, in Paris, in New York, in Chicago, and other advanced centres of thought and literary pursuit, Umar has found warm and devoted students of his poetry and enthusiastic and charmed followers of his creed. The Umar Khayam clubs and coteries in aristocratic London alone are a singular proof of the influence exercised by this eastern poet and philosopher.

It was Fitzgerald who first revealed the subtle and delicate charm of his poetry in the middle of the last century to the European gaze. His edition of Umar Khayam's quatrains is a real masterpiece which, to quote Lord Tennyson, "drew full-handed plaudits from our best in modern letters" and was a "planet equal to the sun which cast it." Since then the interest in Umar Khayam's poetry has remained unabated among western readers, and the influence of his teaching continues steadily to increase. In Asia, the home of eastern poetry, Umar Khayam counts his readers and admirers by the thousand. Fitzgerald,

however, failed to appreciate the winsome eclecticism and splendour of his philosophy and the breadth and magnificence of his cultivated intellect, and it was left to Nicolas, Cowell and other later writers to more properly appreciate and expound Umar's religious and philosophic views.

What is the secret of the influence and what has been the history and life-work of this oriental writer who has so captivated even occidental imagination, it may be worth while to state briefly here. Umar bin Ibrahim was an inhabitant of Nishapur in Khorasan, the nursery of so many Central Asian poets, and was born in the beginning of the eleventh century according to the Christian era, or the end of the fifth century according to the Mahomedan or Hejira era. He lived up to a good old age and died in the beginning of the twelfth century A. D. or about the year 1225. The exact year of his birth and death cannot be ascertained, as is often the case regarding oriental writers and kings and heroes, the couplets on their tombstones in which they love to enshrine these dates mystifying rather than enlightening the antiquarian. His early life was a most uneventful one and he did not rise to any high rank or position in life. His tutor was Iman Muwafik, a famous teacher of Nishapur, nay, even of the whole of Khorasan. His fellow students were Hussan-bin-Sabah and Abu-ul-Kasim, both of whom subsequently attained a very high rank at an oriental court, the latter becoming the Grand Vizier of Sultan Alp-Arslan, and the former reaching a somewhat lower but still a high position at the same court, though subsequently his career became a most unfortunate one and he acquired an unenviable notoriety as the head or founder of the sect of Ismailis or Assassins, and was known as the terrible "Man of the Mountain." Umar Khayam eschewed worldly pomp and power and preferred to lead a retired and secluded life—a life of ease with dignity, and his former friend Abu-ul-Kasim, known as the Nizam-ul-Mulk, helped him to his heart's wish, by conferring on him a pension or annuity of twelve hundred gold coins or "mishkals." He lived and died at Nishapur, studying mathematics and science, and writing those little Persian gems in hundreds—his "rubayats," which are the wonder and admiration of the east and the west. Though thus living a life of leisured comfort, he was by no means idle or resting his mind in slothful ease. He worked and warred, in his own line, as much as men who work and struggle in the more active and combative spheres of life, warred with his own soul and warred with all the powers of evil in the world, its forms and shadows, the lying and deceit, the cant and cruelty,

the fraud and violence of earthly priests and preachers. There was a strong thread of militancy and combativeness in the warp of his soul in spite of his retiring disposition, and there was a certain amount of robustness and toughness in his nature. He looked at things straight and full in the face and called a spade a spade. Much of his writing, therefore, is, according to a writer, "a breviary of a radical free-thinker who protests in the most forcible manner both against the narrowness, bigotry and uncompromising austerity of the ulema, and the eccentricity, hypocrisy and wild ravings of advanced Sufis whom he successfully combats with their own weapons." He is not inaptly called the Voltaire of the East, so trenchant and incisive is his scorn and power of denunciation of the evils inflicted by priestcraft and by the wrong decrees of fate, and so bold, free and original is he in his views. He is said to have been by nature exceedingly sensitive, tender and imaginative, and so all unfairness or injustice, deceit or untruthfulness, provoked uncompromising hatred and withering satire from him. In this respect he resembled somewhat the poet Shelley and that English poetic free-lance, Lord Byron, the "father" of Childe-Harold. To the orthodox priests of his day, who were intolerant hypocrites, "veneered over with sanctimonious piety," he says :

You concern yourself with formulæ, hypocrisy and dissembling
We remain happy ever with our wine and beloved.

Again in another place he says :—

Oh city priest, you go more astray
Than I do though to wine I give way ;
I drink the blood of grapes, you that of men,
Which of us is the more bloodthirsty, pray ?

Umar did not only war with the world outside him but wrestled with equal vigour with his own soul. Dissatisfied with the apparent contradictions and palpable oppositions of the world, and with human life and the universe, he was at one time ready to rise in revolt against God and his Universal Scheme. His mind rebelled against what it regarded as the manifest injustice and iniquity of fate in exalting the ignoble and in degrading the divine-souled, and against the vagaries of Fortune which frowned where it should smile and smiled where it should frown, and a vehement cry of protest rose on his lips. He sighed at this and sang :—

Ah ! seasoned wine oft falls to rawest fools,
 And clumsiest workmen own the finest tools,
 And Turki maids, fit to delight men's hearts,
 Lavish their smiles on beardless boys in schools,

and could not reconcile the apparent inconsistencies of God's work.

He would not, like Tennyson's friend Arthur, the beloved son of Henry Hallam, "make his judgment blind," and so ran full tilt at the existing condition of things and "touched a jarring lyre at first." He drifted into rank pessimism and scepticism which developed into a kind of atheism. But as he was a strenuous thinker and ardent seeker of truth

He fought his doubts and gathered strength. . .

He faced the spectres of the mind
 And laid them ; Thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;
 And power was with him in the night,
 Which makes the darkness and the light,
 And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
 As over Sinai's peak of old
 While Israel made their gods of gold,
 Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

He discovered that by powers higher than those of reason, the eternal verities of existence could be realised, and that by restraining human senses and human desires by avoiding pain and injury, by following the old world-worn triple tenet of good speech, good thought, good deed, without thought of self in this world or the next, or with "fruitless" action, as the Gita puts it pithily, Man attains true salvation and understands the "real nature" of his being, and the justice, ordered purpose and economy of the Universal Scheme. In fact, he discovered independently and for himself the basic principles of those transcendental truths which prophetic souls in all ages and climes have discovered and revealed to others. He discovered that

The soul of Things is sweet,
 The Heart of Being is celestial rest ;
 Stronger than woe is will ; that which was good
 Doth pass to Better—Best

It was a touch of inspiration that disclosed them to him. What wonder, therefore, if all kindred ardent spirits both in the east and the west continue to be drawn to Umar Khayam's teaching and come in increasing numbers within the radius of his direct influence. This teaching again is clothed in one of the most charming attires that human language can assume. Simplicity, grace, melody, strength and stateliness are its leading characteristics, and it is regarded as one of the best and fittest instruments for conveying the most vigorous, energetic and concentrated philosophic and religious thought. There are few writings to compare with Umar Khayam's in purity of diction, fine wit, crushing satire and general sympathy with human suffering. His rhapsodies of love of wine and earthly joys, his fervent effusions of the heart full of the most tender feelings and affections, and his passionate denunciation of a malevolent fate which dooms to decay and oblivion all that is great and good and beautiful in the world, are unsurpassed in Persian poetry. To this must he added his deep religious and philosophic insight into the truths of life and nature and the inspiration left behind by him. This makes his claim to the enduring and reverent devotion and enthusiastic praise of his admiring readers both in Asia and Europe as intelligible as it is strong.

Umar's achievements in the realms of science and mathematics too were by no means insignificant, and he affords a rare instance of an oriental poet of a very imaginative order applying himself to the dry and crabbed problems of scientific investigation, and what is more, elucidating and expounding them. He brought out a standard work on Algebra in Arabic, wrote a treatise on the extraction of the cube-root, and on the explanations of the difficult definitions in Euclid. He issued a revised edition of "Zij," which contained astronomical tables, and reformed the Mahomedan calendar, and made a computation of time which, says Gibbon, "surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style."

Thus did this remarkable astronomer, mathematician and poet, at one time, perhaps, the sewer of tents or born of a family that made and mended them, irradiate the world with the many-coloured light of his genius. Humorously alluding to his name and family occupation he wrote :—

Khayam who stitched the tents of science
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burnt.
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing !

The shears of Fate cut the tent ropes of his life, according to one computation, in the Hejira year 517, and removed from this mundane sphere one who was unrivalled in science in Khorasan and Persia in his days and was the paragon of his age, at first obscure and unknown to fame, but now a star of the highest magnitude in the oriental firmament of poesy. I shall conclude this short panegyric of Umar Khayam by a few quotations from his writings shewing the beauty of his poetic compositions and the sublimity of his philosophy. Some of these extracts, which are translations by Whinfield, are taken from a very able and learned essay written by a friend of mine on Umar Khayam some years ago, in which he gave a skilful, esoteric, and what I regard as a true exposition of Umar's doctrines and a synthesis of his philosophy.

I give first the two oft-quoted and most quotable quatrains of Omar Khayam, which have become well-worn and hackneyed almost like some lines of Shakespeare or Tennyson. They are now "current coin" in the English language.

(1) Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

(2) The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety and Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your tears wash out a Word of it.

Now as to his philosophy and religious creed. Says Umar:—

Now in thick clouds Thy face Thou dost immerse
And now display it in this universe;
Thou the Spectator, Thou the Spectacle,
Sole to Thyself Thy glories Thou dost rehearse.

The above touches one of the highest notes of *Advait* and mystic philosophy and reminds one of the beautiful lines in the Lord's song, the Bhagvat Gita.

I the oblation; I the sacrifice; I the ancestral offering;
I the fire giving herb; the mantrain I; I also the butter;
I the fire; the burnt offering I;
And I am indeed the enjoyer of all sacrifices.

In another place we find the following which is in a similar strain.

I compassed the world to find Jamshed's world-reflecting
bowl,
I sat not a day, rested not a night ;
When I heard from a sage a description of it,
I knew I was myself it.
This being is not I, it is of Him ;
Of myself what, where, whence was I ;
The light in the little eye of the ant is from thee ;
The strength in the puny foot of the gnat is from thee ;
Thy self is well worthy of suzerainty ;
All base, unbecoming qualities are far from thee.

Umar's intrinsic piety, genuine devotion and heart-felt humility are manifest from the following, in spite of his outward scorn of piety and religiousness and profession of epicureanism and convivial jollity and "abandon."

- (1) Oh Lord ! from self-conceit deliver me,
Sever me from self and occupy with thee !
This self is captive to earth's good and ill,
Make me beside myself and set me free.

Though I had sinned the sins of all mankind,
I know thou wouldst to mercy be inclined.
Thou sayest, " I will help in time of need,"
One needier than me where wilt thou find ?
- (2) To Thee, whose essence baffles human thought,
Our sins and righteous deeds alike seem naught.
May Thy grace sober me though drunk with sins,
And pardon all the ills that I have wrought.
- (3) Sure of thy grace for sins, why need I fear ?
How can the pilgrim faint while Thou art near ?
On the last day Thy grace will wash me white
And make my " black record " to disappear.
- (4) Oh heart ! When on the Loved One's " sweets " you feed
You lose yourself, yet find yourself indeed ;

To-day to heights of rapture have I soared,
 Yea and with drunken maghs pure wine adored ;
 I am become myself, and rest on
 In that pure temple " Am I not your Lord ? "

- (5) My body's life and strength are from Thee !
 My soul within and spirit are of Thee !
 My being is of Thee and Thou art Mine,
 And I am Thine since I am lost in Thine.
 Like to the intertisted melody
 Of harp and lute shall our wedding be,
 And such a marriage of fair music make
 That none shall separate the Thee from Me.

Is not the above reminiscent of the highest adoration and self-surrender of a Hindu Bhakt like Dhruva, Kabir, Namdev or Chainlanya, and does not the poet's love for God soar into the empyrean heights of perfect union with the Divine Self? Has the highest Hindu " Bhakt Marag " pointed a higher path ?

The ethics of Umar too are quite rational and intelligible. Listen to him where he says so pithily :—

Acts of goodness towards friend and foes alike are good,
 How can persons of good heart and habit do evil ?
 When I survey the world I see no good
 But goodness, all beside is nothing worth.

To find a remedy put up with pain,
 Chafe not at woe, be ever of a thankful mind,
 'Tis the sure method of riches to obtain.

My queen (long may she live to vex her slave)
 To-day a token of affection gave
 Darting a kind glance from her eyes she passed,
 And said " Do good and cast it on the wave."

The above quatrain sums up the highest philosophy of practical benevolence which was exhibited by that world-renowned philanthropist Hatim of Tai, of Persian and Arabic legend and song, whose motto was, " Do good and cast it on the wave," the refrain of which yet rings round the world and is echoed by Umar Khayam.

Fitzgerald took a very poor measure of the extent and depth of Umar Khayam's philosophy and religious inspiration, mistaking the outward symbols for the intrinsic thing, the gross material for the ethereal object for which it stood. He charged Umar Kayam with a love of epicureanism and self-gratification, or a glorification in verse of the delights and pleasures of the senses, and persisted in believing in it even after its hollowness was pointed out by Cowell and others. The charge was made on such slender grounds that it is rather surprising how, a man of Fitzgerald's breadth and fineness of mind could make it. Wine and the wine-cup, which are the most palpable symbols among the poets of the Sufi cult for "bhakti," and "gnyan," the intoxication with the love of the divine or the inner light that is reflected, were interpreted by him to be the material objects connoted by their names. On this point Umar himself is the best guide to follow, being an expounder of his own terminology. This is how he regards the wine and the wine-cup :—

Man is a cup, his soul the wine therein,
Flesh is a pipe, spirit the voice within.

The truth, they say, tastes bitter in the mouth
This is a token that the " Truth " is wine.

In drinking thus it is not my design
To riot, to transgress the law divine,
No ! to attain unconsciousness of self
Is the sole cause I drink me drunk with wine.

That the basis of Umar's poetry and beliefs and doctrines are solely ethical, is proved by quatrain after quatrain of his poetry. Their moral tendency is manifest to the most unreflecting. He preaches selflessness, contentment, kindness and love of fellow-creatures, and humility, and himself exhibits a genuinely meek and prayerful soul. Some of his verses on these subjects contain thoughts which rival the most sublime or the most beautiful in Tennyson's " In Memoriam." I shall give a few of these quatrains below.

We rest our hopes on Thy free grace alone
Nor seek by merits for our sins to atone ;
Mercy drops where it lists, and estimates
Ill deeds as undone, good undone as done.

Compare with this the following from Tennyson :—

Forgive what seemed my sin in me ;
 What seemed my worth since I began ;
 For merit lives from man to man
 And not from man, O Lord ! to Thee.

In another Umar says,

O Lord ! to Thee all creatures worship pay,
 To Thee both small and great for ever pray,
 Thou takest woe away and givest weal,
 Give then, or if it please Thee, take away !

Compare Tennyson's lines :—

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
 Thou madest life in man and brute ;
 Thou madest Death ; and lo ! thy foot
 Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Umar's spirit of kindness and love, or *ahinsa*, is shown by the following:—

Oh thou who for thy pleasure dost impart
 A pang of sorrow to thy fellow's heart,
 Go ! mourn thy perished wit, and peace of mind,
 Thyself hast slain them ; like the fool thou art.

Better to make one soul rejoice with glee
 Than plant a desert with a colony ;
 Rather one free man bind with chains of love
 Than set a thousand prisoned captives free.

In the following he strikes some of the highest notes of his philosophy, reminding one of Tennyson's poems on the " Higher Pantheism " and " Crossing the Bar "—

The drop wept for his severance from the sea,
 But the sea smiled, for " I am all," said he.
 The truth is all, nothing exists beside,
 That one point circling apes plurality.

You ask what this life is, so frail, so vain,
 'Tis long to tell, yet will I make it plain ;
 'Tis but a breath blown from the vasty deeps,
 And then blown back to those same deeps again.

This tells us exactly what Tennyson has told us that "from the Great Deep we come and to the Great Deep we go," and "that which drew from the boundless Deep turns again home." Umar's theory of the Deity and his cosmogony are comprised in the following :—

This world a body is, and God its Soul,
And angels are its Senses, who control
Its limbs—the creatures, elements and spheres ;
The *One* is the whole basis of the whole.

His theory of cosmogony, which bears a close parallel to Aristotle's as given in his "De Anima" is as follows :—

Ten Powers, and nine spheres, eight heavens made He,
And planets seven, of six sides, as we see,
Five senses, and four elements, three souls,
Two worlds, but only one, O man ! like thee.

Umar's large faith in the ultimate triumphs of good and the certainty of conquest over death is heard in resonant tones which cheer the heart and nerve the soul like the assurance of a trusted and well-beloved friend. According to him,

Death's terrors spring from baseless phantasy,
Death yields the tree of immortality ;
Since Isa breathed new life into my soul,
Eternal death has washed its hands of me !

And now I shall close with the quatrains that shew how eclectic, how truly catholic, was Umar's nature, a nature that in gentleness and in the possession of a true feeling of universal brotherhood had its counterpart in the God-gifted twin scholar ministers of the great Akbar, Faizi and Abu Fazul. In a temple of Kashmir Abu Fazul inscribed these beautiful lines which Tennyson has quoted in his preface to his Akbar's Dream, and which will bear repetition here.

"Oh God, in every temple I see people that see Thee and in every language I hear spoken people praise Thee. Polytheism and Islam *feel* after thee. If it be a mosque, people murmur the holy prayer, and if it be a Christian church, people ring the bell from love to Thee. Heresy to the heretic and religion to the orthodox, but the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller." So said Umar Khayam:—

Pagodas, just as mosques, are homes of prayer,
 'Tis prayer that church-bells chime unto the air,
 Yea, Church and Ka'ba, Rosary and Cross
 Are all but divers tongues of world-wide prayer.

So said and sung and lived the astronomer-poet, aloof from the world's
 vanities and sorrows, urging all to

Sooner with half a loaf contented be,
 And water from a broken crock, like me,
 Than lord it over one poor fellow-man,
 Or to another bow the vassal knee.

Like Byron he wished that the desert were his dwelling-place with
 one lone spirit, and like Keats he sighed for a draught of vintage, for a
 beaker full of the Warm South—and for

a mossy couch,
 Some wine, a Houri (if Houris there be)
 A green bank by a stream with minstrelsy.

Writing thus and living thus, no wonder he was very little appreciated at first in that age of bigotry and rampant orthodoxy which he attacked so fiercely, and with a sad heart he mourned in the following strain:—

Soon shall I go, by time and fate deplored,
 Of all my precious pearls not one is bored;
 Alas! there die with me a thousand truths
 To which these fools fit audience ne'er accord.

But soon the tide set in his favour. His transcendental thought and beautiful expression came to be valued more correctly and admired, as they deserved, till now Umar exercises a fascination on the eastern mind, and also to some extent on the western, which is almost magical.

BULCHAND DAYARAM.

GOD'S PLOUGHMAN: AN ELEGY. *

SOMETIMES I seem to tread on tombs
 That bear the name of every friend,
 Sometimes before my eye there looms
 My own strait bed where all things end.

At every step, unlooked, unguessed,
 A new name starts me with its line
 Fresh chiselled on a slab undressed,
 A name as living still as mine.

And now, old friend of many a fight,
 Scholar and saint of valiant heart,
 Your comrade name confounds my sight,
 With scarce a meeting we must part.

The thorny path, so steep and straight,
 Has ended with a sudden turn,
 And brought you to the Golden gate
 For which so many mortals yearn.

To join your peers of gentle mien
 In that clear realm beyond our sight,
 Where, free from this refracted sheen,
 We find at length the limpid light.

But we, whose fate it is to stay
 A little while, if haply we
 May see the sun burst through the gray,
 The sun you did not live to see,

* To the gracious memory of the Rev. F. W. Kellest, sometime Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Professor of History, Christian College, Madras : a fine scholar, a true teacher, and a good friend to young India.

Will not forget the sultry hours
 You spent throughout the night of toil
 In husbanding the scanty showers,
 In watering the thirsty soil.

We who must wage a weary war
 Against a host of blinded foes
 That know not who their foemen are,
 Or how the wretched wrangle rose,

Will, as we leave own half-tilled fields,
 Half flooded with the living stream,
 To grasp our sorry swords and shields
 Lest we may lose our harvest dream,

Remember one who lived his creed,
 Who taught, through all the sordid strife,
 The letter killeth with its screed,
 The spirit only giveth life ;

Who knew that laws are feeble things,
 And cannot quicken dead men's bones,
 Until the Breath Celestial brings
 Awakening in trumpet tones.

* * * *

God, who hast put us in the maze
 Of errors wondrously entwined,
 To learn through all our thorny ways
 Thy blessing on the stedfast mind,

Thou, who hast given a scanty patch
 Of stony hillside to our plough,
 Where instant labour scarce may catch
 The stream that makes the seedlings grow,

Grant that, when tempests supervene,
 And floods have washed the balks away,
 And every patch of tender green
 Is smothered with a load of clay,

Like him, we build our balks again
More surely based, and scour the soil,
And plant fresh seedlings in the rain
To gladden all our terraced toil.

And if, before the tempests end,
And floods their wanton raids have ceased,
Before the breaking clouds descend
In the last rainbow of the East,

Like him, we fare to other fields,
And leave perforce our sodden lands,
Long ere the sunny season yields
A harvest to our horny hands,

Grant that, where'er the palms o'erspread
Our fellow-workers' happier homes,
Where'er the bamboo bows her head,
Where'er the pilgrim zephyr roams,

When the fair fields are ripe at last
And triple harvests glad the eye,
The ploughmen of the plodding past
May never altogether die.

R. S. LEPPER.

A FEW HOURS AT AVIGNON.

IT was on a November morning that the express train from Paris to Marseilles stopped at Avignon. "C'est Avignon, monsieur," lazily answered a half awakened passenger whom I asked what station it was. I got down from the train, had my luggage taken to the "consigne" and then strolled out into the city. It was a fine morning. The sunbeams were shot down hesitatingly, and the ambiguous mist over the city was showing a desire to flee before the light. Everything was slowly assuming shape from the chaos of darkness which looked like the creation of another world. Just facing the railway station rose in massive gloom the ramparts that zone this once flourishing city. At the very sight of them, all the past scenes of her history rose up in circles and lines before me. Spears, knights, halberds, armours and tonsured heads flamed up in my mind in a wild medley of colours, and above them all marched august figures, with the immortal Papal tiara on their heads. It was here that the Popes were in Babylonian exile and had made Avignon the centre of all attractions. She was once the rival of the queenly Rome in wealth and fame. But now her greatness has vanished and she has become a shadow and a memory. The life-blood in her body has dried up, and her brain has almost ceased to fulfil its functions. These ramparts were built in the 14th and 15th centuries under Innocent VI. and Urban V. They are a marvel of military architecture and of solidity. But they are nothing exceptional here. All great buildings in Avignon seem to possess an iron constitution. They speak the language of the pyramids, and receive the fleeting centuries with youthful politeness.

The sight of the streets here resuscitated the days of my childhood which I had passed in another dead city. It was quite a change for a man who had come from Paris to climb and descend these narrow, steep, tortuous lanes which so obscured the light of

heaven that he could hardly read their very names. Some of them were plunged in an eternal night. They were flanked by rows of unscrubbed, unhappy, unwashed erections of brick and plaster and wood with tiled roofs that were torn and rent in various places. A great many streamlets of dirty water were coursing in confusion down the road I found myself in, rejoicing in their illegitimate freedom. All along in front of me could be seen little "jets d'eau," produced by this water beating against large pebbles that have been lying idly and for years here. From the low doors flashed now and then Provençal faces that were lighted with oriental eyes, blood-red lips and luminous teeth. The inmates of these houses were occupied in some miserable, everyday work, like the eternally prosaic process of eating and drinking and then cleaning the things they had eaten from. The very squalor of their homes and dresses seemed to cast a gloom over the departed greatness of Avignon. They were the bones rusting and rattling in dust and decay of a full-blooded organism that proudly flourished and faded centuries before I was born.

Even in the forenoon, the city seemed deserted. For long minutes I was alone with the houses and streets, till suddenly a hungry dog, with a dejected expression, strolled past me, his eyes seeming to say : " I, too, am an Avignonnais, so you might give me something to eat, rather than waste your silver in paying fat porters in the museums here." Then, a tottering beggar crossed my path, and touched his hat, saying " monsieur," with the outstretched hand and the all-comprehensive look in his eyes. One beggar followed another, and the dogs seemed to multiply. Avignon could not be far behind Rome, Delhi and Constantinople in the fulness of these "sans-sou" and these pariah dogs. When I debouched from these narrow lanes into some open place, various tufts of trees glimmered before my eyes. The autumn was abroad, painting the landscape in melancholy hues. The autumnal tints with their infinite variety and the feeling of the " Weltschmerz " about them were particularly suited to this city. Her soul brooding on the Past mated exquisitely with these sad colours of autumn. The poplar, the lime and the pine-tree were methodically arranged in scattered groups. The pine in defiance of atmospheric changes stood for ever in geometrical grace, its linear leaves looking in the sunshine like fountains of

green water. The lime and the poplar had put on vestments composed of various coloured patches. The golden, the pale yellow, the orange, the deep-green and the saffron had united in clothing them. They matched and rivalled the multicoloured glory of a Provençal sunset. From their numerous arms, a legion of sparrows could be heard, adding their own note to the music of the place. Below them fluttered in the trellised shade various leaves, saffron, brown and orange-coloured. A gust of wind passed now and then to rouse them into activity. Some were inspired only a little, whilst others floated on the wind merrily, singing the songs of the immortal Mistral (the Provençal poet). Omnibuses with three horses, careless of the progress of science, jolted by, the very ideals of picturesqueness. The whole tableau was completed by pedestrians of both sexes ; the men slim, bronze-coloured, dark-eyed, in long coats, with a sort of Tam o' Shanter or a sombrero on their heads, and the women ivory-white, inviting-eyed, "coiffées à l'Arlesienne."

The colours of the sky, of the earth, of the trees and of the houses were inter-twining before my eyes when I started to visit admiringly the monuments of Avignon. I went down the Boulevard de la République, a new and upstart thing in the débris of dead things. In about ten minutes' walk I found myself face to face with the Hôtel de Ville built in the Renaissance style with a Gothic belfry standing high up on its shoulders. It is the only remnant of the old Hôtel de Ville over which this new building is erected. From the top of the Cloches de Jacquemart, as this tower is called, I obtained a fine panorama of the city. Its squalor and misery diminish in their hideousness from this sublime height and safe distance, and the belittled town looks perfect in all its parts and proportions. The Rhone hurried by, creating magical scenery all around to purge itself in the Lake Lemán. Villeneuve on the rock with the gigantic fortress of Audré was outlined against the distant sky. The melancholy pines shot forth in the air from their rocky bases. The two islands in the Rhone shimmered fitfully under the golden dust of the noon. The bridge of St. Benezet, with a due sense of Art, stopped short in the river in attempting to cross it. An ugly hanging bridge spanned the river triumphantly saying : "Modernity has come to spoil even Avignon." After enjoying the view for some time, I got down from the tower and strolled along a little. The theatre

with its fine façade and the monument to "Liberty" by Charpentier built in 1891 to commemorate the centenary of the union of this Comtat to the French Republic are quite near the Hôtel de Ville.

The palace of the Popes is only a minute's walk from here. It rises frowning over the city, deep-chested and defiant, titanic in its strength and monstrous in its ugliness, bearing the weight of its few hundred years with the ease of a youth twirling the walking-stick, in his hand. It stands on a shaggy, rugged rock, defying for ever the spirit of change. It was built as a protection and a shelter, and strange to say is now used as a "caserne." The sombre gloom of its exterior and interior would chill the enthusiasm of anyone save of a man like Rienzi who, large-hearted and stern-eyed, endured his confinement here. What mysterious ceremonies and actions must the inside of these elephantine walls have witnessed ! On looking at the Taj and the Alhambra one might naturally wonder if some celestial houris had not helped the architect in design and execution whilst so terrific is the rugged bone and muscle of this palace that in looking at it one feels as if it was the work of the Prince of Darkness.

Near this embodiment of Evil in everlasting stone is the Cathedral of Notre Dame capped by a big statue of Our Lady. Its portico was built in the 11th century in the Romanesque style. The doors are quaintly honeycombed in appearance, and there are some faded frescoes of Memmi on the tympanum. The ceiling of the nave near the entrance is exquisitely adorned with stone patterns of roses.

All along the sides of the spacious nave are niches with the Renaissance canopies, holding statues three to four feet high. A beautiful balustrade separates the choir from the other parts of the Cathedral. Far beyond in the distance is the apsidal termination, lighted by elongated windows. There is a fantastically pretty tomb of Pope John XXII. in the dark crypt. I soon hurried from the Cathedral to St. Peter's church, with its doors beautifully sculptured in the Renaissance style by Antoine Volard. On the left hand side is a finely carved pedestal with an almost life-size statue of the Virgin and the child. There were other places worth a visit, especially the Musée Calvet, but I had no more time at my disposal, so I hurried back toward the station. Wherever I turned my eyes, on my

way thither, I saw a whole crowd of spires flying up to heaven, asking men in the church below to follow them. The spell of the "Ville Sonnante" of Rabelais had nearly ended for me. No sooner had I arrived at the station than the train for Arles puffed in; I jumped in to one of its compartments, and off we started. The trees, the houses, the ramparts, the churches, the men and women of Avignon, whirled in mediæval ecstasy in the dizzy distance with the motion of my modern train, and I wondered to myself, how this sad city, lapped in emotional dreams of a faded past, attracted the utilitarian John Stuart Mill toward herself.

V. B. MEHTA.

OLD LETTERS.

OLD Letters!—who could ever hope to do justice to a theme so pregnant with gentle and beautiful associations—so full of smiles and tears, strangely mixed together, and coming home, as it must needs do, more or less, to everyone ; for who has not a store of such ?—silent mementos of the past !

The honour of the invention of letter-writing, after much disputation and careful research into the subject, is now generally accorded to Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, an Empress in whose reign posts, which are universally admitted to be of Persian origin, were first brought into special use. Her name well deserves to have been written in characters of gold. It would appear that the letters of the old Saxons consisted of rude tablets of wood, covered with wax, upon which the mystical lines were inscribed. A love-letter must have been a formidable thing in those days, or, to say the least of it, extremely inconvenient, and the burning of them in any quantity—and it is well known how such things are apt to accumulate—must almost have amounted to an act of incendiarism.

It is curious to notice in our own time the various classes into which letters are divided, together with the distinctive and individual marks by which we may at once distinguish them. The delicately tinted note-paper and the perfumed wax, together with an exquisite nicety of folding and “touch-me-not” air, contains, as a rule an invitation, or is sure to come only from some recently made acquaintance—friends do not stand upon such ceremony with each other. They are, however, occasionally exchanged between young ladies—“dear friends,” as they term themselves ; or forwarded to such by a certain class of the opposite sex, who are said to write in kid gloves, and use nothing but silver pens. In contrast to this is the common-place looking epistles which, whether flung down the area steps, thrust under the street door or sent through the more civilised medium of His Majesty’s Post, cannot fail with its round text-hand and wafered envelope, to be immediately recognised for a circular—or a bill.

Then comes the well-known superscription. We could distinguish it at a glance among ten thousand—oftentimes half illegible through haste. For the life of us we cannot tell what sort of paper it is written upon, the first most likely that came to hand; or what the seal was which we tore away in our hurry to get at the contents—but only that the reception of such always makes us happy. These are the letters of real friends—the outpourings of loving and understanding hearts! Next we have the business letter, looking stiff and solemn enough, and distinguished in general by an initial letter or crest or a stamp—every one has a stamp now-a-days. And last, not least, a peculiar class of epistles, full of a strange mystery, incomprehensible to all but the initiated, and sealed with some such mystical sentence as the following:—“Forget-me-not,” “Though lost to sight to memory dear,” “Go where I wish to be,” “Dinna forget,” and many others. If, in addition to these matters, and not far off, a few tiny drops of wax should be observed, having fallen there quite by accident of course, and significantly termed “Kisses,” there can no longer remain any doubt about the matter—we may be sure that they are love letters! And the infinite number of such, daily passing and re-passing, like winged messengers of brighter things to this every-day world, is astonishing.

Letters may be called the connecting-links between severed households—the solace of absent friends and lovers. First a letter from home—how sweet to the exile—to the world-wearied—to the sick and pining heart. How it brings back old times and faces, and the memory of kind voices to cheer us on our lonely pilgrimage. Every now and then we come to a word blotted, and half illegible, as though a tear had fallen then, while our own flows fast and soothingly. Little, trivial records, or what seem such to the eye of a stranger, have for us a deep and all-absorbing interest. A word will oftentimes bring back a whole gush of tender recollections. “You remember so and so?” To be sure!—can we ever forget? And then follows that they are married—or dead! And we close our eyes, and dream of them as they were in the merry days of “auld lang syne,” awaking from our reverie with a smile, or a sigh, as the case may be. Oh! we are all changed since then.

It is strange, as years roll on, how the different members of a once attached family become separated, while these links of love serve to keep them still in our heart. Letters defy time and space, and pass over land and sea to compass their great end—the preserving alive of household sympathies and affections. The daughter—the sister—marries, and

finds another home, it may be far away. Surrounded by new friends and faces, the yearning for that which she has quitted would most likely soon die out but for such memorials. We heard it told once of a young artist, whose name, had it pleased Heaven to spare him, would have been known long ere this not only to his native land, but to the world, who, having achieved some great triumph for which he had been toiling hard, was asked by a fellow-student if he did not feel quite happy now. "No indeed," replied he, with touching simplicity, "for I have had no letter from home yet."

Letters from friends come next. How could we bear to part with some people, if it were not for the soothing assurance that we can still write to one another—that we shall not be quite desolate, but can tell each other all our little trials and troubles, asking counsel and assistance as of old? "If," says Seneca, "the pictures of our absent friends are agreeable to us, which revive the remembrance of them, and soften the regret occasioned by their absence, by a solace that is unsubstantial and delusive, how much more delightful are letters, which bring before us their very footsteps—the very impressions and traces of their characters. Whatever is sweet in the aspect of those we love, or whose memory we love, is in a manner realised in a letter by the very impression of their hands." Who has not felt happier all the day afterwards, from the mere reception of a letter? Ay, and better, for there is oftentimes a strange spell in them to calm, and purify, and make us worthier of the writer's high ideal—of the many imaginary perfections which absence and kind affection are so apt to gift us with in their eyes. They are full of an elevating power—a subduing tenderness—speaking in whispers unheard by other ears—revealings of the inmost spirit, laid bare to us in all confidence and trust—hallowed things, too precious for the glance of a stranger—beginning in endearment, and ending with a sweet blessing that stands recorded for us as often as we gaze back upon it, and is surely something more than mere words.

Who has not fancied in seasons of sadness and disappointment, of depression and mistrust (for the strongest affection will not always enable us to rise superior to these mysterious ebbs and flows of the human heart), a sort of fear—an undefined misgiving, arising, perhaps, from the veriest trifles, the delay of a few days in the expected missive or something else equally causeless—that the writer must needs be displeased with us, we cannot tell for what, or how it came about, or why we should think so just now. A feeling of estrangement, a weary sadness creeps over us. "Is it always thus?" is the wild, eager questioning

of our stricken spirit. "Is friendship, indeed, but a name?—and after all that we once promised to be to one another!"

We would give anything in the world at such times for a line only; and yet when it comes we tremble, wilfully prolonging that self-torment which a word, the very first word, would dissipate in a moment, for often it begins just as usual, and is kinder than we deserve. Then we weep and laugh aloud; feeling so stong in our renewed happiness that for the next week or two it would take very much to upset our equanimity. Sometimes, but not always, do we confess our weakness, and they forgive, and laugh, too, or chide us gently for such idle misgivings, while we make a thousand promises to them, and our own hearts, never to doubt again, let what may happen!

The third class—love-letters—we can do little more than glance at, leaving our gentle task to those who have had more experience in such subjects. But we can fancy them like certain talismans, of which we have somewhere heard or read, losing all charm the very instant they pass into the keeping of any but that one for whom the spell was originally designed. The few that ever came under our notice only excite a strange inclination to laugh; but we suppose it is no laughing matter in reality.

Bassompierre, "*cet illustre Bassompierre!*" as Madame de Montpensier terms him, tells us in his *Memoirs* that the day before he was arrested by order of Richelieu, and sent to the Bastille, he burned upward of six thousand love-letters! But we doubt if they were *real* love-letters and cannot help wishing that a new term could be coined to distinguish and define this peculiar branch of correspondence. "Methinks," as Shelley beautifully observes:—

This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts, another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.

It strikes us that, connected with this part of our subject, the very saddest thing of all must be to return such, and receive in exchange the unrequited outpourings of a heart that can have little more to do in this world but break! And yet these things are common enough: lovers quarrel and separate, each demanding back all the letters and presents that ever passed between them. Well, it is right, perhaps; pride is satisfied, and no memorial remains to remind them of the past.

It once happened thus with a young girl, whom we shall call *Malina*—poor *Malina*! It was a marvel how she could quarrel with any one,

and she never did exactly, but she was proud and wilful, and he passionate and unjust. How easily everything might have been explained at the time, and would have been, no doubt had they been left to themselves, for they still loved each other; but friends stepped in and severed them so effectually that estrangement ended at length in separation. What could she do, a woman? Nothing when the hour of reconciliation has once passed—nothing but be still, and die! And yet they told him, these friends, that she seemed merrier and more animated than ever—*seemed!*

Well, the affair terminated, as we have said, in a separation. And now it only remained to send back the last links that bound them to each other. *Malina* had long since ceased to wear any of those little trinkets of which she was once so proud, restoring them to their glittering casket with scarcely a sigh—their glory had passed away in her eyes for ever! But the letters—*his letters!*—Oh, how could she bear to part with them? “My dearest *Malina!*”—most of them commenced thus—and what a mockery—how like a dream it seemed now—and yet she would fain have dreamt on. Poor girl, the struggle ended at length by her preserving one—just one little one to comfort her—he would never know, never miss it, how should he? And it would be such a consolation in her misery! The rest were sent back and burned that same night by the angry and disappointed lover. But she told him everything afterwards, years afterwards, for they were finally reconciled and married, confessing with mingled tears and smiles how often she used to steal away, when she fancied herself unnoticed, and kiss and weep over her treasure. It was more than he deserved for his cold mistrust at the time; and he felt it, all the deeper perhaps, that *Malina* persisted in taking the blame entirely to herself. No doubt there were faults on both sides; but at any rate it proved to be their first and last quarrel.

Miss Martineau tells us that Dodridge kept a copy of every letter or note he ever wrote, labelled and put by for posthumous use. While Madame D'Arblay spent her best hours in elaborating her revelations of the transactions, private and public, of her day, and revising, for publication, the expressions of fondness and impulse written to sisters and others long dead! And, also, that she herself has made it a condition with her most confidential correspondents, that no letters of hers shall be preserved. “The privacy,” she writes in her “Life in the Sick Room,” the privacy I claim for myself, I carefully guard for others. I keep no letters of a private and passing nature. Those who know in their own experience the liabilities of fame, will un-

derstand, and deeply feel, what I have said." Heaven keep us from ever incurring these fearful liabilities ! And yet the remedy is a very simple one—we would write only to those whom we loved and trusted.

There are some letters which the writer could no more bear to see again than to have notes taken of the outpourings of his heart in hours of confidence and abandonment, leave alone having them submitted to the cold and curious comments of the multitude—written, perhaps in excitement, or depression, or in danger—if the latter be possible, which we very much doubt. One may, and too frequently does, utter harsh and bitter words in the heat and passion of the moment, but to sit down deliberately and write, seal, and despatch an unkind letter, seems an anomaly in human nature. Still, however, there is often much that would have been better left unrecorded ; and how soothing at such moments is the reflection that but *one* will ever gaze upon these sad revelations of our inmost souls, that they were as safe as though still in our own keeping. We have no doubt now, no mistrust, but looking back with the clear eye of faith, feel as though it were all a wild dream !

" Letter writing," says Mr. Roberts, who has devoted much learning and research to this interesting subject, " letter writing has its laws ; and one of those laws is that nothing dried or laid up for use should find admission ; its fruit should have upon it the bloom of our youngest thoughts and a maiden dew should be upon its leaf. Letters defy imitation, and refuse to be transplanted. They are delicacies which will not bear handling—felicities which seem to come of themselves, while they mark the perfection of skill !"

Then there is a charm, a freshness in their rarity. Who knows half a dozen people in the whole world whom they really care to write to or hear from ? Perhaps not so many ; but the circle ever brightens as it grows smaller ! It is a privilege to be able to name one only—a glad holy-day-feeling apart from every-day life ! How often have we sat down to answer some unfortunate letter that had invariably made a point of staring us in the face every time we went to our desk ; trying pen after pen ; spoiling two or three sheets of paper before we could make up our minds whether it should be note or letter fashion, " compliments," or " dear sir," or " Madam," as the case may be ; there seems an insincerity in the latter mode, unless the person addressed be really so. Well, it is finished at last in a fair, stiff-looking hand. What a relief off our minds ! And now we mean to be very good, while we are about it, and answer two or three more of the same class who have waited equally long ; but, somehow, in looking for them, we chance to stumble upon one

of quite a different stamp ; and pleasure, as is too frequently the case, drives away all notions of duty.

How rapidly thoughts and words flow together. How much we have to ask and tell—it is like speaking. Four sides of the paper are filled in half the time it took us to compose that brief note ; and we only abstain from crossing, from a sort of vague idea, that it is sufficiently incomprehensible without ; but, then, there is no fear but that they will make it out, they must be so used to our hieroglyphics by this time.

Then it is just the same with the letters we receive, some of which we fling carelessly aside to await a leisure moment—others opened with a sort of wonder what so and so can possibly have to say !—a hope that there is no one ill ; and being satisfied on this point, all the rest is a matter of comparative indifference ; and a few which we love to steal away and peruse in quiet, where no eye bears witness to the folly of our mingled tears and smiles. How soon we detect the least change in their delicate wording, and fancy the very mood in which they were written. With aching brow, perchance, and a world-wearied spirit, that found a strange balm in pouring itself out in words, and is only less explicit from the fear of giving pain, while even as they write it passes away, and the end is cheerful, and full of sweet consolations ; or all is bright and unclouded, and it seems as though they could not rest without our warm, glad sympathy in their rejoicing !

We have heard of people professing to judge of the character and disposition of individuals, wholly unknown to them, by a simple glance at their hand-writing ; and who have, in one or two instances, been singularly successful in such delineations, while others have completely failed. The former arising, most probably, from some accidental coincidence, and the latter being the usual result of all such species of divination. If this were indeed the case, autographs would possess a ten-fold value, and be sought after more eagerly than they are at present. It is dangerous to judge of people even by the letters themselves, leave alone a mere casual glance at the handwriting. The imagination may be warm and animated, while the heart remains cold as ice. Eloquence is not truth, but a gift very apt to blind and dazzle us as to the real character of its possessor. A correspondence carried on between those personally unknown to each other has many perils as well as many charms, and too often ends in disappointment.

Women are, in general, far better correspondents than men, but then they have more time. The latter write from the world of busy life,

pregnant with incidents and events ; the former from the little world of their own hearts, made up of sentiment and affection.

"I do not know how it is," said a young sailor to his sister, "but you girls can actually make a long letter out of nothing at all ; while I, who ought to have so much to say and tell, find the greatest difficulty in collecting materials for a few pages." Collecting materials, that's the very thing—a letter ought to come naturally.

Disraeli appears to have been of the same opinion. "A she correspondent for my money," observes he, in his usual quaint, off-hand manner, "always provided she does not cross."

Men deal more in actualities than in idealities ; they dash into a subject at once, and have done with it, giving their opinion on most topics, without circumlocution, and with a lordly air of superiority, as though the matter was from that very moment a settled thing. Their letters bubble over with the most brilliant wit, or are full of a delicate flattery that must needs be irresistible—at least they think so. There are, however, exceptions to every general rule, and most of us can name some such, with mingled pride and reverence.

But we are wandering strangely from that peculiar branch of our subject, with which this brief sketch was commenced—old letters ; the letters of the lost—the changed—and alas, the dead ! Types and memorials of past happiness ! Relics of by-gone hours, and days, and feelings that can never come back again, save in dreams ! How many such there are in the world, unknown, unsuspected, utterly valueless to any but the possessors. Thousands upon thousands of time-stained, tear-stained epistles, sad, and yet sweet revelations of the human heart—evidences of a love that, passionate as it would seem, had no strength to stand the test of adverse circumstances—of a friendship sealed by many a vow long since broken and forgotten. "Words, words, words !" as Hamlet disparagingly terms them. We have questioned, in our pride, why such letters should ever be preserved.

"Love," was the tearful reply, "casteth out pride," and having once root in the human heart, is never wholly eradicated, however we may attempt to deceive ourselves and the world. It may be crushed and stricken down, but it cannot die ! To love once is to love for ever ! None but those who have nothing else left to cling to, can imagine how unutterably dear such sad memorials of the past may ultimately become.

Who shall venture to gainsay this ? And if it be true even of that class of old letters to which we have alluded, what a world of joyous recollections must cluster around, and become consecrated in others to

which no such melancholy reminiscences are attached—of those whose affection knew no shadow, no coldness but that of the grave, from which their voices seem still to speak to us in love—of the absent—the unchanged—the friend and companion of our dream—haunted childhood—the guide and counsellor—the lover of our youth ! How the heart throbs at the silent resurrection of long buried thoughts ! How it revels in the sweet past, conjuring back, as by a soothing spell, old memories and affections ; while tears drop fast and silently on the page before us—tears from which time has stolen away all bitterness. Oh, well may the poet designate such records, “a priceless store !”

It has been made a serious complaint by a celebrated writer, that half the genius of the age should be frittered away in letter-writing, and thus lost to the world. But is it so ? Surely not. If these letters serve to cheer and gladden the beloved ones to whom they are addressed, who make the writer's little world, in which he is wisest and happiest and where he is best content to remain, who would not instantly fling aside the finest poem that was ever written, for one tiny note, the source of which can be easily traced by that dear well-known hand ? The author, let him be ever so gifted and experienced, sends forth his work with fear and trembling, having a name to win or lose. What years of toil and study have been expended in its production, and yet he cannot be quite sure how it will be received. While the letter—the loving task of a few hours at most, is despatched, in all trustfulness, to its destination. The first may possibly bring fame and new friends ; but the sure guerdon of the last is love, and kind remembrances from our old ones ! If we must needs choose between the two, who would not prefer the rose to the laurel ?

And now we hasten to conclude ; not in weariness of a theme which might, indeed, be spun into volumes, but lest we should weary others. The antiquarian, the philosopher, the connoisseur, may rave about old medals and manuscripts, old paintings and sculpture ; but the human heart, in all ages and countries, breathes forth a silent blessing upon “Old Letters.”

AKSHAYA K. GHOSE.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**The Indian Ideal
of Veracity.**

Presiding at a Temperance meeting, Lord Curzon once exhorted his countrymen in India, with their "superior civilisation and ethics," to set an example of temperance and righteousness to the people of this country. Similar appeals he has addressed to them at other times. Twenty or thirty years ago, not to go further back, if a Viceroy or a Governor claimed that the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race was to elevate the people of India morally as well as materially, and that his countrymen, with all their faults and shortcomings, were yet qualified for the task imposed upon them by Providence, Indians would express their approval of the high ideal that the statesman had set before himself, instead of charging him with racial arrogance and a tactless contemptuousness for the people committed to his care. Those days would seem to be gone. What would have been a noble aspiration and a humble acknowledgment of duty when uttered by liberal statesmen of a generation ago would be sheer blasphemy in the mouth of Lord Curzon. Such is the price paid for Imperialism. Ethics and Imperialism are believed to be incompatible with each other. If the Imperialist wishes for more of righteousness, as being the foundation of imperial stability, we compliment him on his good sense and magnanimity and pray God to grant him and his countrymen enough and to spare of the blessing they need: if he advances a title to ethical superiority, we resent it as a piece of impertinence. In the one case he bends his head before a higher law: in the other we see nothing in him but vaingloriousness. We will not allow that he is good, we wish him success in becoming better. But the Imperialist wishes to be more righteous because he believes he is already righteous enough to rule

over others by right of his superior righteousness. Lord Curzon is an Imperialist of this type, and must share the misfortunes and disabilities of his class. At the last Convocation of the Calcutta university, in discharging his duty of exhorting young graduates how to conduct themselves in life, Lord Curzon dwelt upon certain defects of character usually attributed to the people of India, but more or less common to mankind all the world over. It is well known that the statesmen who years ago decided upon the introduction and an unstinted dissemination of Western knowledge in India hoped, among other things, that it would serve as a corrective to precisely those defects which Lord Curzon asked the Calcutta graduates to eschew—disregard for fact, and vicarious thinking. The old learning abounded in fiction, and the old method of education strengthened chiefly the memory and discouraged independence of judgment. Western education was expected to serve as a tonic to the infirmities of the Indian mind. Not only so, it was expected to improve Indian character as well. The Educational Despatch of 1854, which has been called the Magna Charta of Indian Education,—and we prefer to quote a well considered official document rather than the private opinions of individual writers—directed the encouragement of education, “because calculated not only to produce a higher degree of intellectual fitness, but to raise the *moral* character of those who partake of its advantages, and so to supply you with servants to whose probity you may with increased confidence commit offices of trust in India, where the well-being of the people is so intimately connected with the *truthfulness* and ability of officers of every grade in all departments of the State.” If Lord Curzon had penned a similar sentence, especially in the year 1905, he would have laid himself open to the charge of having abused his official position for an implied vilification of Indian character. We do not altogether regret that what could be written with impunity fifty years ago would be resented in our day, for this may be taken to show that education has already in a large measure produced the desired effect : it has taught an increased regard for truth, and has enhanced our self-respect, which is the basis of a stable character. The Educational Despatch did not speak of the truthfulness and moral character of the peasantry or the priesthood, but of those classes who are generally associated with the administration of the country ; and

Lord Curzon, speaking at an educational institution, did not, we believe, intend to lecture to the simple rustics who, except when they are brought in contact with the much dreaded officials, get on through life by maintaining a character for truthfulness which may compare favourably with that of any other peasantry in the world : he also spoke of educated classes who, officially or unofficially, as public servants or as unpaid critics, concern themselves with the government of the country. There may, however, be some difference between a lecture to would-be public servants and one to would-be critics of public measures. If you tell the former to be truthful, "quite right" would be the chorus of the exponents of public opinion; if you give the same advice to the latter—well, circumstances alter cases. Then again, there may be a difference between past defects and surviving defects : if you say that education *has* improved character, you will not only be forgiven your assumption of an out-lived blemish, but hailed as a friend of higher education : if, on the other hand, you say that education *yet* to improve character, you are a libeller. The bull's-eye must be turned on the past, and only a momentary flash must be thrown on the present. You may speak of the exaggerations of the Indian myth-maker, but shall not trace the same mental characteristic in the exaggerations of the contemporary journalist : the one is dead, the other is living ; the voice of the one is hushed, while the other can call a public meeting.

If Lord Curzon had spoken only of intellectual defects, cartloads of quotations from Sanskrit literature would not have shaken his position ; on the other hand, the legends cited in reply to him would only have illustrated the tendency to exaggerate, which he reckoned among the characteristics of the Indian mind. It was with the best of intentions that some one invented the story of the father in the Kathaupanishad, who professed to have sacrificed all he had, and, when reminded by his son standing close by that he was not quite accurate because he had not sacrificed his son, sacrificed his son too ! Similarly, we have stories of kings who are said to have passed through all manner of privations and hardships in order to fulfil unhappily worded promises uttered in unguarded moments. The tales are harrowing enough, and are intended to inculcate a high ideal of truthfulness and moral duty. But unless we treat them as authentic history—which very few educated men would do—they merely

illustrate the intellectual tendencies which Lord Curzon discovers in contemporary criticism. While inculcating moral truth, the storyteller perpetrated a pious fraud, and was guilty of intellectual falsehood. It is the same kind of disregard for truth, the same kind of invention and exaggeration—not intended to deceive or injure, but to heighten a moral and adorn a tale—that Lord Curzon finds in contemporary criticism in India. His Excellency's diplomatic blunder, it appears, consisted not in criticising intellectual shortcomings, but in trying to connect them with defective ideals of truthfulness as a moral duty. We do not propose now to discuss the diplomatic aspect of Lord Curzon's address to Calcutta graduates. Like the gas of soda water, to which His Excellency compared platform eloquence, the irritation caused by diplomatic indiscretion will pass off sooner or later. We would rather make a chemical analysis of Lord Curzon's interpretation of the Indian ideal of veracity. His lordship did not speak without book. He thought that the Indian ideal of truth was lower than the Western conception of it, because in the Indian epics the incalculable of truthfulness is often attended with a qualification. Heaps of quotations have been, with anger and compassion, hurled at his head to teach him how high a place is assigned to truth in the Indian code of ethics. But somehow the qualifications have been missed. They are, however, well known to the readers of the Mahabharata. We do not profess to have made an exhaustive list of the kind of passages to which Lord Curzon seems to refer, but a few quotations may suffice. In Karna Parva—Ray's translation, p. 253—we read as follows :

There is nothing higher than truth. Behold, however ; truth as practised is exceedingly difficult to be understood as regards its essential attributes. Truth may be unutterable, and even falsehood may be utterable when falsehood becomes truth, and truth falsehood. In a situation of peril to life and in marriage falsehood becomes utterable. In a situation involving the loss of one's entire property falsehood becomes utterable. On an occasion of marriage, or of love, or when life is in danger, or when one's entire property is about to be taken away, or for the sake of a Brahman, falsehood may be uttered. These five kinds of falsehood have been declared to be sinless.

The bard was not laying down a new rule, but quoting earlier and established precepts. On page 256 of the same Parva a similar

enumeration of the occasions when falsehood may be uttered is repeated, and falsehood by way of "jests" is also permitted. In *Drona Parva*, page 630, a like enumeration adds falsehood for the purpose of "saving kine." Passages to the same effect may be found scattered here and there in the *Mahabharata*. Thus, if Lord Curzon were at liberty to engage in a controversy, he could put his Indian critics to shame, though they are supposed to know more of their own literature, and he is not even a professed orientalist. Everyone knows that when Lord Curzon starts on the war-path, his quiver is always full, and woe to the debater who has the temerity to oppose him!

Can it be said, then, that the highest ideal of truthfulness is a product of Western philosophy, and the ideal of Indian writers is lower than that inculcated in the West? To that conclusion we must demur. As in the West, so in India there have been two schools of moral philosophy—the rigoristic and the hedonistic. Perhaps two such schools are bound to spring up wherever the philosophy of human conduct becomes a subject of rational investigation and discussion. In India ethical discussions have not been pursued with the same zeal, and ethical doctrines enunciated with the same precision as religious teachings and tenets. We have religious sects in distinct and developed forms, but not divergent schools of moral philosophy calling themselves by different names. But if rival banners with distinct mottoes have not been hoisted, we may yet observe by a comparison of the various texts that there were utilitarians among Indian writers as well as rigorists. As in the West, so in India, it may be supposed that the rigoristic theory was taught by the earlier, and chiefly sacerdotal, thinkers, whose speculations ran in a transcendental groove. *Satya* was an attribute of the gods. A happy philological coincidence lent peculiar support to the transcendental line of speculation. 'Truth,' etymologically, is that which one 'trows' or knows: '*Satya*' is that which exists, the imperishable, the immutable. The world changes, but not the gods. They are *Satya*. Thus the word for truth came to be invested with the highest sacred associations. Philology plays an important part in the speculations of early societies, and it was a very fortunate coincidence that truth came to be designated by a name which could most appropriately be applied to the One Immutable

Existence which perisheth not. If Satya was imperishable, it could not be varied or departed from : truth, and nothing but the truth, has to be spoken in all circumstances. It would be treason to the divinity in man to utter that which conflicted with the divine, the Satya. Why should a falsehood be uttered ? It must be to gain a worldly advantage : the ascetic philosopher did not care for worldly prosperity ; and even if he did, he was sure that truth would ultimately triumph. For did not the gods triumph in every struggle with the demons ? In the Satapatha Brahmana the *rationale* of truthfulness follows precisely this line of reasoning. The gods, it is said, always spoke the truth, and the Asuras always spoke untruth. The gods were sometimes nearly overcome and found themselves in sore distress, and so, too, men who speak the truth are very often poor, while liars prosper. Yet the gods triumphed in the long run, and so will truth and honesty. Therefore, says the Brahmana, one ought always to speak the truth and nothing but the truth. Could the sages, with their ascetic ideals, with their contempt for mundane possessions, and their eyes fixed on the one, true, immutable Reality, be expected to countenance any ideal of truth laxer than that which is inculcated in the stories of kings who gave away their kingdoms—a good thing for the priests, by the way—and of fathers who roasted their sons in the sacrificial fire ? There we have the rigoristic or the stoic ideal with a vengeance.

All exaggeration leads to a reaction. In the rationalistic age, when bold thinkers doubted the very existence of God and the Soul, as understood by the Brahmanical teachers, the foundations of ethics must also have been examined and discussed. A view of truthfulness which had been so materially influenced by the theological bias of the transcendentalists could not have commended itself to the rationalistic school of thinkers, who must have taken a commonsense view of moral obligations. The passage quoted above from Karna Parva does not put forward any philosophic theory of morals. It says in effect that although we may in theory admire the rigoristic ideal of truth ever so much, it is not quite so easy in practice to follow that ideal, and that, therefore, falsehood has been declared to be permissible in certain contingencies. This is a commonsense view rather than a philosophic theory. But in another place in the Mahabharata, the theory of the utilitarian

ideal is briefly set forth. In the *Santi Parva*, vol ii., page 716, we read as follows :

There is nothing higher than truth. It is always proper to speak the truth. It is better again to speak what is beneficial than speak what is true. I hold that that is truth which is fraught with the greatest benefit to all creatures.

The translator points out in a footnote that here we have the germ of the utilitarian theory. It is a "germ" in the sense that the explanation is brief. It is probable, however, that the theory was as fully developed as the nature of the subject permitted. In still another place the *Mahabharata* explains that the essence of righteousness is benevolence : virtue consists in doing good to others and avoiding to cause injury. If, therefore, the speaking of truth causes injury without doing the good which ought to be done, then the truth becomes unutterable. In confirmation of this teaching, the epic proceeds to quote certain anecdotes where truth became falsehood, *i.e.*, injurious, and was therefore punished with the tortures of hell, while falsehood, having done good, was rewarded. It is only in very exceptional cases that the necessity for speaking a falsehood arises. The life or property of some one does not hang upon every word that we utter. But a theory of morals has to take into account exceptional as well as ordinary cases. In having laid down that a falsehood may be uttered in order to prevent the entire loss of one's property, the utilitarian philosopher denies pointblank that we are bound to act as some of the legendary heroes are said to have done. Possibly he regarded the stories as myths ; at any rate, he thought that the rigoristic ideal was based on an unsound theory of moral obligations.

What has happened in the West ? An exactly parallel course of evolution of the ethical doctrine. There also the philosophers—at least Christian philosophers—favoured at one time the rigoristic ideal of truthfulness. The theological bias and the clerical severity of the moralists supported that ideal in Europe, as in early India. But the rationalists and commonsense philosophers must have felt that an ideal pitched impracticably high must breed cant and falsehood, and the utilitarian theory of morals brings that ideal down to nearly the same level as the one preached by the Indian philosopher centuries ago, perhaps some centuries before the Christian era. Professor

Paulsen of Berlin, to quote one example, propounds in so many words that veracity is a form of benevolence. When truth becomes positively malevolent, its justification vanishes. If robbers enter a house where a lady finds herself alone, is it wrong on her part to call out to her husband, while as a matter of fact she has no husband or he is not in the house? The Berlin Professor answers, No. So would the Mahabharata. Here East and West meet. We had our rigorists as Europe had hers. When Lord Curzon speaks of the higher ideal of the West and contrasts it with the lower ideal of the epics, he overlooks the modern utilitarian school of his own country and the transcendentalists of ancient India. We do not blame him for this. The moral philosophy of India has not been reduced to a system, and isolated quotations lend themselves to varied interpretations. It is only an Eastern mind that can understand the true inwardness of Eastern teaching. Indeed, Lord Curzon, at the very outset of his Convocation speech, admitted the difficulty which he, as a Westerner, felt in understanding the East. As ill luck would have it, that difficulty was illustrated within a few minutes afterwards, when his Lordship commented on one of the most delicate topics on which a Westerner could be called upon to speak—the Indian ideal of veracity. We have confined ourselves to the ideal, for the practice of truthfulness must vary with the individual, the environment in which character is formed, and the threatened consequences of true speech. When Indian chivalry had not altogether disappeared, though very much decayed, the Greeks—who were not themselves famous for truthfulness—conceived a very high opinion of Indian veracity. To them never was an Indian known to tell a lie—an obvious exaggeration, for the history of Magadha of that period would have been very different from what it was, if virtue had reigned supreme in political circles. Compared with some other nations we for a long time managed to preserve our reputation for truthfulness. The personal equation enters so largely into all estimates of national character, that it is futile to base any conclusion upon them. Colonel Younghusband tells us that the Dalai Lama, while fleeing from his capital, had left instructions not to trust the British people, for they were a very “crafty” race. On the other hand, the people of India have always had a higher opinion of British honour and British truthfulness. We wish our

conquerors had been in a position to return the compliment—not in the case of the simple tillers of the soil, who, in innocence as in intellect, are like children—but in the case of those classes of society with whom the rulers come in contact. Lord Curzon is not the first Englishman who has thought more highly of Western truthfulness than of Eastern. His has long been the recognised official view. If he has been startled by the commotion which his speech has caused, he may have the satisfaction of reflecting how rapidly education is transforming the India of another and a troublous period to which it was his countrymen that, under the guidance of Providence, put an end.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IF the importance of events were to be measured not by their lasting results, but by the temporary sensation caused by them, the leading events of last month, from the point of the educated Indian community at least, would be considered to be the passing of the Universities Validation Bill and Lord Curzon's Convocation speech at the Calcutta University which we have referred to elsewhere. Under the Universities Act of last year, after the new Senates were formed, until the permanent Syndicates were constituted, power was given to the Senates to appoint provisional Syndicates "in such manner" as the Chancellors might direct. In the majority of the Universities, the Syndicates, under the old by-laws, used to be elected by the Faculties, and not by the Senates collectively. The Chancellors at the several Universities seem to have thought that in such circumstances they had enough of discretion vested in them by the Legislature to modify the old by-laws and to lay down instructions as nearly as may be in accordance with the principles followed in the new Act. The elections passed off quietly without any protest from the Senates at all the Universities, except Bombay, where the legality of the Chancellor's directions was questioned, and a suit was instituted in the High Court to obtain a cancellation of the appointments. A desire to follow suit became manifest in other provinces as well, and to obviate the suspension of work that would be caused by litigation in such circumstances, the Law Member of the Viceroy's Council brought in a Bill for the purpose of validating the elections that had taken place. Perhaps it may occur to observers from a distance that that was the most suitable course to adopt; for the Legislature had made certain arrangements for the executive government of certain public institutions; understanding the provisions in a certain sense the Chancellors—who were no other than the Viceroy and Governors and Lieutenant-Governors—had given

certain directions for the election of the executive bodies ; and there was no allegation that the persons elected were unfit to discharge the duties entrusted to them. No foul play was alleged, no self-interest was suggested, and except in one case it did not occur to the Senates that their rights had been encroached upon. In the circumstances those who are not " in the know " might well wonder why the Bill should have aroused any opposition. But opposition of the most strenuous kind it did arouse in the Native Indian press throughout India. It was represented by three Indian members in the Legislative Council. According to their ideas of the fitness of things, the questions must have been left to be fought out in the law courts : The Bill sought to " legalise illegalities." With the exception of the three Indian members, the Council supported the Bill, and it was passed. The leading oppositionist proposed to lay bare the " catalogue of irregularities " which the Viceroy, as Chancellor, had perpetrated, and assumed that the procedure adopted by Government in introducing the Bill was characterised by the most arbitrary kind of high-handedness, and that the other members could not vote for it as they had consciences as good as his. Evidently this was a little too much for the Viceroy, who had not forgotten the kind and extent of opposition that had been offered to his measures for the reform of University education, on which he had set his heart. He charged his critics with wilful obstruction, an attitude towards Government which was not compatible with a genuine solicitude for the improvement of higher education. The curtain dropped over a very sensational scene.



The next day the Viceroy delivered at the Calcutta University the address referred to in the Editorial Note. It might, on the face of it, look a very innocent and sound piece of exhortation to young men about to enter life. Minus its allusive contents it would have been regarded as an admirable and valuable contribution to Convocation literature. Read as it was bound to be outside the walls of the University, it has, as we may be told, convulsed the " whole country." It lays bare some of the deficiencies of current political criticism and traces them to certain intellectual and moral tendencies which young men are advised to guard themselves against. Lord Curzon has himself been the subject of that criticism, and he

is understood to have hit his critics from the advantageous position of the Chancellor of a University. Hence the flutter. India admires ascetic ideals : an ideal Viceroy would be he who is blessed with the same amount of stoic indifference to pain as the monk who, when his hairs are pulled out one by one, exclaims, " Ah, how blessed the experience ! " Lord Curzon is not a shrivelled ascetic : he is a warm-blooded and vigorous, a feeling and kicking specimen of the genus *Homo*, who is trained to smile, but must occasionally frown. Besides exhorting young men to avoid exaggeration and the habit of suspecting unworthy motives on insufficient grounds, he asked them to form independent judgments, and not to mistake frothy eloquence for profound statesmanship. One might with impunity laugh at "soda water" eloquence at Edinburgh. Carlyle expressed his majestic scorn for Demosthenes at that University. But to ridicule oratory in Calcutta ! It argued an amount of hardihood and flippancy which could not be excused even in Lord Curzon. The mud being stirred, none would drink of the stream. But a time always comes when the mud settles down, and the speech will in future years be read and quoted from as a repository of pointed and practical advice to those who aspire to usefulness in public life. The peroration was set in that high Imperialistic key, so characteristic of Lord Curzon's political utterances. The young graduates were asked to be true Indians, and at the same to realise their place in the vaster organisation of the British Empire.



The swirls and eddies on the surface of public life occupy so much of our attention that the deeper undercurrents which really, though silently, help the progress of the country are apt to be forgotten. From the 1st of March the new Department of Commerce and Industry and the Railway Board suggested by Mr. Robertson, the Special Railway Commissioner, formally begin work. They will be among the permanent results of Lord Curzon's zeal for the improvement of the administrative machinery. Much is expected from the Department of Commerce as well as the Railway Board. The selection of the officers for both has given general satisfaction, and they enter upon their duties amid general expectations that the departments will not relapse into official routine and be smothered under a load of rules, regulations and formalities.

Lady Curzon's return to India was the occasion of special demonstrations of cordiality on the part of ladies at Calcutta. Her Excellency's duties are confined mainly to the social sphere, but she is also at the head of the organisation to provide medical aid to the zenana ladies of India. And who knows what her indirect influence on the public life of the country may be? In so far as this is affected by the moods and the temper of the Viceroy, that influence may be considerable. To borrow Tennysonian imagery, she may supply the music of the Viceroy's words.



As might have been expected, the announcement of the forthcoming visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales has given general satisfaction. The visit of their Royal Highnesses to the Colonies was in every way a success. The Princes and people of India will, by the presence of their Royal Highnesses among them, be enabled to rise to a vivid conception of that vast system in which England is the central star, surrounded by so many planets of varying magnitude and composition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOME CHARGES.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—That is a most surprising statement of Mr. Maclean's in speaking of the Home Charges on p. 70 of *East & West* for January, 1905, that 'far from being susceptible of any reduction they are bound to grow year by year.' India must, of course, pay the interest on her debt, but surely it is as much the duty of a nation as of an individual to make arrangements for the gradual reduction, if not the extinction, of debt ; and what better use could be made of these constantly accruing (though probably illusory) surpluses than to devote them to the liquidation of debt and consequent reduction of these enormous Home Charges ? Whether any reduction will ever take place in the excessive military charges may be doubtful, but no Liberal Government worthy of the name can conscientiously acquiesce in them, and if India were treated fairly in this matter by the English people there would be a saving of millions.

Yours, faithfully,

J. B. PENNINGTON.

" THE PARSIS AND HELLENIC INFLUENCE. "

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—I read Mr. Kincaid's article in *East & West* for January, 1905, with interest, but could not help noticing his defective knowledge of history. He says that the Parsis show love of sports because they were influenced by the Greeks twelve hundred years ago. But the Hellenic influence was never so compelling in Persia, Egypt and Asia Minor as in Rome. The latter two countries were very much under the Greek influence for centuries (far more than Persia), but after they were subjugated by the Arabs they "threw off the few particles of Greek influence" and rapidly assimilated the incomparable Arabic culture. According to Mr.

Kincaid's theory, the Egyptians and the inhabitants of Asia Minor ought to exhibit traces of Greek influence which in fact they do not show.

The Europeans only, according to him, preserve their national identity wherever they go. But the Chinese retain their remarkable individuality whether they are in China or California, London or New York. The Chinaman puts on his national costume, keeps to his noble religion, refuses to be assimilated with the people he is living among, and looks with supreme contempt on all upstart nations who with amusing conceit, consider themselves as civilized as himself, intellectually and morally ; yet in spite of all this he is a remarkable linguist. On the other hand, the Southern Europeans are soon absorbed in distant countries where they have settled, as in South America.

Then the Orientals are accused of not understanding the principles of mechanics. Every schoolboy knows that the Carthaginians, the Arabs and the Turks had the finest navies in the world, that in engineering skill the Moors surpassed every European nation and in modern times, the Japanese, an entirely Oriental nation, have shown that with a few hints from Europeans on that subject (the Europeans having had the start of them in this line) they can equal, if not beat, any nation on the face of the earth.

In conclusion, I might add that the Parsis did adopt to a great extent the superior civilization of the Hindu and the Moslem, and that it is only very recently that they have begun to imitate the English. It must also be noticed that the love of sports is not a European but merely an Anglo-Saxon characteristic. The French, the Italians and the Spaniards are not of a sporting disposition, though they are Europeans. The modern Greek is not a sportsman, and if he has lost the sporting instincts of his ancestors, it is strange that an Asiatic nation, represented by a small community in India, should retain and transmit an acquired characteristic through centuries.

Yours faithfully,

V. B. MEHTA.

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A FORMER CAPITAL OF INDIA.

TOWARDS the end of the twelfth century of the Christian era the Chalukyan dynasty of southern India, once overthrown and again restored, only to totter gradually to its fall, was blotted out, and its dominions, after being the prey of various petty chieftains, were united under the Yadavas, a dynasty of which the elder branch, the Hoysala Yadavas, ruled for many years at Dvaravati-pura or Dhorasamudra, the ruins of which are to be found at Halebid, in the Hassan district of the Mysore State. The Yadava race was represented in the northern Deccan by Bhillama, a famous warrior who, after a severe struggle with his kinsmen in the south, established his rule throughout Maharashtra and extended his dominions southwards to the Krishna. In 1187 Bhillama founded Devagiri or Deogir and made it his capital. Here he and his descendants reigned, not ingloriously, for a century, in the course of which period they succeeded in adding Malwa to their dominions. In 1271 Ramachandra, styled Ramdeo by Muhammadan historians, the fifth in descent from Bhillama, ascended the throne in Deogir, and early in 1290, while Ramdeo was ruling at Deogir, Jalal-ud-din Firuz founded the Khalji dynasty at Delhi. The Deccan was at this time no more than a name to the Musalmans of northern India. The Arabs had long been engaged in maritime trade with the inhabitants of the Malabar coast, and Muhammadan emperors had for a century held sway over the Punjab and Hindustan, and had overrun Bengal, but no Muhammadan from the north had yet crossed the Vindhyan range or penetrated the forests of Gondwana.

Jalal-ud-din Firuz, who was an aged man when he was raised to the throne of Delhi, had a nephew, Ala-ud-din Muhammad, who was also his son-in-law, and whom the old emperor treated rather

as a son than as a nephew, slighting the advice of his counsellors who descried in the younger man's restless and ambitious disposition danger to the prospect of the peaceful descent of the crown to the natural heir. Ala-ud-din's ambition was stimulated by an unhappy marriage. The cousin whom he had married was a termagant, and his domestic troubles were accentuated by the interference of his mother-in-law, the Malika-i-Jahan, who espoused her daughter's cause and supported her in her opposition to her husband. Relations became so strained that the prince feared that his mother-in-law, who had great influence over her husband, the emperor, would contrive to compass his death. Ala-ud-din was at this time governor of the province of which Karra, on the Ganges, 42 miles north-west of Allahabad, was the capital. There he consulted with friends as to how he could best raise an army sufficiently strong to enable him to found a kingdom for himself in some strange land beyond the emperor's dominions, where he could forget his domestic troubles and be secure from the designs of the Malika-i-Jahan. To assemble a large army without the emperor's knowledge was impossible, and as a large army was necessary to the execution of his design, Ala-ud-din had recourse to artifice. He represented to the emperor that the safety of the empire required that Chanderi should be subdued, and asked for and obtained permission to undertake the task. He marched from Karra in 1294, keeping the real object of his expedition a secret even from his own troops. He had already heard, during an expedition to Bhilsa, vague rumours of the great wealth of the Rajas of Deogir, and resolved to attack that place. Passing through Chanderi he advanced southwards and arrived, after a march of two months' duration, at Ellichpur. Here he halted for a short time to rest his troops, and explained his presence by saying that he was one of the nobles of Delhi who was leaving the imperial service and wished to enter that of the Raja of Rajamahendri in Telingana. He then left Ellichpur by night and pressed on by forced marches towards Deogir. Fortune favoured his enterprise, and it so happened that Deogir was at this time almost denuded of troops, the army having accompanied the Raja's eldest son, Shankar Deo, who had gone on a pilgrimage. Ala-ud-din advanced as far as Lasura, about twelve miles from Deogir, without meeting with any opposition. Meanwhile, Ramdeo,

who had heard of the approach of the invader, had contrived to collect two or three thousand men and to despatch them to Lasura to stay his progress. This small force was easily defeated by the Muhammadan army and was pursued to the gates of Deogir. The Raja took refuge in the citadel, then a place of no strength and undefended even by a ditch. The small garrison was hastily provisioned with some merchandise in sacks, which had been brought by merchants from the Konkan, and abandoned where it lay when they fled on hearing of the approach of the stranger; but the sacks contained salt, not grain. Ala-ud-din meanwhile captured the Brahmans and principal merchants of Deogir and plundered the city, giving out that his troops were no more than the advance-guard of an army of 20,000 Musalmans, which was following him. Ramdeo was now seriously alarmed and opened negotiations with Ala-ud-din. He pointed out to him that the army of Deogir would soon return to the capital and would annihilate the invaders, and that if any escaped they would certainly be cut off by the Rajas of Malwa, Khandesh and Gondwana. Ala-ud-din, who was well aware of the perilous nature of his enterprise, agreed to depart within a fortnight, holding his captives meanwhile as a guarantee for a ransom of 50 maunds of gold, several maunds of pearls, and some valuable stuffs, in addition to 40 elephants, some thousands of horses, and the plunder which he had already collected from the city. In the meantime, Shankar Deo had heard of his father's plight and was returning to the city by forced marches. The treaty had just been concluded when news arrived that he was within six miles of Deogir. Ramdeo sent a message to his son, ordering him not to attack the "Turks," who were terrible men, as he had just concluded a treaty with them. Shankar Deo, whose army outnumbered that of the invaders by two to one, disregarded his father's orders and sent a message to Ala-ud-din ordering him to restore all the plunder that he had taken and leave the Kingdom. Ala-ud-din disgraced the messengers by parading them through his camp with their faces blackened, and then, leaving Malik Nusrat with a thousand men to watch Deogir, marched against Shankar Deo. The fight was fiercely contested, and the Musalmans were on the point of retiring, when Malik Nusrat left Deogir without orders and came to his leader's assistance

The Hindus, seeing a fresh force of Musalmans, believed it to be the army of 20,000 horse of which Ala-ud-din had spoken, and broke and fled. Ala-ud-din then returned to the siege of the citadel, put his captives to death, and paraded a number of Ram Deo's relatives, who had been captured in the battle, in chains before the fortress. Ram Deo was on the point of applying for assistance to the neighbouring Hindu chieftains, when the sacks of salt were opened and it was discovered that the garrison was absolutely without provisions. The Raja was thus forced to re-open negotiations on terms much less favourable than those which he had first obtained. Ala-ud-din inferred from his anxiety for peace that the garrison was hard pressed and resolved to make the Hindus suffer for their breach of faith. He now insisted on a ransom of 600 maunds of gold, 7 maunds of pearls, 2 maunds of other jewels, 1,000 maunds of silver, 4,000 pieces of silk, and a yearly tribute of the revenues of the Ellichpur province, to be despatched annually to Karra. On his part, he agreed to release all his remaining captives and to turn back the mythical army of 20,000 horse. On these terms the Raja of Deogir rid himself of Ala-ud-din for a time, and thus ended one of the most impudent and daring raids known to history. The refugee had paved the way for Muhammadan rule in the Deccan, and with the wealth which he had collected he returned to Hindustan. On his return he murdered his uncle and benefactor, and after a brief conflict, which was decided in his favour by means of a lavish but judicious expenditure of Deccan gold, ascended the throne of Delhi. He was not the last Musalman ruler to profit by the truth contained in the Hindu proverb that the legs of Lakshmi were broken after she had crossed the Narbada.

For some time the Ellichpur tribute was regularly remitted, but Ala-ud-din was too much occupied to attend to the affairs of the Deccan, and after an interval of a few years Ram Deo thought that he might safely discontinue the payment of the heavy toll imposed upon him by the adventurer, but he reckoned without his host. Not only did Ala-ud-din, the emperor, miss the tribute which had been demanded by Ala-ud-din, the fugitive, but he soon had other grounds for invading (Deogir) territory. In an expedition to Gujarat he had captured Kamala Devi, the wife of Raja Rai Karan of that country, and had taken her into his harem. Kamala Devi seems to have been

contented with her change of partners, but missed the companionship of her daughters. One had died, but the younger, Deval Devi, a beautiful girl, was sought in marriage by Shankar Deo, the eldest son of Ram Deo. Rai Karan had long refused his consent to the alliance on the score that a Rajputni princess could not degrade herself by marrying a Maratha. When, however, Ala-ud-din, at the instance of Kamala Devi, sent an army to Gujarat in order to compel Rai Karan to despatch his daughter to Delhi, Shankar Deo, without his father's permission, sent to Rai Karan a mission, at the head of which was his younger brother, Bhim Deo, and represented that it was better that Deval Devi should be married to a Hindu prince than that she should fall into the hand of the Turks. Rai Karan saw the force of the argument and made haste to despatch his daughter to Deogir. Ulugh Khan, commander of the imperial troops, hearing of this, attacked Rai Karan with all his force and defeated him, but was too late to prevent the despatch of Deval Devi to Deogir. Rai Karan fled towards Deogir closely pursued by Ulugh Khan. One day, when Ulugh Khan was halted by the bank of a river, probably the Girja, three or four hundred of his men asked for leave to visit the caves of Ellora, near which the camp lay. While they were wandering among the caves a force of Hindus came into sight. The sight-seers, who had their arms with them, believed that this force was one sent against them from Deogir, and formed up to receive it. A fight ensued, in which the Hindus were worsted and fled. The horse of a lady who was with them was wounded by an arrow, and the Musalmans surrounded it and were about to seize her as a prize, when her attendant came forward and entreated them not to dishonour Deval Devi. The Musalmans then learnt that they had the good fortune to encounter Bhim Deo's mission on its way back from Gujarat. The princess was sent with all honour to Ulugh Khan, who escorted her with his army to Gujarat and thence despatched her to Delhi, where she was married to Khizr Khan, the emperor's son, and became the heroine of one of the most famous love stories of the East.

Meanwhile, the emperor's favourite, Malik Naib Kafur, known as *Hazar Dinari*, from the price which he had fetched as a slave, had been sent to reduce the Raja of Deogir once more to obedience. Ram Deo was captured and sent to Delhi, where he was well received

and highly honoured by Sultan Ala-ud-din. Deogir was restored to him and he received the title of *Rai Rayan*, with permission to use a white umbrella. For the rest of his life he remained a faithful vassal of Delhi.

There is a conflict of authorities regarding the date of these two expeditions to the south under the command of Ulugh Khan and Malik Naib Kafur, and it cannot be determined whether they were despatched in 1302-03 or in 1306-07.

As the Musalmans carried their arms southwards, they made use of Deogir as a base and source of supplies. Thus, when Malik Naib Kafur marched in 1309 against the Telinga Kingdom of Warangal, Ram Deo assisted him with treasure, elephants, and horses. In 1310, when the same general marched through Deogir on his way to Dhorasamudra, the capital of the Hoysala Yadavas of the south, Ram Deo had, according to the historian Barani, who disposes of the Hindu's fate in a Calvinistic spirit, "gone to hell," and Shankar Deo ruled in Deogir. Early in 1317 Ala-ud-din himself died, or, as was believed, was murdered by Malik Naib Kafur. Khizr Khan, the heir apparent, had been thrown into prison, and Shahab-ud-din Umar, Ala-ud-din's youngest son, was raised to the throne, but was deposed and blinded in the following year by his brother Qutb-ud-din Mubarak, who ascended the throne. In 1318 Harpal Deo, son-in-law of Ram Deo, was ruling at Deogir, and in the course of the disturbances which followed on Ala-ud-din's death, had thrown off his allegiance to Delhi. In this year Qutb-ud-din Mubarak Shah set forth to chastise him and to recover Deogir. Harpal Deo fled on the emperor's approach, but was pursued and captured and was then flayed alive. Thus ended the line of the Yudava Rajas of Deogir.

Qutb-ud-din Mubarak Shah remained during the rainy season at Deogir, engaged in bringing the Maratha country for the first time under Muhammadan rule and in building the great mosque which still stands at Deogir. This structure is a monument of the establishment of Islam in the south. The numerous pillars which support its roof are purely Hindu in design and were evidently taken from some temple which stood on or near the spot where the mosque now stands. The effect of the Hindu carvings in the temple of monotheism is most incongruous, perhaps designedly so, for Qutb-ud-din

Mubarak, who was three parts debauchee and one part theologian, evidently intended them to bear witness to future ages of the downfall of Hinduism and the establishment of Islam. The emperor, during his stay in Deogir, established military posts throughout the Gulbarga, Sagar, and Dhorasamudra country, and parcelled out Maharashtra among Muhammadan *jagirdars*. Then, after having appointed Malik Yaklaki commander-in-chief of the army of the Deccan, he returned to Delhi and plunged into the grossest debauchery. His neglect of public business was naturally followed by a loosening of the bonds of authority, and in the Deccan Malik Yaklaki broke out into open rebellion. An army was sent against him and he was taken captive with principal followers to Delhi, where all were put to death, Malik Yaklaki himself, as the leader of the rebellion, being mutilated before he was executed. Ain-ul-mulk of Multan was then appointed governor of Deogir, with Malik Taj-ud-din as his assistant. In 1320 Qutb-ud-din Mubarak Shah was murdered by his unworthy favourite Hasan, by birth a low caste Hindu, who had received the title of Khusrav Khan and had been appointed *Vazir* of the empire by his infatuated master. This infamous wretch now ascended the throne of Delhi under the title of Nasir-ud-din Shah, but the great nobles of the empire could not long endure the domination of the upstart, and later in the same year he was overthrown and executed. Malik Fakhr-ud-din Jauna, a Turki noble, being raised to the throne under the title of Ghiyas-ud-din Tughlaq Shah.

While these events were happening in Delhi, the affairs of the Deccan fell once more into confusion, and in 1321 the new emperor's eldest son, Ulugh Khan, who afterwards ascended the throne as Muhammad bin Tughlaq, was sent to restore order in Deogir and to annex Warangal. The first expedition to Warangal was a failure, and Ulugh Khan was forced to fall back on Deogir, where he halted to restore order in his mutinous army. The Hindus captured the leader of the mutiny, flayed him and sent his skin to Ulugh Khan. Other officers captured by them were sent alive to the prince, who despatched them to Delhi, where they were either impaled or crushed to death by elephants. Ulugh Khan remained in Deogir until 1323, when he received reinforcements and set out once more for Warangal, capturing Bidar on his way. Warangal fell on this occa-

sion and received the new name of Sultanpur on its annexation to the empire.

Early in 1325 Ghiyas-ud-din Tughlaq Shah died, and was succeeded by his son Muhammad. It was in this emperor's reign that Deogir, now renamed Daulatabad, reached the zenith of its fame. In 1327 the new emperor came to the conclusion that since the Deccan had been added to his dominions, Delhi was no longer sufficiently central to be a suitable capital for the whole empire, and orders were issued declaring that Daulatabad would henceforth be the capital. This order did not signify only a transfer of the imperial residence, which would naturally have been followed by a transfer of trade and population. A moderate measure of this nature would have accorded ill with Muhammad bin Tughlaq's fiery and impetuous disposition. It was his intention that all that made Delhi what it was, save only its stones, bricks and mortar, should be bodily transferred to Daulatabad. The emperor made all possible arrangements for the comfort of travellers on the road between the two cities, but no arrangements that could be made were sufficient to prevent unspeakable suffering. The inhabitants of Delhi evinced a natural disinclination to leave their homes, and Muhammad bin Tughlaq expelled them by armed force, and drove the wretched and homeless citizens across India to make new homes for themselves in the capital of his choice. One historian says that Delhi was so completely deserted that no sound was heard in it save the cries of wild beasts, and others tell us that most of the old, the widowed, the weak, and the poor died on the toilsome journey, and that of those who reached their journey's end all were sick at heart and many sick even to death. The most graphic description is that of Ibn Batutah, who thus describes the rigour with which the tyrant's orders were executed: "The Sultan ordered all the inhabitants to quit the place; and upon some delay being evinced, he made a proclamation stating that what person soever, being an inhabitant of that city, should be found in any of its houses or streets, should receive condign punishment. Upon this they all went out; but his servants, finding a blind man in one of the houses and a bedridden one in another, the emperor commanded the bedridden man to be projected from a *balista* and the blind one to be dragged by

his feet to Daulatabad, which is at the distance of ten days, * and he was so dragged ; but his limbs dropping off by the way, only one of his legs was brought to the place intended, and was then thrown into it, for the order had been that they should go to this place. When I entered Delhi it was almost a desert. . . . Its buildings were very few ; in other respects it was quite empty."

It was certainly during the period of Daulatabad's importance as the new capital of the Indian empire that the works which are its most marvellous feature were undertaken and executed. What these works were, and what labour was expended on them, may best be indicated by a quotation from a later historian, the official chronicler of the reign of Shahjahan, the fifth of the great Mughals. He writes as follows : "This lofty fortress, the ancient names of which were Deogir and Dharagir, and which is now known as Daulatabad, is a mass of rock which raises its head towards heaven. The rock has been scarped throughout its circumference, which measures 5,000 legal yards, to a depth which ensures the retention of water in the ditch at the foot of the escarpment. The escarpment is so smooth and even that neither an ant nor a snake could scale it. Its height is 140 cubits, and around its base a ditch 40 cubits in width and 30 in depth has been dug in the solid rock. Through the centre of the hill a dark spiral passage, like the ascent of a *minar*, which it is impossible to traverse, even in daylight, without a lamp, has been cut, and the steps in this passage are cut out of the rock. This passage is closed at the foot of the hill by an iron gate, and after passing through this gate and ascending the passage one enters the citadel. At the head of the passage is a large grating of iron which is shut down in case of necessity, and when a fire is lighted upon it the ascent of the spiral passage becomes impossible owing to the intense heat. The ordinary means of reducing fortresses, such as mines, covered ways, batteries, etc., are useless against this strong fortress."

This accurate description of the works at Daulatabad conveys some idea of the enormous amount of labour expended on them, and from what we know of the methods of Muhammad bin Tughlaq we may assume that exile was not the only, nor perhaps the greatest, hardship which its alien population had to bear. It can have

* Daulatabad is 610 miles distant from Delhi as the crow flies.

mattered little to them that they dwelt in a city of which the courtly poet laureate sang that the heavens were the anvil of the knocker of its door, that its gates were the eight gates of Paradise, and much more in the same strain of bombastic hyperbole. We know at least that a very large majority of the forced settlers never regarded their new home otherwise than with loathing.

The eccentric tyranny of Muhammad bin Tughlaq produced its inevitable result in the form of rebellions in almost every quarter of the empire save that in which the presence of the ferocious despot cowed all opposition. In 1341, when a rebellion broke out in Malabar, the emperor set out in person to punish the rebels, but his army had marched no further than to Warangal when it was attacked by a pestilence, possibly cholera or small-pox, and was unable to proceed. Muhammad himself was smitten, but made his way back to Daulatabad. At Bid, on his way thither, he suffered from toothache and lost a tooth, which he buried in that town, erecting a domed tomb over it. In Daulatabad he rested until he had recovered from the effects of his illness, and in 1343-44 returned to Delhi, leaving his brother Qutlugh Khan as Governor of Daulatabad. Before his departure he issued a proclamation to the effect that those who had been driven from Delhi to Daulatabad might now, if they wished, return. The result of this order was that Daulatabad, after being the capital of the empire for seventeen years, ceased to be so, for even this period had been insufficient to reconcile the wretched exiles to their new abode, and most of them elected to return, despite the prevalence of famine in the country between the two cities, the probability that a large number of those who set out would never reach their destination, and the certainty that those who succeeded would arrive at Delhi empty-handed and destitute.

The history of the troubles of the empire during the period which followed the return to Delhi, and of Muhammad's tyranny in other parts of the empire, forms no part of the history of Daulatabad, which, though largely depopulated and probably far from prosperous, was relieved of the immediate presence of the tyrant:

Shortly afterwards the emperor divided the Maratha country into four provinces under provincial governors, all worthless men. Imad-ul-Mulk, of whom more will be heard, was appointed *Vazir* at Daulatabad and Commander-in-Chief of the Deccan, Qutlugh Khan

being removed from his post in 1346. Later in the same year a low-bred adventurer, Aziz Hammar ("the ass-driver") or Khammar ("the vintner") was appointed Viceroy of Daulatabad, Malwa, and Dhar, with instructions to watch closely the centurions of Daulatabad and other cities, who were the originators of all the insurrections which, from time to time, broke out in the Deccan. A rebellion broke out in Gujarat, Baroda, and Bahroch, and Aziz marched against the rebels, but was defeated and slain. The emperor then marched against the rebels in person and defeated and dispersed them. After tranquillity had been restored he remained in Gujarat and supervised the collection of the revenues of that province and of Bahroch and Cambay. Thence in 1346 he despatched two nobles to Daulatabad to summon to his presence the centurions of that province. Some of these centurions had been concerned in the disorders of the Deccan, and although it does not appear that the emperor had any motive in summoning them other than that of employing them in Gujarat, the officers were apprehensive of evil, and, after moving one march out of Daulatabad, took counsel together, slew the two nobles who had been sent to summon them, and marched back to the fort. On their arrival they imprisoned Maulana Nizam-ud-din, slew other imperial officers, and broke out into open rebellion. They opened the imperial treasury in the citadel and divided its contents, and then, after being joined by some of the rebel centurions from Gujarat, proclaimed one of their number, Ismail Fath the Afghan, king, under the title of Nasir-ud-din. The emperor, who was in Bahroch, at once marched on Daulatabad, met the rebels in the field, and defeated them after a hotly contested battle. Ismail Fath and his immediate followers took refuge in the citadel of Daulatabad, while the other rebel officers, among whom was Hasan Gangu, dispersed to their *jagirs*. Muhammad bin Tughlaq laid siege to the citadel and gave the town of Daulatabad up to plunder, while he despatched Imad-ul-mulk, now governor of Ellichpur, in pursuit of Hasan Gangu and the other fugitive centurions. After besieging Ismail Fath in the citadel for three months, the emperor received news that rebellion had broken out afresh in Gujarat, and at once marched northwards to quell the rebellion, taking with him all the unfortunate inhabitants of Daulatabad. Malik Jauhar, Shaikh Burhan-ud-din Bilgrami, and other

nobles were left behind to carry on the siege of the citadel, but they were unable to prevent the Deccani *amirs* from pursuing the imperial army and attacking it with considerable success, and immediately after the emperor's departure the centurions who had dispersed re-assembled their troops under the leadership of Hasan Gangu, attacked and slew Imad-ul-mulk, and then marched on Daulatabad. Here they defeated and put to flight the imperial forces which had been left to besiege the citadel and were joined by the titular king of the Deccan, Ismail Fath. The brief nominal reign of Ismail Fath had been far from auspicious, and he had the sense to see that Hasan Gangu was the man of the hour. He wisely determined to take time by the forelock and resigned the royal dignity on the plea that he was too old and too fond of his ease to undertake the onerous task of ruling. The *amirs* agreed to abide by his nomination in the selection of a king, and he proposed Hasan Gangu, "entitled Zafar Khan, of the race of Bahman." The proposal was accepted without a dissentient voice, and Hasan ascended the throne in Daulatabad in 1347 under the title of Ala-ud-din Bahman Shah.

The death of Muhammad bin Tughlaq in 1351 freed the new king of the Deccan from all apprehensions, for Firuz Shah, Muhammad's successor on the throne of Delhi, was so busily employed in restoring order in the provinces near to his capital that he had no leisure to turn his attention to the south.

It is strange that Ala-ud-din Bahman did not choose as his capital Daulatabad, which had for forty years been the centre of Muhammadan influence and power in southern India, but whether from attachment to his own *jagir* or from a notion that Daulatabad, the importance of which had declined owing to its recent depopulation, was too near the northern border of the Deccan and had been too closely connected with Delhi to be desirable as the capital of his kingdom, he passed over its claims and made Gulbarga the capital of the Deccan.

As soon as Ala-ud-din Bahman had consolidated his power, he divided his kingdom into four *tarafs* or provinces, Gulbarga, Daulatabad, Berar, and Bidar. He died on February 11th, 1358, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Muhammad I., who completed the organisation of the army. Daulatabad still remained an important city, for each of the four great provincial governors maintained his

own army at his capital, besides appointing all the commandants of forts within his province. Each, too, had his distinctive title, the governor of Daulatabad being known as Masnad-i-Ali. Whenever the Sultan declared war against his Hindu neighbours on the south or east, or against his Muhammadan neighbours on the north, the provincial governors were summoned to join him with their armies. In 1365-66 Muhammad I. was engaged in a war with Krishna Raya of Vijayanagar. The Hindu was defeated, but the Sultan fell ill during the campaign and reports of his death obtained credence in various parts of the kingdom. In the absence of the provincial governors with their armies, the government of the provinces had been left in the hands of inferiors, and one Bahram Khan Mazandarani, who had been a favourite of Bahman Shah, seems to have been left in authority at Daulatabad. At the instigation of a Maratha officer named Kondba Deo, he raised the standard of rebellion, and was joined by some of the nobles of Berar. He retained in Daulatabad several years' revenue from Berar and the Maratha country, which was due to the royal treasury, obtained promises of assistance from a petty Hindu chief, and collected a force of 12,000 horse and foot. Muhammad Shah, hearing of these proceedings, sent a letter to Bahram Khan, promising him forgiveness if he would repent of his fault, but Bahram Khan, acting on the advice of his evil genius Kondba Deo, paid no attention to the warning and redoubled his efforts to strengthen himself against attack. The messengers returned to the King and informed him of the failure of their mission, and he, on his return to Gulbarga, sent Masnad Ali Khan Muhammad to restore order in his province, and followed him leisurely. The rebels advanced to Paithan on the Godavari to meet Masnad-i-Ali, who advanced without opposition as far as Shivagaon, about 15 miles from Paithan, where the rebels made an ineffectual night attack upon his camp. He then prepared to attack them, but first sent a message to Muhammad Shah, who was then hunting in the neighbourhood of Bid, with no more than three hundred troops, apprising him of his intention. The king, without waiting for his army to join him, pressed on with the small force which he had with him and joined Masnad-i-Ali just as he was about to attack the rebels. The latter, hearing of the Sultan's approach, dispersed, and the leaders fled to Daulatabad, where they

prepared to stand a siege ; but, being closely followed by the Sultan and Masnad-i-Ali, they could not persuade their troops to resist the royal army. Finding themselves deserted by their followers, they fled towards Gujarat, closely pursued by Masnad-i-Ali. They succeeded, however, in eluding him, and crossed the frontier, and ultimately ended their days in exile.

Firuz Shah, the eighth king of the Bahmani dynasty, assembled the armies of Daulatabad and Berar in 1398-99, to assist in the expulsion of Deva Rai of Vijayanagar from the Raichur Duab, but no sooner had they joined the Sultan than news arrived that Berar had been overrun from north to south by the Gonds of Kherla, and they were despatched northwards to repel the invaders, but were unequal to the task. The Gonds remained in possession of Berar until Firuz Shah had driven the Hindus from the Duab, and was left at liberty to march to the support of his northern army. In the following year Firuz Shah not only succeeded in driving the Gonds beyond his northern frontier, but sent in pursuit of them an army which defeated Narsingh, the Gond Raja, at the gates of his capital of Kherla.

During the reign of Ahmad Shah Vali, the brother and successor of Firuz Shah, Daulatabad became the base of military operations against the turbulent Rajas of the Konkan, whose depredations called for punishment, and in 1429 the Sultan appointed Khalaf Hasan Basri, the ablest of his servants, to the command of the province. Khalaf Hasan, in the course of an arduous campaign, reduced the refractory chiefs to obedience and enriched his master's treasury with the spoils which he captured from them. Unfortunately, the lust of conquest led him to attack the island of Bombay, within the territories of Ahmad Shah of Gujarat. His conquest of the island involved the Bahmani Kingdom in an unprofitable war with Gujarat, peace being ultimately concluded on the condition that each of the belligerents should retain the possessions which it had held before the capture of Bombay. Meanwhile, Hushang Shah of Malwa had taken advantage of the quarrel between his powerful neighbours, and had seized Kherla, then a recognised fief of the Bahmani Kingdom, and put to death the Raja, Narsingh. Ahmed Shah Vali was too exhausted by the campaign in the Konkan and the war against Gujarat to punish this act of aggression, and was compelled to

to leave Kherla in the hands of Hushang on the condition that he refrained from molesting Berar.

In the reigns of the tenth and twelfth Kings of the Bahmani dynasty, Daulatabad was again disturbed by war's alarms. Ala-ud-din Ahmad II., the son of Ahmad I., had married Agha Zainab, entitled Malika-i-Jahan, the daughter of Nasir Khan Faruqi, Sultan of Khandesh, but afterwards took into his harem the daughter of the petty Raja of Sangameshvar in the Konkan, giving her the name of *Ziba Chihra*, or "Beautiful face." Agha Zainab, who was neglected for the Hindu girl, wrote to her father and complained of her husband's behaviour. Nasir Khan espoused his daughter's cause and resolved to punish his son-in-law, but, well aware that he was not strong enough to attack the Bahmani Kingdom single-handed with any hope of success, he prepared his way by corrupting the officers serving in Berar, and as soon as his machinations had met with some measure of success he followed them up by invading Berar in 1437. The officers who had been won over by Nasir Khan were besieging their governor, the Khan-i-Jahan, in the hill fort of Varnala, and the invaders were left free to advance unmolested in the direction of Daulatabad. Here Khalaf Hasan Basri, who had once more been selected for the command of an expedition, was assembling his forces. He was joined by the Khan-i-Jahan, who managed to effect his escape from Varnala, and marched northwards through Berar, inflicting a crushing defeat on the invaders at Rohankhed. Nasir Khan was pursued to his capital, which was sacked, and the troops of Daulatabad returned with much booty.

In 1461 during the reign of the young king Nizam Shah Bahmani, Mahmud Shah Khalji of Malwa invaded the Deccan and captured the capital, Bidar, but was unable to reduce its citadel. The province of Daulatabad was overrun by the invaders, but the old fort held out and once again was a base of military operations against the invaders. Mahmud Shah of Gujarat came to the assistance of the Bahmani King, and in the neighbourhood of Daulatabad joined forces with the soldier-statesman of the Bahmani Kingdom, Mahmud Gawan, thus threatening the communications of the invaders, who retreated hastily through the jungles of the Satpuras closely pursued by Mahmud Gawan. In the following year

Mahmud Shah Khalji again invaded the Daulatabad province, but before he could attack its capital he received news that Nizam Shah was advancing against him from the south-east and would probably be joined by Mahmud Shah of Gujarat from the north-west. He had no hope of resisting successfully such a combination, and hastily retreated to Malwa. In 1471 Yusuf Adil Khan, who afterwards founded the Adil Shahi dynasty of Bijapur, was appointed Governor of Daulatabad, "than which post there was none higher in the service of the Bahmanids." This appointment was made in the reign of Muhammad III., the thirteenth king of the Bahmani dynasty, and later in the reign a reform which had already been too long delayed was effected. The four original provinces of the kingdom were sub-divided into eight, Daulatabad being divided into the new provinces of Daulatabad and Junnar. The almost regal powers of the *tarafdars* were also curtailed in other directions. Formerly, all the forts in the provinces had been in the hands of the *tarafdars*, who appointed and removed the commandants. It was now ordered that only the fort at the capital of each of the provinces should be in the hands of the *tarafdar*, and that the commandants of all other forts should hold their appointments directly from the Sultan. The nature and effect of this policy have been strangely misapprehended by a modern historian,* who, referring to the dissolution of the Bahmani Kingdom, says, "A recent division into large provincial governments hastened the dissolution." This statement is entirely wrong. The kingdom had originally been divided into large provincial governments, and the "recent division" referred to was the sub-division of those large governments into smaller ones. This step, though not taken in sufficient time to prevent, certainly did not accelerate the dissolution of the kingdom, which was due solely to the degeneracy of the later Bahmanids and to their subservience to ministers whom the provincial governors would not accept as masters.

(To be continued.)

WOLSELEY HAIG.

* See *Medieval India under Muhammadan Rule* ("Story of the Nations" series), by Stanley Lane-Poole, p. 184.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF SIKHISM.

AMID the bewildering maze of stereotyped customs, smooth conventions and meaningless ceremonies, Guru Nanak raised the banner of truth, light and devout aspiration, and a ray of divine love shivered through the dark clouds of intolerance and blind orthodoxy, heralding peace and goodwill, fraternity, justice and tolerance.

Souls, weary of the empty formalities which surrounded them, weary of the orthodox demonstration and metaphysical subtleties which failed to satisfy the inner cravings of human nature, turned with eagerness to this harmonious spiritual voice sounding clear from a region towards which their hearts yearned with untold aspiration, but from which the chaotic mental condition of their times had shut them off with brazen barriers.

Guru Nanak proclaimed the Primal Truth : the unity of God and the brotherhood of man ; endowed the Parabrahm (Supreme Lord) of the Hindu philosophy with the father's excellence of love and compassion, and thus presented for the reverence, gratitude and devotion of all true believers a figure of infinite sweetness and love, who drew from men the highest love which their souls were capable of along with the warmest feelings of pity and love for their brethren, irrespective of the outer garments that they wore, and the spoken formula in which they tried to pour out their feelings of humility and devotion to God.

To Hindus and Mohammedans alike he pointed out the ideal, the true, the noble that was in their beliefs, and applied intellectual tests to outside ceremonies which, alas, shrouded the truths and were thrown out by some good and wise men to veil the light from the dazzling and all-powerful centre which they thought was too strong for their weak brethren.

But Guru Nanak boldly pushed aside the veil, firmly believing in the unconquerable strength of steadfast faith and selfless devotion, and truth in all its splendour shone out like the noonday sun and so the glamour of complicated Hindu ritual and stiff Mohammedan formalism vanished like an empty shadow.

On foot Guru Nanak travelled to Hardwar and mixed with the crowds of the pilgrims and pointed out to them the vanity of their exclusive ways of eating and drinking. "It is no use your drawing the line around you," he said, "when blind ignorance, ruthless egoism, undiminished selfishness, keep you company. Brothers, cultivate truth and let your actions draw the line. By repeating His name purify your minds. Only those are pure who do not lead evil lives."

Arriving at Hardwar he went with others to have his bath in the Ganges, and when the people began to throw water towards the sun he began to splash water in an opposite direction. "What are you doing?" asked a proud Brahman. "I am simply doing what the others are doing," replied Nanak. "They are giving water to their dear departed ones," remarked the Brahman. "I am giving water to my fields," simply said Nanak. "Fool," exclaimed the Brahman, "how can the water reach your fields?" "And pray how can the water reach those who are no more on this earth?" said Guru Nanak, turning toward him and looking the Brahman full in the face. A crowd had now gathered round him and he spoke to them in his own sweet winning way, telling them that it was not the act but the spirit in which it was done which led to higher regions and to salvation. "The question is not what we do," he said, "but how we do it;" and thus teaching and enlightening those who came near him he slowly travelled on to Benares and there spoke against the vanity of lighting lamps for those who no more required such lights. "The only light," said Guru Nanak, "which can guide those who have left this earth is the light of His name attained by suffering and renunciation of self." He stopped for some time at Benares and then moved on to Jaggannath, where seeing the Brahmans waving salvers full of flowers and tiny lamps automatically round wooden idols, he sweetly spoke out. "Friends," said he, "He is not confined in these stone temples. His temple is the dome of immensity; ethereal blue skies coped with suns and moons and star galaxies

sparkle like pearls before Him, the air laden with the perfume of the heavens waves round Him the 'chouri' in adoration, the deep toned music of Nature perpetually sings His praises ; let your hearts join the chorus which the music of the spheres raises in His praise." From Jaggannath he proceeded to Mecca and slept with his feet towards the Kaba, and when roughly asked by a Moulvi why he slept with his feet towards the house of God, he naïvely said, "Turn my feet in that direction where there is no house of God." The Moulvi, taking him by his feet, dragged him round and round ; but to whichever direction his feet were turned, the house of God turned with them. "Who are you?" asked the poor Moulvi in astonishment. "I am neither a Hindu nor a Mohammedan," said Nanak. "This body is made up of five elements, which is played upon by the invisible spirits." A crowd gathered round him and he spoke to them words of love and wisdom. "Friends," said he, "empty talk cannot lead to Heaven, only by practising we can attain salvation ; five times the prayers are offered and five are the virtues which must accompany them : Truth, Justice, Charity, Purity of Mind and Praise to God—you bathe yourselves in the blood of your brethren and offer prayers to God whose children you have wantonly killed. Learn kindness, restraint and contentment, bashfulness and charity, lead truthful lives, and then alone your prayers will be accepted." And so he taught the true religion to Mohammedans in the very land of the prophets, telling them to follow the spirit of the teachings of their Prophet and to discard the dead formulas, traditional heresies and untruths which their Prophet wished to emancipate them from.

Guru Nanak held up to ridicule only meaningless ritual and formal practices, but he never said a word against any religion or belief. True believers of all religions he recognised as his own brothers. What he tried to do was to efface all the debilitating influences in the old creeds, to divest them of all useless tinsel and false ornament, and establish their complete dependence on the great Creator of the universe. To effect this it was imperative that superstition, in which intolerance and narrow-mindedness had their root, should be proved ridiculous. "When men had learned to laugh at superstition, then alone they could perceive how abominable was the oppressive fanaticism which was its champion," as Morley puts it. "Tolerance," says Gladstone, "is far more than abandonment of civil

usurpation over conscience. Tolerance means reverence for all the possibilities of truth ; it means acknowledgment that she dwells in diverse mansions and wears vestures of many colours and speaks in strange tongues. It means frank respect of indwelling conscience against mechanic forms, official conventions and social force. It means charity that is greater even than faith and hope."

No such tolerance could be expected from men who were capable of limiting the divine love and worshipping a divinity who loved some of his creatures and hated others. It was absolutely necessary to show how pernicious such limitations of truth were, which lowered the understanding of its votaries and dwarfed the infinite goodness of God according to their own narrow standard of goodness.

The Hindus say that Guru Nanak did not know Sanskrit, otherwise he would have preached nothing but Vedantism, while the Mohamedans think that he preached unadulterated Islam. The truth is that he preached that which is the essence of all religions, the fountain from which different religions flow like so many streams to refresh mankind. He perceived the truth directly and "all the Vedas were to him like a tank in a place covered all over with water," as the Gita puts it. He saw Hindus and Mohamedans alike wrapped up in ignorance and superstition ; the higher teachings of Hinduism only bewildered the common mind, while the anthropomorphism of Islam resulted in dogmatism and persecution. The people in general did not know either Sanskrit or Arabic, and were entirely dependent on the Pandits or Moulvies for their spiritual welfare.

Guru Nanak gave his teachings in the spoken language of the people, simple and easy to understand. It is a single doctrine melting in a glow of contemplative transport. It thrills from first to last by a glowing selfless devotional fire, such as has but rarely appeared in the literature of any religion. It teaches love to God and man, tolerance and the beauty of peace, silent worship of an unseen but ever-present divinity, purity of heart and mind in active and sympathetic contact with men in the transaction of their daily affairs ; and as his own son turned an udasin (recluse) he declared Angad as his successor, who, after Guru Nanak, carried on the work of reformation, teaching humility and obedience, forgiveness and charity, manly opposition to injustice and wrong.

Guru Angad was succeeded by Guru Amardass, who silently worked along the lines of his predecessors and kindled devotion and enlightenment in the minds of men who came in contact with him, so that the whole country was leavened by the radical and devotional teachings of the Sikh Gurus.

Guru Amardass was succeeded by Guru Ram Dass, who laid the foundation of the Golden Temple, which in the course of time became the centre of Sikhism. Guru Ram Dass was succeeded by Guru Arjan, who gathered a band of devoted disciples round him and compiled all the teachings of his predecessors in the form of a book, the Holy Granth. Guru Arjan was cruelly tortured by a noble at the Court of Jehangir, named Chandu Lall, and this was the turning point in the history of the Sikhs. Guru Hargobind, who succeeded Guru Arjan, threw off the simple garments of a devotee, and put on two swords as emblems of spiritual as well as temporal power.

The times had now changed, and the people, freed from the clutches of the priests, manfully shook off the barren accumulation of a fixed superstition and realised for the first time their own degraded condition under a despotic rule.

The larger illumination which the Gurus had poured out in all directions had wrought a wonderful change and transformed the despairing wretches of Brahmanism into bright beings not lower even than angels. The result was that the people looked with horror and despair on the anarchic conditions which surrounded them. The spiritual preparation which had been set in progress by Guru Nanak gave them new life, and inspired them to work out their own salvation. So when Guru Hargobind resolved to stand up against an unjust rule, the Sikhs, who had hitherto only led saintly lives of humility and love, as if some everflowing stream of divine melody was ever pouring into their minds, gladly took to bows and arrows and martial exercise, and successfully accomplished the great task of beating back the Moghal's armies in many a pitched battle. All his life long the Guru defied the Moghal forces and taught manliness and love of action to his disciples. He was succeeded by Guru Harkai, who led a quiet life of retirement and devotion and passed away in peace. His successor, Guru Harkrishan, was a mere boy when he succeeded to the Guruship, and reigned only for a short time. His successor, Guru Teg Bahader, sacrificed his own life to

save his beloved country from foreign misrule and poured out his life blood to kindle the fire of liberty and independence.

It was his son and successor who finally emancipated the Sikhs from the thralldom of caste and priests, and united and transformed them into a compact nation of men, ready to think and act for themselves.

Guru Govind Singh was remarkable as a child. The spirit which shone within his youthful body had passed aeons and aeons in meditation till it became one with God, as he himself puts it in the *Bachitra Natak*. So when Guru Teg Bahader wrote to him from his prison in Delhi, saying : "Strength has vanished ; fetters retard all free movements ; God alone can save, as He saved the elephant from his danger," Guru Govind Singh promptly replied, "Strength is yours ; the fetters have fallen off and everything can be done, but all is in your hands. Be you the Protector."

He was a mere boy when he wrote this, and when Guru Teg Bahader gave his life to protect the honour and faith of his country, Guru Govind Singh began to prepare himself to fulfil the mission which he had been charged with. He passed his youth in wild chase and calm meditation, inculcating the marvellous potency of action ; he saw around him a band of devoted disciples ready to sacrifice their lives at his word, eager to demolish misrule and tyranny, animated by the warmest feelings of social justice, and by a most fervent and sincere longing to make a nobler happiness more universally attainable. But they were too few in number, without any cohesion or settled form, to exert any influence on the masses which surrounded them. It was with unequalled wisdom, courage and activity that Guru Govind Singh transformed the heterogeneous body of his followers into a united nation, distinct in every way from the population of slaves which surrounded them ; a living proof of what the liberty of conscience can effect. It was thus that the Guru worked the miracle and transformed "the tame unresisting birds into hawks."

He called his disciples from all parts of the country, and when some 90,000 men had assembled, he addressed them lovingly, pointed out to them their ancient glory, and then called out to them if there was any one among them who was ready to give his life for his religion and country. Dharma, a Khatri, gladly jumped out of

the crowd and offered his life to the Guru. The Guru took him to a tent which was near the Darbar tent, in which he had privately ordered that five living goats should be placed. The Guru killed a goat, told Dharma to remain in the tent and with his sword still dripping with blood he called out for another Sikh. A young man cheerfully came up and offered his life. The Guru took him to the tent, killed a goat again, and coming to the Darbar tent asked for a third Sikh. Another Sikh came out, very happy to be of some use to the Guru. The Guru took him into the tent and did as before, and then coming out called for another Sikh. Muhkam, a low caste Hindu, stepped up and thanked God that his life after all was of some use to Him. The Guru took him into the tent and killed another goat. What was the surprise of the assembled crowd when the Guru came out with his five immortals, as he called them (and immortality no doubt they had attained). Radiant with joy, he said Lo ! a country which can produce five men ready to sacrifice themselves cannot be without a future ; and then in open Darbar he baptised them with water in which some sugar had been put, called them Singhs and his dear ones, and gave them new names, and then got himself baptised by his own disciples, and said, "Blessed is Guru Govind Singh who is himself a Guru as well as a disciple." And then he made them eat from the same plate, thus practically eradicating all idea of caste and creed. He told them that all were his children and as such they must behave to each another as brothers and fight manfully to lighten the burden of their country. "There must be no caste among you," he said, "and you must all be equal, no man greater than another. Caste must be forgotten, idols destroyed, and Brahmanical threads broken, worship of temples and graves abandoned, and you must worship the one timeless God with all your hearts, and by baptising you into Singhs I have destroyed your caste. Henceforth you have as your father Guru Govind Singh who belongs to no caste and creed and believes in God alone, and you must act as becomes his children."

Thousands of people received the baptism, and even the low caste sweepers were not denied admission into the brotherhood. The result was that in an extremely short period of time there grew up a distinct order, removed from the sordid and selfish interests of ordinary life by the austere discipline which every Sikh observed,

united by the common ties of brotherhood, each member ready to shed his life-blood for any member of his community, acknowledging the authority of God and the Guru, protesting against wrong, passionately inculcating new and higher ideas of right, denouncing the darkness of the false gods, calling on all men to worship the true God and adore the mysteries of that true God, thus presenting a front of unbroken spiritual unity which enabled them to hold their way among tumultuous tribes, half barbarous nobles and proud and foolish Brahmans.

It is wrong to say that Guru Govind Singh hated Islam and waged a war against Mohamedans in particular. Often he said "Temple and mosque are the same, worship and prayer are identical, there is no difference, don't be misled by words."

He was a great admirer of Persian poetry, and had some very intimate friends amongst the Mohamedan community, who fought with him against their own co-religionists. What he fought against was the forces of injustice and disorder, tyranny and misrule.

It is true that Guru Govind Singh led his people not to quiet faithful labour as in smooth times, but to faithful valourous conflict in times all violent and chaotic. Great wars, contentions and disunions followed from this reformation, but the Guru remained firm like the needle of a pointed rock, amidst all the turmoil that followed, and reconstructed from the anarchic society of those days an order animated by the highest aims and actuated by the most selfless devotion to the well-being of their fallen brethren ; though the Mohamedan rulers gave him no peace, he valiantly refused to submit to a king who wanted to whitewash his own deeds of cruel and perfidious nature by showing himself champion of Islam. More than once the imperial forces were beaten back by Guru Govind Singh and thrown back from his fort of Anandpur ; failing to storm the fortress, they laid siege around the fort in the hope of starving the garrison ; but for months the Guru manifested no sign of surrender but sallied out and inflicted heavy losses on the surrounding forces. Aurangzeb's crafty nature asserted itself, and he offered the Guru a free passage to Amratsar if he would only leave the fort of Anandpur. The Guru was against any surrender, but the Sikhs, who were on the verge of starvation, one and all declared for it. "Brothers," said the Guru, "if you

could suffer for ten days more you will end all your sufferings, but if you surrender now you suffer for many hundred years." "Better slow sufferings of many years than the suffering of hunger," replied all the Sikhs.

"All right," said the Guru, and he accepted the terms of Aurangzeb, and one dark night he sallied out alone with a devoted band of five Sikhs and his wife and children, while he sent the rest of his goods with his other Sikhs through the Mughal camp. It happened as he had anticipated. The whole Mughal army fell on the convoy which was guarding the treasures of the Guru, put the guard to slaughter, and looted all the treasures, but in all the turmoil that followed the Guru with his small band was able to make his escape. The man who was driving the chariot of the Guru in which two infant sons of the Guru were seated, treacherously drove them into the Mughal camp, in the empty hope of getting their jewels and in addition a reward from the Mughal general, but the divine law meted out to him his punishment. Before he had time to make his explanations, he was beheaded by one of the Mughal soldiers. The two infant sons of the Guru were taken prisoners and sent to Sirhind, where the two innocent boys, merely because they refused to embrace Islam, were buried alive under the walls of a mosque. The Mughal general not finding the body of the Guru among those whom he had slain, rode after the Guru with all his forces and overtook him at Chamkaur. The Guru took refuge in a small house and resolved to fight to the death. He showered arrows on the forces surrounding him, and in vain the Mughals tried to force an entrance. Whenever they approached the door, one of the Sikhs sallied out to fight with the invading forces and drove them back, though he gave his own life to save the Guru. But the devoted band fell one by one before the large host that remained, and as yet the sun had not set. At last his two sons valiantly threw themselves on the assailants, they drove them back and were themselves cut down, but by this time the shadows of evening had deepened and the assailants stopped to offer their evening prayers, and they had hardly finished their prayers when rain and wind came with the greatest fury. The Guru thought it a good omen and gently stepped out of the house. He found a patrol with lighted torch passing the door. The Guru took down the bow and shot an arrow at the torch, which fell on the ground

and was extinguished, and then he shouted, "The Guru escaping." The people ran from all directions and began to fight among themselves.

And so the Guru had time to escape unobserved by the surrounding forces, and soon appeared in Daruli, where the Sikhs again began to flock in. Though they all counselled the Guru to give up the war and submit to Aurangzeb, he firmly refused to listen to them and quietly retreated to Mukhtsar in the Ferozpur District, where he took his stand with a small band of devoted Sikhs and defeated the imperial forces, which fell back on Lahore. In the meantime Aurangzeb passed away and his successor thought it wise to make peace with the Guru, so that he might put all his forces against his rivals for the empire. The Guru was received with great honour by him and marched with him to the Deccan, and when the emperor returned to Dehli the Guru remained behind him at Nander. One day, he was playing chess with the son of a Mohamedan Chief who had been killed by Guru Hargovind in open battle. The boy, who had been brought up by the Guru and was a great favourite of his, flared up at some allusion to the death of his father and stabbed the Guru with a dagger. The Guru drew out the dagger and flung it aside and asked the young man to depart unharmed from his camp. The wound inflicted by the young man was very severe and the Guru knew that his mission was well-nigh over. He called his followers, thanked them for their love and devotion. Deeply affected, they asked who was to guide and lead them after him. "Brothers," said he, "believe in the Granth, the doctrine contained in it will be your illumination; yourselves your own refuge. Wherever five Sikhs are present there the Guru himself is present." And he invented no new ceremonies and formulas for his disciples to follow; he was content to supply them with well-founded beliefs and leave the externals in their own hands. He passed away declaring: "Since I took to Your feet, I never turned my eye towards other things. Rama and Rahim, Purans and Qurans explain many mysteries, and I simply spoke about You. Manifold paths were pointed, but I followed only Your path."

The Guru passed away, but there remained behind him a band of devoted followers who were eager to avenge the wrongs they had suffered. The small band of about 200 men, with Banda as their

leader, marched back on the Panjab, ransacked the cities they passed through, razed the city of Sirhind in which the two infant sons of the Guru were buried alive, and put the population and the governor to the sword, marched on Lahore and wreaked vengeance on those who had tormented them before. But these successes did not last long. They turned the head of Banda, who gave himself up to luxury and wanted himself to be acknowledged as Guru. The Sikhs remembered the commands of Guru Govind and refused to acknowledge him as a Guru, and so there happened a split in the Sikh ranks, which resulted in the destruction of Banda and his small band of followers. A price was set on the head of every Sikh, and they were virtually exterminated from the land and underwent suffering and torture, too great to describe. But the effulgent banner of truth and devotion, love and justice, which the Gurus had raised and poured their lifeblood to sanctify its glory, drew disciples, as a lamp draws a swarm of moths, and as more Sikhs were destroyed, still more took shelter under their banner, and the imperial forces no sooner retired than the Sikhs emerged from their fastnesses in the hills and spread over the country again ; though too few in number and with the whole forces of the empire ranged against them, they soon tired out the imperial forces and established themselves in the Panjab. They formed a sort of republic at Amritsar and partitioned the Panjab into 8 or 9 groups. But alas ! they were not prepared to carry on things on such high ideals, the individuals had not acquired that stability of character which alone could have made the republic a success.

The seeds planted by the Guru were now springing up and bearing fruit, but the soil was unsuited and rotten for a sound development ; so the fruit was not that which could have been expected from lives dominated by fasting, prayer and dependence upon God. The purest teachings of the Gurus were generally ignored, and it was the license that they gave which seemed to have the greatest influence upon the Sikhs. They were now mercilessly shedding the blood of their fellow creatures. Ranjit Singh for a time was able to control the Sikhs and establish a sort of government. With the death of Ranjit Singh the glory of Khalsa independence died out. No prince could venture to take the crown, for all were afraid of it. This was the saddest time for the Sikhs—blinded by lust of power, they had forgotten the maxims of the Gurus and ignored the pure teachings of

the Granth and quietly slid back into the old Hindu ways. Every one did what he liked. The fist and the sword decided between right and wrong. Princes and cities were in constant feud with each other, the retinues of the different Sirdars marched and plundering the level land, they robbed the farmers of their cotta and devastated their fields and burnt their houses. It was then that a kind Providence sent the English to put an end to the anarchy and disorder which prevailed and establish regular government in the Panjab.

The contact with western civilisation and the spread of western education in India has been gradually operating upon the minds of the people ; the intensity of national spirit in the west and the freedom of its political life is slowly waking up the Indians ; continual peace, free trade, the right to live as they like subject to their laws which are for all alike, have given them time to look backward and recognise the low position that they now occupy. The result has been a strange fermentation. Even the Sikhs are waking up, and in the last few years great efforts have been made to free Sikhism from the undesirable influence of lower Hinduism. The Sikhs have already succeeded in overthrowing rotten Hindu customs. Marriage, birth and death ceremonies are now simply performed according to Sikh scriptures. Every village now boasts of a Singh Sabha, where beautiful hymns from the Adgranth are always recited ; updesbaks or preachers visit every village and preach Sikhism. But while on the one hand Sikhism is being purified of all effete matters, on the other there is a greater tendency to turn it into another orthodox sect, and more stress is laid on outer forms and ceremonies than on the building up of the character and inner devotion which all the Gurus inculcated. It may be that some distinction is necessary to prevent the Sikhs from falling back into Hinduism, but their want of caste and class distinction, their firm belief in God and His goodness, seem to be protection enough to prevent their being absorbed into Hinduism. Is it a small distinction to cordially recognise the brotherhood of the human race and strive towards the tearing down of the walls of separation between man and man ? All the Gurus poured out their life-blood to evolve a united Indian nation, and this could only be effected by cultivating an unsectarian spirit. The Sikhs laugh at things which burden and oppress the spirit of different sects ; they must take care that they create no gyves and barriers in

their own. Guru Govind Singh at the last moment told the Sikhs to believe in the Adgranth, and left his beloved people in the hands of the Khalsa. It is for the Khalsa to justify the trust which Guru Govind Singh left in their hands. Let them boldly act upon and follow the teachings of the Guru, leaving all tradition aside, for it is so ordained by the tenth Guru himself.

Guru Nanak looked towards the brotherly coming together of men, and worked to bring about an era of charity, tolerance and mutual forbearance. Guru Govind Singh united the disciples of the Gurus, and from among the people, despised by their own kindred, trodden by a foreign rule, raised an order who, in all forms of sweetness and light, present a most inspiring picture.

Would to God that the followers of the divine religion could bloom out like fair flowers of this ancient soil into such a haven of kindness, wisdom and breadth of soul, and by their pure, selfless, radiant lives, uplift their fallen brethren from the harassing gloom in which they grope so aimlessly.

JOGENDRA SINGH.

POLICE REFORM.

THE Report of the recent Indian Police Commission and the Resolution of the Government of India thereon, draw a comparison of the labours of the Indian Police Commissioners with those of the Commissioners appointed in 1837 to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient Constabulary Force in the counties of England and Wales. No doubt, in form, the Report presented to Parliament in 1839 has a resemblance to the Report presented to the Indian Government in 1903 and published but recently; but, in matter, there are vital differences between the two reports. In England, outside the Metropolis and a few large towns, there was practically no organised constabulary: in India, for nearly half a century, we have had a large body of trained police. The Commissioners in England, therefore, proposed that as a primary remedy for the evil state of the country, which they set forth at great length, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised on the principles of management recognised by the Legislature in the appointment of the Metropolitan Police Force. In India, the Commissioners proposed numerous reforms in the organisation, strength and pay of the regular police, most of which have been accepted by Government; and—which is far more important—they proposed a series of recommendations regarding the prevention of crime, the reporting and investigation of offences, and the prosecution of offences, covering a wide range, and some of them involving important changes in the law. These the Government of India have quietly shelved: they are “for separate consideration hereafter.” Before leaving the comparison of the two Reports, it is interesting to note that while the English Commissioners were of opinion that the early constitutional principles of local responsibility for offences committed, by compensation

to the sufferers, or by amercements to the Crown, had been impaired, and that it was inexpedient to revive them, on the other hand, the Indian Commissioners held that it was of paramount importance to develop and foster the existing village agencies available for police work, that the responsibility of the village headman for the performance of the village police duties should be recognised and everywhere enforced ; and that the village watchman must be a village servant subordinate to the village headman and not to the regular police.

Again, while the English Commissioners deemed it essential for the efficiency and attainment of all compatible services from a constabulary force, that neither by appointment nor otherwise should the constables be privately connected with the district in which they act, and that they should at periods be changed from district to district, on the other hand, the Indian Commissioners were in favour of local recruitment so far as is possible, and Government generally accepted their view. It would be interesting to consider in some detail these and other points of comparison between the English and Indian reports ; but for the present it is expedient to confine our attention to the most important question—Why the Indian Constabulary, though the subject of continuous reform for several years, still bears an evil reputation ? The Government of India supply the answer to this question: “The traditions of the Indian Police Department are Native,” that is, Oriental ; and until this fact is realised, and the police procedure brought into line with the conditions of civilised criminal administration, the popular opinion of the Indian Police will remain unchanged.

It is amusing to see how the Government of India have laboured to show that the Commissioners did not mean what they said. The second chapter of the Report is entitled, “Popular opinion regarding the Police and their work.” Government assert that the Commissioners do not express a critical appreciation of the grounds of that opinion, and that though “the conclusions (in the Report) are stated and argued in a concise and easily intelligible form,” in the body of Chapter II. the two points of view, that of the witnesses who gave evidence before the Commissioners, and that of the Commissioners who heard the evidence, are not always clearly discriminated. “The Commission begin by quoting the opinions of

others ; but where they agree with these, they insensibly glide into a corroboration of them which is hardly distinguishable from an independent and personal verdict." With the greatest respect, it may be seriously asked—What do Government mean by the above criticism ? The Commissioners were appointed to take evidence on certain specified points and to report their views on that evidence. Where were they enjoined to give " an independent and personal verdict " apart from the evidence ? Surely, their sole duty was to appreciate evidence and give their opinion thereon. The Governor-General in Council thinks that the Commissioners " have perhaps hardly made sufficient allowance for the tendency of the Indian witness to exaggerate." But the Commissioners, in paragraph 30 of their Report, expressly stated, " there is, no doubt, exaggeration in the picture presented by some of the witnesses." Again, " it is also clear that the lamentable picture of police inefficiency and corruption drawn by witness after witness is not a picture of universal experience. . . . But honourable exceptions and mitigating circumstances cannot efface the general impression created by the evidence recorded. There can be no doubt that the police force throughout the country is in a most unsatisfactory condition, that abuses are common everywhere, that this involves great injury to the people and discredit to the Government, and that radical reforms are urgently necessary." That verdict may be right, or may be wrong, but beyond question it is not faulty in form. Like a Sessions Judge, or Magistrate, whose duty it is to criticise a mass of evidence laid before him, and who sums up to the effect that, though some of the witnesses have exaggerated and are not to be implicitly believed, yet there can be no doubt as to the prisoner's guilt, so here, the Commissioners carefully weighed the evidence and came to an " easily intelligible " conclusion.

The same view is borne out by an examination of some of the subjects on which evidence was considered and an opinion expressed. Thus :—" The Commission desire, as the result of their inquiries, emphatically to record their full concurrence in the view of the late Sir John Woodburn," viz., that " there is no part of our system of Government of which such universal and bitter complaint is made (as the police), and none in which, for the relief of the people and

the reputation of Government, is reform in anything like the same degree so urgently called for. The evil is essentially in the investigating staff. It is dishonest and it is tyrannical."

Further on, "the Commission cannot too strongly express their concurrence in the condemnation of the impropriety and unwisdom of giving to police constables the powers and opportunities of corruption connected with the conduct of investigation. They regret, however, to have to report that they have the strongest evidence of the corruption and inefficiency of the great mass of investigating officers of higher grades." Again, "while admitting that there are different degrees of corruption in different provinces or districts, and while admitting that there are exceptionally honest and upright officers of this class, the Commission cannot resist the strong testimony as to the prevalence of corruption among station-house officers throughout the country." Then, after setting out in detail the "numerous forms of this corruption," and the gist of the "endless narrations of the worries involved in a police investigation," they state that these "common practices form the burden of the complaints against the police," and then they proceed to show that some of the causes of these abuses have become very clear in the course of their inquiry, and on this foundation they base their recommendations with a view to remedy the evil.

Surely, it is difficult to conceive a State document drawn up in a more judicial as well as "easily intelligible" form. And on this the pronouncement of Government is that "by picking out and massing together all the separate blots which at various times disfigure police work in India, the Commission have produced a picture which would, in the opinion of the Governor-General in Council, give to any outside observer a somewhat over-coloured idea of the ordinary conduct of a police inquiry, or of the habitual behaviour of the police, at any rate in the majority of Indian Provinces." Where in the Report are the separate blots picked out and massed together? They are simply stated as deposed; and if there was a mass of evidence as to what Sir John Woodburn called the dishonesty and tyranny of an ordinary police inquiry, the fault is with the evidence and not with the Commissioners, who would have been worthy of censure had they omitted to set forth the evidence and their concurrence therewith.

Why, then, to revert to the question suggested above, is the popular opinion of the police administration in India so universally bad ? The answer is, as shown, perfectly clear. The populace, the source of popular opinion, comes into contact with the police mainly in the course of investigation of crimes. The investigating staff is "dishonest and tyrannical." That is not the opinion of a solitary individual, however eminent, such as the late Sir John Woodburn. It is not merely the opinion of natives given to exaggeration, or of prejudiced pleaders and Sessions Judges. The same view was expressed before the Commission by European police officers and Magistrates. The evidence of the witnesses before the Commissioners was given in public : lengthy extracts of their depositions and written statements are to be found in the newspapers of two years ago. It would be easy to collate them and show that so far from the Commissioners having given "a somewhat over-coloured idea of the ordinary conduct of a police inquiry," they have rather understated the case. For example, take the case of Bengal, not an insignificant part of India. Here is the opinion of an official, who, after 35 years' actual service in the police, has reached the top of the tree. Asked what was his opinion in regard to the manner in which the police generally discharge their duties and the estimation in which they are regarded by the public, he replied, "Corrupt and oppressive, all classes, from inspectors down to constables." We in Bombay may demur to such wholesale denunciation ; and our justification may rest, as suggested by the Commissioners, on the fact that our District Magistrate and his subordinates in their revenue and other work are brought into closest contact with the people, accessible to them, and well acquainted with them ; and this has tended greatly to prevent abuse in the police as well as in other departments. Be that as it may, we cannot claim to be free from the odium which attaches to the prevalent methods in ordinary police investigations. For many years Government have been fully aware that it is the *cruz* of the whole matter. It is perfectly well known that twenty years ago the Sessions Judge of a district in this Presidency made an earnest appeal to Government to employ the whole weight of its authority to put a stop to the vicious system of police investigations. After some years another Sessions Judge in another district made a similar appeal, pointing out what has been re-

peatedly affirmed, that the root of the evil lies in the fact that the efforts of the police are directed to one single object, that is, to extort confessions. For this purpose they invade the village, in which the crime has been committed, in a large body, quarter themselves on the poor peasantry, collect a mass of people from that village and neighbouring villages, illegally detain all suspects, buffet and bully everyone who is likely to know anything connected with the circumstances relating to the crime ; and the result is that a police investigation is dreaded by all the villagers who, instead of working in sympathy with the police, are passively, if not actively, opposed to the guardians of the peace. If we remember rightly, a miniature Police Commission, consisting of a Commissioner, a District Magistrate, and the Inspector-General of Police, was appointed by Government to consider the representations of this last named Sessions Judge, but was any remedy suggested for the notorious evils ?

There is only one remedy, and that is to stamp out the "native traditions" (to use the term employed by the Government of India in their recent Resolution) of a police investigation. This may be well illustrated by a reference to the statements of a police officer before the Commissioners, which attracted considerable notice when it was published at the time. The officer has a high reputation in Northern India as an able policeman ; and it may be noted that from the circumstances of his birth and family he is peculiarly well fitted to speak authoritatively on this subject from the oriental point of view. His evidence, in brief, was that the detection of crime consisted in eliciting confessions, and that with the present staff and under present circumstances, in the absence of the use of violence and other unlawful method, detection is impossible. That, in a word, is oriental police procedure. It was universal before the British rule was established in India, and so far as it has not been eradicated it is the main, if not the sole, reason why the police department is detested.

Now there are three aspects from which this important subject may be regarded. First, there are the people who assert that the only procedure suitable to an oriental country is the oriental procedure. They are like the ardent young Civilian (this is an old chestnut, but it will bear repetition), who urged that Asiatics must be treated

Asiatically, and who met with the cruel retort that he might just as well say that idiots must be treated idiotically. The fatal objection to this view is that it is directly opposed to the plain provisions of the Legislature ; therefore it is contended, by the next class of people, that the law should be altered and brought into conformity with existing practice. There are many who urge that illegal detention of suspects and witnesses should be legalised, and the eliciting of confessions should be encouraged. To this it is answered by the first school of thought that it is hopeless to expect that Government or the Legislature would ever consent to repeal the provisions of the law, which were expressly enacted to put a stop to police oppression. So, it is urged, the present law must remain, but present practices must be winked at. To this it is naturally rejoined that such a state of things is intolerable. At present an investigating police officer has to work with a halter round his neck. He is practically, though not in express terms, encouraged to follow the present vicious system, knowing the terrible risk he runs of falling into the clutches of the law, and perhaps standing in the dock, and receiving the sentence of rigorous imprisonment with the consequent ruin of his career. This is not an imaginary picture, as may be seen by a perusal of several criminal cases in which able police officers have been convicted and punished for breaking the law.

There remains, then, the third class of persons who urge that practice should be brought into conformity with the law, and that, to use the words of the members of the late Commission, the detention of suspects without formal arrest, being illegal, must be rigorously suppressed, and that the practice of working for or relying on confessions should be discouraged in every possible way, and that confessions should be recorded only by a Magistrate having jurisdiction to inquire into or try the case.

Will Government carry out those recommendations? If they do, if they refuse for one instant to listen to the specious plea that it is hopeless to expect that investigating police officers will change their "traditional" procedure, if breakers of the law meet with summary dismissal, then, and not till then, will the fruits of reform be visible. The changed attitude of the people will come, slowly no doubt, but surely. When they realise that a police investigation does not mean that everyone is made uncomfortable,

they will begin to assist instead of opposing the police officers. At first there may be diminution in the detection of crime, but time will remedy that. There is plenty of detective ability in the members of the police force, if it is properly encouraged. Improved pay, increased strength and supervision, these and such-like reforms will do some good ; but the root of the matter lies in the present prevalent system of police investigation. That must be *stamped out*.

J P.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A HINDU DEVOTEE.

(Continued from our last Number.)

THE Gunas, again, are a marvellous weapon for the analyst. I see a young manager of another's property who, in spite of innumerable efforts to improve him, is regular in irregularity in matters of business, though he has several good qualities. I see another who is a type of noble and ever-obliging gentlemanliness, but who, in matters in which his own interest is concerned, is most indolent, and owing to this indolence, unable to keep his promises respecting his own interests. How am I to explain these phenomena ? Irregularity and indolence are one side of Tamas, and that side has evidently gained the upper hand. Why ? Because the still small voice of Sattwa has not been heard and is not being heard, because Sattwa is being hustled on particular points, because in the council of the three Gunas, Tamas predominates over both Sattwa and Rajas. What is the remedy ? Decrease of Tamas and proportional increase of Rajas and Sattwa as regards those matters. But how is the one to be decreased—and how are the others to be increased ? By turning to Him Who is the source of all freedom. But suppose that Tamas has reduced Sattwa and Rajas to serfdom and totally suppressed them ; you cannot expect Tamas then to turn to the Light. What, then, is the result ? Why, the predominance of Tamas is another name for the predominance of hell—for the predominance of death, darkness and misery. Such predominance, unless a teacher or a friend intervenes to put it down, brings on disasters, and disasters end in revolutions, which effect fresh adjustments of the Gunas. The law of action and reaction is only one phase of the main operation of the Gunas.

Why should I forgive my enemy ? Because, if I am in the right and he is in the wrong, he is *pro tanto* in the hell of Tamas. Why should I exert myself to save him ? Because he is like a drowning man, and is drowning in Tamas. Why should we reverence and assist all true teachers ? Because they can turn a spark of Sattwa into a blaze and revive the ability to reflect and to obey.

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The ability to obey—the power to stand, though we are free to fall—plays a conspicuous part in even evolutionary literature. We are told : “ The dead point to the living to show by what means they have managed to survive. The living are the adaptable descendants, who have succeeded in shaking off certain of those family traditions and family idiosyncrasies which stood in the way of advancement or even of continued existence. Advancement followed as a result of ability to obey. Thus we get the evolution of a species.” This is how science translates Seneca’s “ Parere Deo libertas est.”

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Eastern Philosophy makes no broad distinction between material and mental elements. It considers mind a subtle form of matter, and freely applies words expressive of mental phenomena to material phenomena. In English we have ‘light’ and ‘darkness,’ which can be applied to both. In the Sankhya, the whole terminology is deliberately so constructed as to show the evolution of the highest as well as the lowest phenomena—material and mental—from the three Gunas of Prakriti, Purush being posited as the only unevolved and unevolving entity, inseparable from Prakriti and yet untouched by her. The theory of the sub-conscious self—with the Gunas playing their proper parts in it (and confusing the Psychological Research Society)—has had a great share in giving a finish to our Science of Being and Doing discovered by our Science of Meditation (Yoga).

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The groupings of the Gunas are endless. They have first their potential groups ; and, as in the mathematical theory of Groups, their potential groups are the same as their antipotential groups—for each of their cyclic substitutions becomes a substitution of the antipotential group. Every cyclic group is composed of iterations of a single operation of theirs, and every identical operation of theirs is

necessarily self-conjugate. They form innumerable kinds of groups, from the simplest, containing no self-conjugate sub-group, and the finite, with a finite number of substitutions, to the composite, containing many self-conjugate sub-groups, and the continuous, containing an infinite number of substitutions in which infinitely large or infinitely small transformations occur. They have their transition groups, by some substitution of which, any of their elements can be brought to any place. They have their dual commutation groups, in which the product of two substitutions belonging to one group and the other is independent of the order of the factors. They have their isomorphous groups, which can be separated each into the same number of sub-groups, so that a substitution of a sub-group in the one can be so co-ordinated to one of the other that products correspond to products. They bring about dihed ral groups—tetrahedral groups—octahedral groups—quadratic groups and quaternion groups. They are at the bottom of the chemical groups, in which, though the number and the weight of the atoms are the same—the results vary. They form associate groups “ and groups of rotation extended by the addition of operations of perversion.” They have, in short, innumerable definite operations, both direct and *inverse*, and set the whirligig of time and space a-rolling.

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Mathematicians can work out their groups even in four-dimensional space, and the Hyperfuchsian group is a group of transformations in that space. By each of such transformations a fundamental sphere is transformed into itself. The Gunas have not only continuous groups, but discontinuous ones and mixed ones. There is nothing of which a negative or a mixture is not supplied by their operations. There is nothing beyond which there is nothing. If we have cyclic groups, we have also metacyclic ones.

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Every product of the operations of the Gunas belongs to their set. They have their systems of conjugate substitutions. They have their sets of permutations resulting from performing all the substitutions of a conjugate system upon a series of their elements. They have their sets of functions called in the Yoga Sutras their *Dharmas*. The Galaxy and the double-stars are as much their work as the infusoria and the weeds. They are present actively or passively,

actually or potentially, in every cell—in every iota of protoplasm—in every element—in imagination, memory, and hope—in instinct, intuition and intellect—in the inner eye of the Yogi as well as the compound eye of a fly. It is the inverse processes of the Gunas that create so many difficulties for theologians. Vice has been called “inverse mysticism,” and minus one (-1) has been called the “parameter of every Involutorial Homology.” If motion in one direction along a line be treated as positive, motion in the opposite direction along the same line is negative. When an image is formed by a plane mirror, the distance of any point on it from the mirror is simply the negative of that of the corresponding point of the object. Every quaternion has its scalars or real numbers, and its vectors or quantities whose squares are negative scalars—for it can be resolved in one way, and one way only—namely into a sum of a scalar and a vector. Science has repeatedly acknowledged the simplification of its formulæ effected by means of Sir W. R. Hamilton’s quaternions. A greater simplification is possible if the inverse processes of the Gunas are deeply meditated on.

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It is these inverse processes that create so much interest. The Gunas not only add but subtract—not only multiply but divide. Themselves the constituents of the first matrix, Prakriti, they go on producing matrix after matrix, element after element, determinant after determinant. For every direct matrix there is an inverse matrix—and for every symmetrical matrix an asymmetrical one. They give rise to partial determinants, bordered determinants, adjugate determinants, composite determinants, compound determinants, complementary determinants, functional determinants, characteristic determinants, cyclic determinants and axi-symmetric ortho-symmetric, centro-symmetric determinants. The true Yogi’s determinant is centro-symmetric or persymmetric as the constituent in the rows and columns of the *Pravritti* part of his self is equal to the constituent in the rows and columns of the *Nivritti* part. He has, as the Gita says, no hate for the former, no fondness for the latter. The Yogi finds the point which remains at rest while the Gunas move round it. It is such a point that if the whole mass of the pendulum of the Gunas were centred there, the time of their oscillation would remain unchanged. It is such a point that

every radius vector from it to the curve of the Gunas is accompanied by an equal and opposite one. It is the point from which the lines of the pencil rays of the Gunas radiate. It is the point which is the centre of every Involution.

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How can we reach that point ? Because we are like metetheria pearls—geometric points, so to say—on a metetherial circumference, with liberty to go up by any radius to the centre of motion. The most conspicuous radii are the paths of Karma, Bhakti, Yoga and Gnana, and there are guides on these paths—the great founders of religions—seers and saints—still alive, though we, in our folly, deem them dead. We see numerous descriptions of manifoldness, but they are all resolvable into the discrete manifoldness of the Gunas and the continuous manifoldness of the Gunas. We see an endless number of serial combinations, visible physically or mentally—and we resolve them into the Gunas. There is an ascending series and a descending series. There is a converging series, a semi-converging series and a diverging series. There is a continued series and a discontinuous series. There is a determinate series and an indeterminate series. There is a reciprocal series and a recurrent series. There is a functional series and an exponential series—a geometric series and an arithmetical series—an hypergeometric series and an hyperbolic series—a finite series and an infinite series. The Yogi takes up a humble position in this last and tries to discover the law of that series. He purifies himself in thought, word and deed, and practises concentration in order to increase his Sattwa. He humbles himself in order to crush his Rajas, and he loves all and serves all, to crush his Tamas. Equipped in this way, he asks: “What is the relation which subsists between the successive terms of this infinite series ? What is the relation by which the general term of all such terms may be expressed ? What is the indeterminate unknown—the x of Yogic algebra—of which the general term is a function ? Is this x variable or invariable ? Can I substitute anything for it in the series in order to produce all the terms of the series ?” He meditates with faith and earnestness in order to obtain that “experimental knowledge of God which is the result of the embrace of unitive love.” He meditates, as Sir Rowan Hamilton or Euler meditated, on mathematical problems

and a light flashes on him gradually, and he finds that the truth lies in a paradox.

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The relation which subsists between the successive terms of the infinite series of which we are a part is Sattwic, Rajasic or Tamasic. The general term expressing that relation is Prakriti. The indeterminate unknown of which Prakriti is phenomenally a fraction is Brahm and the unis many as well as one. He is in me, as in my sister. He is in the sun and in the moth. He is Love and He is Law in me and all, and yet He is one. That is why St. Vincent of Paul said, "Our love embraces the entire world." That is why St. Catherine of Siena said : " Man was created by love and it is his nature to love." That is why St. Clement of Alexandria said : " Man predestines God as much as God predestines man"—for, as Bossuet explains : "The soul gives itself as the spouse to her lover : It gives itself to God as actively and freely as God gives himself to it. For God raises its power of free election to its highest pitch on account of the desire He has to be chosen freely."

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The occidental world has had its mystics like the oriental, and it is remarkable how their testimony agrees with the teaching of the Yoga Sutras and the Gita, which crystallise the experiences of our saints and seers. Says St. John of the Cross : "All the images of the imagination are confined within very narrow limits ; and the Divine Wisdom, to which the understanding ought to unite itself, is infinite, absolutely pure and absolutely simple, and it is not confined within the limits of any distinct, particular or finite mind. The soul which desires to unite itself to the Divine Wisdom must necessarily bear some proportion and likeness to it, and consequently it must shake itself free from the images of the imagination which would give it limits. It must not attach itself to any particular form of thought, but must be pure, simple, without limits or material ideas, in order to approach in some degree to God, who cannot be expressed by any bodily likeness, or by any single finite conception." This is meant for the higher stages of meditation. In the lower, says St. Theresa, the setting aside of material images should "not be attempted before the soul is very far advanced, as it is clear, that till then, it ought to seek the Creator by means of creatures. To do

otherwise is to act as if we were angels." St. Loyola similarly advises the exercise of the five senses of the imagination : "I will see with the eyes of the imagination ; I will hear with the help of the imagination ; I will taste with the help of the imagination." Gradually a distinct "voice which has no sound"—the *anahat shabd*—speaks to the mind ; gradually "the field of passing sensations and empty illusions" is narrowed ; and gradually the soul of the Yogi comes to discover "true things more than seven watchmen that sit in a high place to watch." His absorbing idea is, as St. John of the Cross says, "to get rid of everything which is not God Himself," and, to use the words of St. Catherine of Siena, the powers of his soul act in concert, the memory recalls the thought of God's benefits, the understanding strives to know His will and the will loves Him to such a degree "that it is unable to love or desire anything apart from Him."

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"The revelations which are from God," says St. Theresa, "are recognised by the great spiritual treasures with which they enrich the soul." The veils fall down, and humility and self-sacrifice attest the holiness of the soul. Love gives a taste of divine rapture, and like St. Philip of Neri, the Yogi cries out : "there is nothing harder than living to the man who really loves God." His ecstasy is not 'stupor' but 'amor.' He knows that God loves all, and he tries to love what is loved by Him he loves. He stands aloof from all pleasures derived from self-love, and as the Gita says, and as St. Theresa also says, while his soul is asleep, as regards earthly things, it is awake to the things of heaven.

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One of the higher stages is Nirwitarka Samadhi. In it St. Theresa rightly says : "the understanding stays its discursive operations, but the will remains fixed in God by love ; it rules as a sovereign. . . . It is true that if any one ask me how is it that, while our faculties and senses are as much suspended (in their operations) as if they were dead, we are able to hear or understand anything ; I can only answer that this is a secret which God has reserved, with many another, to Himself." Paramhansa Ramkrishna used to say that only so much of *Aham* was left as was necessary for the enjoyment of the Bliss of the Vision.

St. Gregory the Great has said: "If we wish to reach the citadel of contemplation, we must begin by exercising ourselves in the field of labour. Whoever wishes to give himself to contemplation must first examine what degree of love he is capable of; for love is the lever of the soul. It alone is able to detach it from this world and give it wings." The field of labour is the *Abhyas* of the Sutras and the Gita—the detachment of the soul is their *Vairaga*. The soul changes into what it loves or meditates on, and as Spinoza has said: "Man advances in perfection in proportion to the perfection of that object which he loves above all other things, and which loves him in return."

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Every advance in meditation means increased power to reconcile opposites. St. Theresa, who, desiring to be Mary, laboured first like Martha, has said: "Suffering alone can make life tolerable to me. My greatest desire is to suffer. Often and often I cry out to God from the depths of my soul: Lord, either to suffer or to die, is all I ask of thee." She made a free gift of herself, and suffering was a joy to her. In that state her activity was nourished by her contemplation. "She compared herself to a bird which, when its wings have become strong enough to fly to greater heights, is also better able to descend quickly and safely." "The soul, (when united to God)," writes her friend St. John of the Cross, "falls at first into a state of great forgetfulness. With regard to exterior things it then shows so great a negligence and so great a contempt of self that, lost in God, it forgets to eat or drink, and it no longer knows if it has done a thing or not, or whether or not it has been spoken to by anyone. . . . But once the soul has become firmly established in the habit of a union, which is its sovereign good, it no longer forgets reasonable things, and things of moral and physical necessity. On the contrary, it is more perfect when engaged in works suitable to its state of life, although it accomplishes them by the help of images and knowledge which God excites in a special manner in the memory. All the powers of the soul are, as it were, transformed in God." In the words of the Gita, Karma and Akarma are then seen to be reciprocals. The Yogi then can say with St. Paul: "Who is weak and I am not weak, who is scandalised and I am not on fire." For he has that "liberty" which enables him "to find God in all

things," to quote again the words of St. Theresa, which are also the words of the Ishopanishad and the Gita.

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St. Francis of Assisi used to say : " We must needs use great discretion in the way we treat our brother, the body, if we would not have it excite in us a storm of melancholy." " Our brother, the body," reminds us of the ' yukt áhár ' and ' yukt wihár ' of the Gita, as well as of its strong denunciation of torturing the body. The body has to give its best powers to the soul during deep meditation, but, as St. Theresa says : " Though the body is often infirm and full of suffering before ecstasy, it comes out of ecstasy full of health and admirably prepared for action." " It is in the mind," says St. John of the Cross, " that the disorders of the animal part of our nature take rise, and from it that they derive their strength." Devout meditation, therefore, is useful even from the medical point of view.

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On another important point also the teachings of our great saints agree with the teachings of the great saints of the West. Both St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross state that what we call *Siddhis* are subject to a thousand dangers and illusions. St. Paul tells us that it is of more importance to possess charity than to be able to move mountains. St. Augustine says that " it is a far better thing to convert a sinner than to raise a dead man to life." And St. Bernard says : " I see miracles are not a proof of sanctity; they are a means of gaining souls. God worked them (through me) not to glorify me, but for the edification of my neighbour ; therefore, miracles and I have nothing in common with one another." The Yoga Sutras treat of *Siddhis* as *natural* powers—but after enumerating them—give a most striking warning of their danger.

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The Grantha, that great treasury of the songs of our saints, lays stress a hundred times on discarding all desire for *Siddhis*—and on becoming as a little child in relation to the Supreme. Such learning as puffs up the mind has been always denounced—but learning that is consistent with humility and reverence is no obstacle but a help. " Piety without science," says St. Theresa, " may fill souls with illusions and inspire them with a taste for childish and silly devotions." As to the semi-educated, however, she said : " I have found that, pro-

vided they are men of good morals, they are better with no learning at all than with only a little, for in the former case, at least, they do not trust to their own lights but take counsel of really enlightene persons."

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What discrepancies there are in the evidence as to the higher experiences of the soul arise mainly from these causes, and from another which is even more powerful, namely, the spiritual law under which we see what we intensely desire to see and enjoy what we intensely desire to enjoy. The Prophet of Islam figured to himself the kind of paradise that was likely to be delectable to the Arab, and his inner eye realised it by means of deep meditation and brought it, as it were, into being, just as Wishwamitra brought into being a new heaven for Trishanka. Swedenborg had different ideas, and he tells us: "From God emanates a divine sphere which appears in the spiritual world as a sun, and from this spiritual sun again proceeds the sun of the natural world. The spiritual sun is the source of love and intelligence, or life, and the natural sun the source of nature or the receptacle of life; the first is alive, the second dead. The two worlds of nature and spirit are perfectly distinct, but they are intimately related by analogous substances, laws and forces. Each has its atmospheres, waters and earths, but in the one they are natural and in the other spiritual." According to him, God's *esse* is infinite love, His manifestation, form or body is infinite wisdom, and Divine love is the self-subsisting life of the universe. His heaven was, therefore, naturally of another kind. The Buddhist desires extinction of desires and illusions, and he doubtless enjoys his Nirvana. The Vedantist wants the Absolute and the Ineffable, and let us hope he also will be able to actualise his ideal. The magic of the spirit is such that in a moment every desire is fulfilled, and as there are varieties of desire, so there are varieties of fulfilment, and hence the discrepancies which appear in the accounts of such fulfilment, and in the accounts of all phenomena in which the lower part of our nature mingles itself with the higher, and vitiates what otherwise would be unalloyed inspiration.

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Just as in electro-static induction, the character of the medium determines the amount of induced electricity, so in spiritual induction,

the character of the medium determines the amount of unalloyed inspiration. Tyndall says, in his "Light and Electricity," that "the density of the ether is greater in liquids and solids than in gases, and greater in gases than in vacuo." Similarly, the constituent parts of metether are more compact and close in liquids and solids than in gases, and more compact and close in gases than in the human mind. The density of metether varies directly as the preponderance of Rajas and Tamas, and inversely as the preponderance of Sattwa. Every increase of Sattwa means a proportionate diminution of alloy in a Yogi's inspiration.

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In his "Principia," Newton has developed his theory of prime and ultimate ratios, which has a bearing on spiritual science as well. If there be two variable quantities constantly approaching each other in value, so that their ratio or quotient continually approaches to unity by less than any assignable quantity, the *ultimate ratio* of those two quantities is said to be a *ratio of equality*. The ratios are called prime or ultimate, according as the ratios of the variables are considered as receding from or approaching to the ratios of the limits or invariables. In spiritual science, we have likewise two quantities—the ever-varying Prakriti and the *Purush*, who, though essentially invariable, appears ever-varying as *Jiwa* in conjunction with the forms of Prakriti. The Sattwa in those forms—by means of Yoga—constantly approaches the Jiwa, so that their ratio or quotient continually approaches to the unity of Ishwara and at last differs from that unity by less than any assignable quantity. The *ultimate ratio*, therefore, of Sattwic Prakriti and Jiwa is a ratio of equality, as one of the Yoga Sutras expressly says. The prime ratio between the two subsists in the non-Yogi.

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In all applications of infinitesimals in the differential calculus we aim at discovering the ultimate ratio of two indefinitely small quantities or infinitesimals. Such infinitesimals we consider as variables which become evanescent when we proceed to our final result. Sattwa and Jiwa are like a polygon and a circumscribing circle. No effort, however small, to approach the circle is ever lost. The differences pass through a continuous series, and we

approximate closer and closer in proportion as such infinitesimal differences are reduced nearer and nearer to zero.

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Mathematicians speak of "orders of infinity," and of the "ratios of infinite quantities," without being charged with mysticism or absurdity. "For every point in all space, considered to have even an infinite multitude of dimensions, there is a distinct and separate point in even a short line; so that the multitude of points in a line is the greatest possible quantity, as there is one-to-one correspondence with the points of all space. The multitude of finite whole numbers may thus be said to be infinite, since the counting of them cannot be completed. This infinite (∞) is analogous to a logarithmic infinite, or infinite of order zero. It is called 'improperly or discretely infinite.' But the multitude of points upon a line, which corresponds to the multitude of numbers expressible by an infinite series of decimals, is infinitely greater, in that it cannot be brought into a one-to-one correspondence. This infinite is properly or continuously infinite." Our Sattwa, informed by Jiwa, is discretely infinite—the Purush, on the other hand, is continuously infinite phenomenally. We commence with a one-to-one correspondence, and in the words of Herbert Spencer: "Since we regard as the highest life that which, like our own, shows great complexity in the correspondences . . . the equivalence between degree of life and degree of correspondence is unquestionable." We endeavour to see the Purush in all things and to regulate our life spiritually with a vivid sense of His presence. We let Him permeate our being.

(*To be continued.*)

ZERO.

WOMAN AND CIVILIZATION.

IN 1856 Wendell Phillips made a speech in New York on the "Woman Question" in which he said: "The position of woman anywhere is the test of civilisation. You need not ask for the statistics of education, of national wealth, or of crimes; tell me the position of woman, and you answer the question of the nation's progress. Step by step as woman ascends, civilisation ripens. Wherever we go in history this is true."

From this statement we may prophesy that as civilisation moves on, there will be no need to explain the position or place of woman; there will be nothing to say except that, in very truth, the woman's cause is man's. When Emerson was asked, what is Civilisation? he answered, "It is the influence of *good* women."

Down through all the ages there comes to us the story of the two kinds of women; the one making for good, the other for disaster. In Eve, the mother of sin, and Mary, the mother of Christ, we see the two extremes of womanhood, the one tempting to wrong-doing, the other blessing the world by bringing into it the Founder of Christianity, which as a force has surpassed all other institutions in helping to bring forward an ideal civilisation.

It is interesting to note the similarity of the stories of the fall of man through woman in the traditions of the different nations. In the Hindu story, Eve's counterpart is called Menaka, and of her the man complains in the very spirit of Adam, "Alas! what has become of my wisdom, my prudence, my firm resolution? Behold, all destroyed at once by a woman." In the sacred chronicles of the Chinese it is written:—"All was subject to man in the beginning. The wise husband raised up a bulwark of walls, but the woman by an ambitious desire of knowledge demolished them. Our misery did not come from heaven; she lost the human race." The mythology of the Greeks contains the story of Pandora, the beautiful gift of the gods, who opening in curiosity the great chest in which were imprisoned all the ills of the

human race, at once plunged mankind in an ocean of misery. The witty Frenchman, Max O'Rell, sums up the Christian story amusingly by saying that woman had the leading part in the first great drama of the world, the minor parts being filled by a serpent and a poor weak man. The woman was the heroine, the serpent, the villain, the man was the fool.

To balance the story of the temptress there comes down through all ages the parallel tradition of the divine woman, the holy Mother, the goddess who holds her child as well in old Egyptian temples, or over ancient Turanian altars, as in Christian Churches to-day.

That woman has been, and is, a powerful factor in civilisation will hardly be disputed so long as men own her to be the author of all evil, and the inspirer of all good.

But, we may ask, what is the definition of the word *Civilisation*? Like all broad general terms of popular application it is difficult to define. Guizot in his "History of Civilisation" says of it that it is properly a relative term, and refers to a certain state of mankind as distinguished from barbarism. Man being formed for society would remain undeveloped in solitude, his reason would be barren. "In proportion as the social relations are extended, regulated and perfected, man is softened, ameliorated, cultivated. To this improvement various social organisations combine, but as the political organisation of society—the State—is that which first gives security and permanence to all the others, it holds the most important place. Hence it is from the political organisation of society, from the establishment of the State (*civitas*), that the word civilisation is taken."

To civilise, then, according to Guizot, is to citizenise. But if citizenship be the mark of civilisation, women in the past have had small claim to be considered civilised, and even at present can only be looked upon as semi-civilised, since only partly citizenised.

Civilisation, Guizot says, is the great factor in which all others merge themselves—institutions, commerce, industries, war, arts, government. Their value is the measure of the aid which they have afforded to progress, to civilisation. To this individuality of nations, the centre not only of its wealth, but also of the elements of its manhood and womanhood, what has been the contribution of woman?

"Women are innocent of great inventions," says a writer on civilisation. "The printing-press, the steam-engine, the sewing-machine even, were not invented by women. Thus, for all we can see, if all human beings had been women we should still be savages." Evi-

dently if the measure of civilisation be progress in material invention, he is justified in his deduction.

Speaking of the civilisation of Lapland, Herbert Spencer says that there are no people, however refined, amongst whom the relative position of the sexes is more favourable than in Lapland. The men are not warriors, they have no army, fight no battles, either with foreigners, or amongst their own tribes, and "in spite of their wretched dwellings, dirty faces, primitive clothing, their ignorance of literature, art and science, they rank above us in the highest element of true civilisation, the moral element, and all the military nations of the world may stand uncovered before them." That is to say, that, in the eyes of the philosopher of the 19th century, the moral element of peace and goodwill is the distinguishing factor in real civilisation.

A recent writer on the same subject makes the following statement :-
 "Perhaps the most truly civilised people of whom history shows any record were the naked savages inhabiting Hayti, when first discovered by Columbus. These people are described as having attained a state of happiness which filled their conquerors with envy. Impatient of unnecessary labour, their food and shelter were of the most easily procurable kind. Yet there was ample provision made for everything necessary to a comfortable existence, for what little work they did was properly directed. One result of this combined simplicity and abundance was that their hospitality was ideally perfect. Anyone who was in need of anything might help himself freely from the nearest house; and they gave willingly to the Spaniards whatever they asked without thought of barter. . . And though scorning what we call the 'Industrial Arts,' that is, making useless things for the sake of making, their lives were not lacking in refinement, for the social arts, music, dancing, poetry and conversation, were highly esteemed by them. And as for luxuries, they had in plenty and perfection those luxuries compared with which jewellery, paintings and fancy clocks are rubbish; namely, ample leisure, fresh air, scenery, and unrestricted genial intercourse."

From this point of view modern civilisation appears rather as that evil condition which creates artificial wants, "where wealth accumulates, and men decay." All civilisation, doubtless more or less partial, all modes of life, all oppressions even, have been, and are, fragments of the great plan, the great evolution leading to the day when all men's good will be each man's rule, and universal peace will

Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year.

No problem is more mysterious than that of the oppression of woman, her slavery and her sufferings through the earlier civilisations ; the more so perhaps since historians tell us that it was undoubtedly a lapse from a happier and more equal state, a time when primitive man and woman wandered, worked, and were free together. So says the Veda. "Husband and wife alike rulers of the house draw near together to the gods in prayer."

The great migration of the Aryan race split Europe into two distinct types, each with a civilisation having a dominant note of its own ; in the North, freedom and opportunity ; in the South, social organisation and culture. The northern races had a high ideal of woman ; the southern developed a romantic admiration for her beauty and her charm. Tacitus, the Roman historian, unlikely to be prejudiced in favour of the barbarians of the North, yet speaks of the admirable manner in which men and women lived together in the rude Northern lands, although they were destitute of literature or of art. One custom he notes which might possibly be adopted with benefit by the Christian nations of to-day—that, namely, which permitted the women to accompany their husbands, sons and fathers, to the banquet, when, sitting at the back of the hall, they waited until the feast had in their judgment lasted as long as temperance permitted, and then terminated it.

Referring to the religion of the people, Tacitus tells of the answer of a chief who, when questioned as to his faith, replied, "I have no religion, but we have one, and if you want to know what it is, ask our women. They are nearer to God than we are, and what they tell us we believe, although we do not always do what they say."

The words reveal one of the greatest sources of women's influence on civilisation, her position, namely, as the conservator of religion, itself the oldest and most universal institution known to men, perhaps the greatest single factor in the progress of the human race. Men may believe or not, women will.

That these free, religious, equal women of the Northern races were fearless and dauntless, the mothers of strong and fearless sons, is a thing that goes without saying. Amongst their descendants, the Teutonic folk, it was the custom to present to the bride on her marriage morning, instead of an ornament to hang on her body, a

shield, a spear, a sword, and a yoke of oxen. This was the gift of the husband, and in return she presented him with a suit of armour, in token that they two were to be henceforth one in toil, and that she was ready to dare with him in war, and suffer with him in peace. Later, the sons of these women swept like a mighty, resistless torrent over the Southern lands, and over the sons of the Southern women, descendants of a less heroic mould.

Yet in ancient Greece and Rome, at the beginning of national life, women were strong, dignified by sex and by occupation. As priestesses and prophetesses they had a share in the highest civic functions. From them came the race of heroes, thinkers and artists, the warriors, statesmen, and legislators, who made the glory of Greece and the grandeur of Rome. Then followed riches, idleness, luxury, imprisonment within the walls of home amid the destroying services of slaves. In time no Greek wife was allowed to sit at table with her husband, or to appear at the door without his permission. Occasionally, if she failed to meet him upon his return from battle, he struck her dead. Her apartments were uncomfortable and poorly furnished, whilst his were beautiful, adorned with all the resources of art and taste. But the Greek wives and daughters were joint inheritors with their husbands and fathers of the Greek intellect; only by keeping them ignorant could their degradation be maintained. It came to pass, therefore, that whilst the men delighted to meet socially in order to spend their time in the discussion of philosophies and physics, the women were not allowed to learn to read. By-and-by there arose a new class of women, those of keen intellects, courageous enough to defy convention, and to overcome restriction. Greece became dominated by a class of women who were called *hetairai*, and who were rhetoricians, philosophers, poets, politicians, the controlling spirits and the unwedded wives of the statesmen and the scholars. Then marriage was discredited and the race withered away at its root.

"No other people ever ran so brilliant a career in so short a time as the Greeks. Greece had hardly become glorious before she appeared worn out. She did not decline so rapidly as she rose, but still her decline was strangely sudden. It seemed that the principle which called Greek civilisation into life was exhausted, and no other power or force came to supply its place." So says Guizot, who elsewhere remarks that all the ancient civilisations died out because of tyranny under different forms.

Plato thought that that society would be wholly disorganised

where wives should be on an equality with their husbands. Aristotle taught that woman was a being belonging to an inferior order. But nature seems to be of a different opinion, for, if there is one lesson which history teaches with utmost insistence it is that the woman's cause is the man's: that their advance must be together and equal, else civilisation dies in that form and for that nation. If "mothers be small, slight-statured, miserable, how shall men grow?"

The history of the women of Rome is similar to that of their Grecian sisters. In early days, erect, resolute, labouring, respected and self-respecting; later, luxurious, dissolute, idle, immoral. "Time was," wrote a Roman citizen of the later days, "when the Roman matron turned the spindle with one hand, and kept at the same time the pot in her eye that the pottage might not be singed, but now, when the wife and mother, loaded with jewels, reposes among pillows, or seeks the dissipation of baths and theatres, all the things go downward and the State decays."

The rise and fall of the various civilisations the world has seen is wearisomely alike. It has been said of China to-day that its civilisation can be accurately measured by the length of its woman's shoe. No exposition of the misery of women can be requisite concerning a country one of whose characteristics is the prevalence of female infanticide.

How far back into the history of India must we search for the beginning of woman's degradation? Far beyond the Moslem invasion no doubt, and possibly before the days of Manu, with his teaching that "no wife should be allowed to eat with her husband, no sacrifice be permitted to a woman separately from her husband, no woman have the right to repeat sacred texts, etc." To-day all friends of India are agreed that her greatest foe is the institution of child marriage, a custom, which, with its concurrent evils, precludes all possibility of Hindu women being strong and helpful factors in the national life, which stands as a menace at the very gateway of the existence of the nation. So long as the Hindu custom and teaching ordain that the women of India shall bear children whilst they are still children themselves, just so long will that great and wonderful land be peopled by a swarming race of enfeebled men and oppressed women, her civilisation stationary, her dominant note one of suffering.

When Napoleon was asked what was the greatest need of France, he answered in one word, "Mothers." The word applies to India, as well as to France, to Europe and America, as well as India. A slave cannot

be a good mother, a child cannot be a good mother, an ignorant person cannot be a good mother in an educated world. It is the mothers who change the characters of civilisations, and mould the destinies of nations, for they control the hidden springs of life. There can be nothing good and great in the state except it comes through the hand of some mother, for the power is hers to nurse, not only the child but the grand and heroic in the heart of the child, as she may also send him forth a weakling or a destroyer. Strong and dignified and idealistic, she brings forth strong, noble and beautiful sons and daughters; degraded, weak and ignorant, she is the mother of evil.

The Western world believes that in the uplift of women Christianity has had a large share, and it is undeniable that in the world to-day Christian nations are the only ones whose society is composed of men and women meeting together on equal terms. Under the pagan civilisations society was confined to men, unless at banquets or symposiums women were admitted for his amusement, never for his improvement, and less, if possible, for his restraint.

The teachings of the Master of Nazareth were without sex distinctions. "Whosoever," he had said, "doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother and sister and mother." So, indeed, had Gautama the Buddha before him declared the equality of the sexes in spiritual things. But, though slow, and sorely hindered by the introduction of old superstitions, the leaven of spiritual freedom worked in the West as it has not yet done in the East. Women were church-workers from the very first, and when, after nearly two thousand years, the opportunity came to them to stand side by side with men in the attempt to build up a new and better civilisation, based on equal rights for all, women were ready and eager for works of altruism and philanthropy—prepared indeed to lead as well as to follow.

Influence, it is said, is stronger than power. Warriors, monarchs, and statesmen wield the latter, but poets, philosophers and women work in the world of ideas which ultimately moulds governments and nations. There are those who dare to hope that women may some day purify the soiled world of politics as she has purified the gross world of literature, for when she became a reader, she enforced purity and high decorum, and "dawning into literature, changed the spirit of letters," as a great preacher said.

Theologians have been very ready to call upon woman to remember the debt she owes to Christianity. The fact is that men and women are equally indebted, for the debt of the race is one, whatever

it is. Though, indeed, it might be argued that according to the teachings of Christ, the man's obligation is the greater, since women's degradation and misery were of his making, and the lot of the oppressor is even more pitiable than that of the oppressed in the long run.

Civilisation is a comprehensive term, comprising many institutions, powers, forces; our individual share in it is small, it seems, to the vanishing point. Yet whatever may be the external condition of affairs it is the individual man and the individual woman who make the world as it is. Civilisation is regulated and marches onward according to the ideas and sentiments of the men and women who live in it.

“ All society all civilisation,
Is but the expression of men's single lives,
The loud sum of the silent units.”

FLORA M. SAWYER.

THE STAR CHAMBER.

IN the days of the first Stuart, the Star Chamber was a powerful Court. It was not, indeed, so "famous, infamous" as it was to become in the next reign. But its great and indefinite powers were regarded with hatred and aversion, not merely by the growing band of popular champions, but by the pundits and pedants of the common law. Coke and Bacon, surely the greatest pair of English lawyers, sat on its bench. The latter has quoted with approval in his essays the maxim that it is of a good judge to enlarge his jurisdiction, and he had applauded the Court as "one of the sagest and noblest institutions of the kingdom." Coke had urged its antiquity, and when men like Plowden had argued that it derived from the III. of Henry VII. (1487), he had retorted that this Act did not affect it, whilst Lombard averred this same Act was but an "additament to its powers." The controversy as to the origin of the court has lasted to our own time, though our chief constitutional writers are in substance with Coke and Bacon. They shew that all our great judicial and legislative bodies derive from the *curia regis* of the Norman Kings. From this came the Council through which the King himself administered justice, and that Council sat in the Palace at Westminster in the Star Chamber—there in substance you have the court. Its powers had somewhat decayed, or had been diverted to other tribunals. And then there came the Act of Henry VII. already mentioned, which empowers the Chancellor, the Treasurer of the Privy Seal, the two Lords Chief Justices, with a Bishop and a Lord of the Council to call before them those guilty of maintenance and other offences, and deal with them so as to promote the better government of the kingdom. Wolsey found this tribunal suited for his purpose. He was Archbishop of York, and had much to do with the rule of the northern shires. He used it to restrain the excesses of the nobles far from the centre of authority. Indeed, its main purpose was to curb "insolent, forcible, powerful parties" or as West quaintly puts it, "this Starry place like a bridal, to curbe the errors of stout noblemen and gentlemen." By a not unnatural process of

evolution, the court created by Henry VII. and the King's Council sitting in the Star Chamber merged together, and became that monstrous inquisition to which in 1641 the Long Parliament gave such short shrift. All offences under the degree of treason came within its scope, but chiefly riots, libels public or private, embracery of juries, *scandalum magnatum*, though indeed nothing seemed too high or too small for it. If it concerned itself with the malpractices of noblemen, sheriffs, abbots, corporations, it also made decrees against foreign artificers in London, it supervised printing, it inflicted penalties so cruel that it seemed a touch of irony to refuse it the death sentence. Ruinous fines were habitually exacted in addition to damages and costs for the injured party. It imprisoned for life, stuck people in the pillory, cropped their ears, slit their nostrils, branded their cheeks; it would throw down a man's house, fell his woods and plough his meadows. And all these punishments were cumulative, and were showered down on one devoted head, whilst in so far as his offences were ordinary crimes he was in addition liable to the ordinary legal penalties. And just as its powers had grown, so the right of other members of the council, as well as of Bishops and Judges, to sit on it came to be admitted.

And the place? The chamber was in the outer quadrangle of the palace, near the bank of the river, and so easily accessible to suitors. Till a century ago, the Thames, you may remember, was London's great highway. The windows and the roof were adorned and painted with the pictures of stars. But was this the cause or the effect of the name? Blackstone points out that there or thereabouts Hebrew contracts in Hebrew characters between Hebrew folk were stored for preservation, that from the Hebrew word *Starr*, the store-room had its name and so the court had its name also. But older writers loved a more fanciful interpretation—there shone the great men as stars of the realm! "The King sitteth there in his own person when he pleaseth;" a seat was always kept for the sovereign before which the purse and mace were laid, and the others drew light and authority from his majesty "as starres from the Sunne." Whatever be the cause, *Camera Stellata*, or in English the Star Chamber, was the fixed name of the court. It was so called in the heading of the Act of Henry VII., and in an Act of the next reign (20th of

Henry VIII.), which added the Lord President of the Council to its members, the term is again used.

The court sat between 9 and 11 in the morning on Wednesdays and Fridays during term; it also sat the day after term was concluded, but this was that the Lord Chancellor might give a homily or general charge on the duties of Justices and Jurors and the proper conduct of those holding official positions, and the services they owed to the King. How odd to think of feasting in this connection! Yet so it was, for after the sitting, the lords and their clerk dined in the inner Star Chamber at the public expense (one need scarce recall that "dinner" then was earlier than "lunch" now.) The dinner commonly parodied the extension of the court. The Lord High Treasurer Burghley shook his solemn pate at this strange sight. The dinner grew more costly year by year even though the number that attended grew steadily less. Liberal and spendthrift as Wolsey was reputed to be, £2-12-0 defrayed the cost of a banquet in his time; under Elizabeth it was eight times as much. With a far-off altruistic pleasure the antiquary still cons the menus of those Gargantuan banquets. Among more solid items one notes "the fine cream," "the strawberries," "the Marribones," "the Rose Water," "the Herons," the "Porposses," and of course there was sufficiency of the ale and wine.

The procedure, less formal than in the court of common law, began by a bill of complaint addressed to "the King's Most Excellent Majestie." The applicant stated his grievance in plain untechnical language, and concluded with a request "for His Majestie's most gracious writ of Subpcena." This Bill was engrossed on parchment and signed by a "learned man." Then came the answer of the defendant. After reserving all benefit of exceptions to the "uncertaintie, insufficiencie and other imperfections of the said bill of complaint," he pleaded "not guilty," and prayed to be dismissed with costs from the suit. The Replication was a reiteration of the complaint, and the Rejoinder repeated the Defence. In *West's Symbolography* (1611) are numerous precedents of pleading used in the Star Chamber, among them is one recalling some curious features of old English Law. The lord Bishop of Rochester as the Queen's High Almoner exhibits a bill against the debtor of a man who had committed suicide, and who, being found a felon by the coronor's

jury, forfeited his goods including his unpaid debts, to the Crown. The Bishop had a grant of such things for purposes of charity. These were Civil cases. In Criminal matters there was a written information on a complaint by the Attorney-General. On proof or after confession of guilt the Council proceeded to judgment, in which the Lord Chancellor had a casting vote in case of equality of opinion.

The admirers of the court cracked up the "laconical brevity" of its proceedings, others were astonished at its delays. However, it did an enormous quantity of work. Over 43,000 suits were before it in the reign of Elizabeth alone. One significant fact shews its ever-swelling importance. In 1617 Inigo Jones had designed plans for a new Star Chamber on a magnificent scale. The King was quite agreeable. However, that eternal want of pence which vexes public men stopped this, as it has many other mighty projects. The chief official was a clerk who had £36-13-4 fixed salary with a damask and wrought velvet gown yearly. There was a Butler and Steward of the Diet, who saw after the material well-being of the members, and there were Attorneys, Examiner, Clerk of Records, and a host of minor officials. The Fleet was the prison of the court; the Warden or his deputy were bound to attend to receive the commands of my Lords. The offices of the Star Chamber were in Gray's Inn.

By a curious sort of historical reaction, present day writers have shown a certain tenderness for the Star Chamber. They have pointed out that in many cases it did good work, that it curbed the wanton acts of mighty men as no other tribunal did. No doubt this is true. The most eminent lawyers of the day sat on its bench, and it were indeed strange if they could not do justice in matters wherein they were indifferent. But a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and a Court is justly condemned by its worst cases. And the worst note of the whole proceedings was the scarcely concealed aim to swell the royal revenue. One of the severest charges against Empson and Dudley, ministers of Henry VII., was that they were "promoters" or common informers in the Star Chamber. One or two cases, picked almost at random, shew the extent and nature of its functions. Thus under Henry VII. a subpœna is issued for contempt in letting the Privy Seal fall into the dust. Under Sir T. More the consignees of Tyndall's Bible were sent on horseback through

the City with their faces turned to the tails and papers on their heads. Again, a certain Alice Hardman had accused Sir John Hussel in being concerned in the murder of her husband. The lords pity the widow but found she had not proved her case. They, however, ordered Sir John to pay her costs, which amounted to £6-13-4, not that there was the least imputation on him, "but only out of pity and compassion." In another case a woman is fined £500 for practising to get her husband whipped. This in Charles I.'s reign is mere broad farce. A subpœna had been served on one Crosby, a prisoner in the Marshalsea. The prisoners promptly seized the unlucky officer and haled him before *their* Lord Chief Justice who was the oldest prisoner in execution. Here the officer's cloak was adjudged forfeit and to be pawned for drink, "which the prisoners presently had," and he must eat the subpœna. If he would not, then he must be pumped and shaved. A Habeas Corpus was granted, and the warden of the prison was ordered to attend and explain the lack of discipline in the Marshalsea. Few fish were too small for the Council's net. The Sword-Bearer at York was punished for stopping in the street to laugh at a libellous song; and three fiddlers were soundly whipped for entertaining the populace with satirical rhymes on the Duke of Buckingham. On the other hand, Bowyer, for slandering Laud, had what amounted to penal servitude for life. He was fined £3,000, was pilloried, branded and so forth. Laud's name, indeed, became almost identified with all the worst features of the Star Chamber. He invariably voted for the severest fines and the cruellest penalties, and his conduct in this tribunal was among the gravest of the charges on which he was condemned. The cases which brought popular indignation to a head were those of Leighton, author of *Lion's Plea* against Prelacy in 1630, of William Prynne of Lincoln's Inn, author of *Histriomastix* in 1632, and again of Bastwick and Burton in 1637. The punishments included enormous fines, imprisonment for life, mutilation and torture. When the Parliament men had the upper hand, it fell with many other abuses. The 16 Carl. I. C. 10 (1640) abolished it as from 16th August 1641. It in fact sat last in 1639. Amidst the excesses of the Restoration, a Committee of the Lords suggested its revival, but the project came to nothing.

MAHOMEDAN MYSTICISM : THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

TO every student of Mahomedan history and literature, a study of *tasawwuf*—the mystic-philosophic system known as Sûfism in the West—is of the utmost importance. A critical exposition of this system, which is at once interesting and beautiful, is bound to excite the interest of the student and the thinker alike. Besides, everything Mahomedan is so surcharged with this mystic element, that a familiarity with the thing is quite essential. For Mahomedans the subject possesses a peculiar attraction of its own, in view of the fact that an element of *tasawwuf* is always to be found in their literature, their conversation, their mode of thought, in fact, in their everything, so to say. The subject seems to have taken a firm grip of the national mind, and nothing is free from it. The searcher after truth approaches the subject with mingled feelings of reverence and fear—reverence because it has influenced some of the noblest minds, and fear because his own littleness and the greatness of the subject are made apparent by the fact that the countless volumes devoted wholly to *tasawwuf*—not to speak of references and so forth—by oriental writers, would form a huge library by themselves, and the student finds himself lost in their midst.

Let us first of all look into the origin of the word Sufi. A number of conjectures have been made as to the derivation of this term. Some hold that the word Sufi is only the Arabicised form of the Greek word *sophia* (wisdom) ; * others are certain that it is derived from the Arabic word *Sûf* (wool), since the Sufis wore woollen raiment and “like the early Quakers in England, made the simplicity of their apparel a silent protest against the growing luxury of the worldly.”† Some go to the length of suggesting that it might have something to do with *Safa* (a-station near the Kaba at Mecca), ‡ while Jami the poet, himself a

* For instance, Malcolm (*History of Persia*), and Rev. T. P. Hughes (*Notes on Muhammadanism*. Lond. W. H. Allen & Co.)

† Cf. that masterly work *A Literary History of Persia*, by E. G. Browne, Lond. T. Fisher Unwin.

‡ The *'Awarifu-l-Ma'arif*, trans. by Clarke, Calcutta, 1891. Introduction.

Sufi of distinction, expresses, in his *Baharistan*, the opinion that it had its origin in the Arabic word *Safa* (purity). It has been clearly shown by Mr. Edward G. Browne that the term Sufi has nothing to do with the Greek word *sophia*; nor does it seem to have any imaginable connection with the place called *Safa*. The suggestion that the term is derived from the word *Suf* is plausible enough, but Jami's etymology should be given the preference, since the purity of the soul is the essential condition of *tasawwuf*; and moreover, it cannot be believed that one of the greatest of Sufistic poets knew not the origin of the word Sufi.

What is the origin of the Sufi doctrine? On this point, too, several views have been advanced. Mr. Browne is of opinion with Mr. E. J. W. Gibb* and the author of *Selected Poems from the Divan-i-Shams-i-Tabriz*,† that it is of Neo-Platonist origin. Thompson‡ hazards the suggestion that Sufism corresponds to the Eleusinian mysteries of the Greeks—"a transcript probably," says he, "of the same doctrine, concealed by a phraseology which rendered the secret little less impenetrable than the imposing mechanism of the mystagogues." The Indianists who delight in tracing everything back to India, affirm that it is the outcome of the Vedanta philosophy. This view, though held, among others, by scholars like Malcolm and Hughes, is untenable, since, as Mr. Browne points out in his *Literary History of Persia*, the emotional character of Sufism is essentially different from "the cold and bloodless theories of the Indian philosophies." Though it is certain that the philosophies of Greece and India were known to the Mahomedans, no convincing case has been made out for them, and with Clarke we believe that "Sufism is *not* due to the introduction of systems of philosophy from India, or from Greece. It is the result of the development of Islam."

The first person who took the name of Sûfi was Abu Hashim, a Syrian Shaikh who flourished in the 8th century A.D., and established the first convent at Ramla in Syria. But according to Clarke, some Sûfis are of opinion "that the seed of Sûfism:—

in the time of			in the time of	
was sown...	...	Adam	began to develop	Moses
germed	Noah	reached maturity	Christ
budded	Abraham	produced pure wine	Mahomed.

* *A History of Ottoman Poetry*, by E. J. W. Gibb. Lond. Luzac & Co.

† *Selected Poems from the Devan-i-Shams-i-Tabriz*, by R. A. Nicholson—Cambridge 1898.

‡ A translation of the *Akhlak-i-Jalaly* by W. F. Thompson. Lond, 1839, *Inta*. pp. xxvi also foot-note p. 81.

Those who loved this wine have so drunk of it as to become self-less." The stories of Bayazid, Junayd, Mansûr, Nesimi and other mystics will explain what this selflessness means. When men drink of this wine, they cry out with Hafiz in a state of helplessness

دل میرو دزدستم صاحب دلان خدا را
دردا که راز پنهان خواهد شد آشکارا

"My heart from hand escapeth! O men of heart! By heaven!
Woe's me! My secret hidden will now to all be given!"

(Trans. by E. J. W. Gibb.)

Bayazid of Bistam (D. 873 A.D.) and Junayd of Baghdad (D. 910 A.D.) were two of the greatest early doctors of Sufistic philosophy. It is related by Jalal-ud-din Rumi * of the *Masnavi* fame, that the former once exclaimed in an ecstatic state: "Lo, I myself am God Almighty. There is no God beside me; worship me!" And again he is said to have cried out, "Within my vesture is naught but God." "Whatever attains to True Being is absorbed into God and becomes God." The latter is reported to have once said:† "For thirty years God spoke with mankind by the tongue of Junayd, though Junayd was no longer there, and men knew it not." There are many such similar mystic exclamations of his on record, but we must content ourselves with the above.

That saintly lady Rabi'a Basri (D. 1282 A.D.) was one of the most renowned Sufis of early times. It is said that she was in the habit of going to the roof of her house at night and was wont to exclaim:—

"O God! hushed is the day's noise; with his beloved is the lover. But, Thee I have for my lover; and alone with Thee I rejoice in solitude." Farid-ud-din 'Attar, a well-known mystic poet of the 13th century, tells us in his *Tazkirat-ul Awliya* (Memoirs of the Saints)‡ that she was once asked, "Dost thou hate the Devil?" "No," she replied. They asked, "Why not?" "Because," she said, "my love for God leaves me no time to hate him." "I saw the Prophet of God," she continued, "in a dream, and he asked me, 'O Rabi'a, dost thou love me?' 'O Apostle of God,' I replied, 'who is there who loveth Thee not? But the love of God hath so taken possession of every particle of my being that there is no room left me to love or hate any one else'!" The story is current among the Sufis that when once this saintly lady went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, the *Ka'aba* moved some distance forward to receive her.

* *The Masnavi* of Jalaluddin Rumi, trans. by E. H. Whinfield. Lond. Trubner & Co.

† Cf. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*.

‡ Quoted by Browne in his *Literary History of Persia*.

No article on Sufism can omit an account of Hosaya bin Mansur Al-Hallaj, the most celebrated of mystics, of whom we find constant mention in oriental poetry. He was a most confirmed Sufi and a disciple of Shaikh Junayd's, and in his ecstatic states said things that to the orthodox sounded as blasphemous. During the Caliphate of Al-Muqtadir he was arrested on the charge of exclaiming *انا الحق*—"I am the truth," i.e. "I am God." The *muftis* tried him for heresy, and he was, by their order, impaled at Baghdad in 923 A.D. Sufis say that the sound of *انا الحق* came from every drop of blood that fell from the body of Mansur while he was undergoing his execution. It was then, they say, that the orthodox doctors of Baghdad knew their mistake. But they could not have done otherwise, they were helpless—the strict canon laws of Islam obliged them to pass this sentence on him. A few years after this sad occurrence, the *muftis* had to pass a similar sentence on three of his faithful and devoted disciples, for declining to renounce their belief in Mansur. It is said that Mansur walked triumphantly to the scene of his execution, reciting a number of Sufistic verses and encouraging his disciples to be exultant and happy. Sheikh Shibli, a distinguished Sufi of the time, sent a woman to the place of execution to ask him what Sufism was; to which he replied: "That which is mine, for by God I never distinguished for a moment between pleasure and pain."*

Some extra-orthodox writers call him "an infidel," "a cunning magician," "a man backed up by the love of power." No one can even for a moment believe these imputations after knowing that a personage like the recognised theologian Al-Ghazzali, "the Proof of Islam"—not to speak of men like 'Attar, Jalal-ud-din, Jami, Hafiz and a host of others, who speak of him in terms of love and admiration—has defended Mansur Al-Hallaj. The Sufis believe that the only mistake of Mansur was that he disclosed the divine mystery in a state of selflessness. Speaking of him Hafiz says:—

چرمش آن بود که اسرار هویدا میکرد

"His fault was that he divulged the secret."

The Sufis also believe that though apparently Mansur's was a cruel death, it was a happy end, for his soul was at once received in the bosom of Divinity.

The career of Mansur has a striking parallel in the life of the great Turkish poet, Nesimi. Mr. Gibb in his excellent book on *The History of Ottoman Poetry*, gives a detailed account of this remarkable man and

* Browne's *Literary History of Persia*.

of the Hurufi sect to which he belonged. Hurufism was an offshoot of Sufism and was first expounded by one Fazlullah bin Abu Mohammad in the reign of Sultan Murad I. The Hurufis believed that "there existed a hidden science, to acquire which was at once the supreme duty and the supreme happiness of man, indicating and explaining the meaning and significance of all things in Heaven above and in earth beneath, and the mystical correspondences which united them; and that this hidden science was contained in the Koran." According to these advocates of the "Science of the Letters" (Hurufis—from the Arabic word Huruf, Letters of the Alphabet) as also according to the Sufis, mere religious formalities were of no value. But to continue. Syed Imdad-ud-din, who flourished under the *nom du poète* of Nesimi, was a native of Nesim in Baghdad. He appears to have been both a Sufi and a Hurufi and a disciple of Sheikh Shibli as well as of Fazlullah, the originator of the "Science of the Letters." History tells us that like Mansur, in his ecstatic moments, he used to go about the streets exclaiming, "I am the Truth!" "I am the Truth." His friends and relations tried their utmost to restrain him from uttering those terrible words publicly, but in vain. He longed to die like his paragon Mansur. The desired end came at last. He was arrested on a charge of blasphemy and on the evidence of his poems, the *Muftis* condemned him to be flayed alive. This sad event took place at Aleppo in 1417 A.D. The following is a translation of one of his mystic quatrains.*

"From The Truth I'm come; 'I am The Truth,' I cry.

Truth am I, the truth is in me, Truth I cry.

Look ye how these mysteries uncouth I cry.

Sooth am I, and all the words are sooth I cry."

It was Imam Al-Ghazzali who placed Sufism on a philosophical basis and explained it in a manner agreeable to the orthodox *Muslims*. Some people think that Sufism is a *Shia* movement.† This is far from the truth. *Shia* Mahomedans do *not* believe in *tasawwuf*; it is essentially a *Sunni* doctrine. Hakeem Sanai, Farid-ud-din 'Attar, Jalal-ud-din Rumi, Jami, Sa'di, Hafiz and all the greatest of mystic poets have been *Sunnis*. We do not find a trace of *tasawwuf* in the poems of *Shia* poets.

Sufism has greatly affected oriental poetry. In fact, it is the very life and soul of the poetry of Arabs, Persians and Turks. What would oriental poetry be without this mystic element?—it would be dull and

* Gibb's History of Ottoman Poetry.

† Cf. for instance, P. De Lucy Johnstone's *Muhammad* (The World's Epoch-Makers Series) Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark.

bloodless, it would lose all its charm. Mysticism is always delightful in poetry. Who does not, for instance, relish the mystic element in the outpourings of Shelley? Not only has *tasawwuf* added to the charm of oriental poetry, but poets too have been of immense service to this mystic system by keeping alive the flame in all ages. Some of the greatest Sufis have been poets.

It would not perhaps be out of place here to speak a few words regarding the mystic signification of seemingly voluptuous expressions used by Sufistic poets. *Sharab* or wine is the delightful intoxication of Divine love, the *maikada* or the tavern, is the place where the devotee is initiated into the the mysteries of *tasawwuf*, the *pir-e-moghan* or the old tavern-keeper, is the spiritual guide, *zûlf* or the ringlets of the beloved, stands for the intricate mysteries of Divinity, *wasl* or the union of the lovers, symbolises the annihilation of self and the absorption of the soul in the spirit of God. The *ma'shoog* or the beloved is God, the '*ashag* or the lover is Sûfi, and so forth. It is impossible to give a detailed list of the phraseology of these mystics within the compass of a magazine article, and so the more important words given above must suffice.

Some critics are of opinion that there cannot be any reference to *tasawwuf* in the "erotic and bacchanalian songs of Hafiz" and other poets of the same class. No one who has thoroughly understood them can stick to this view. Perhaps the frequent attacks of Hafiz directed towards the so-called Sûfis is responsible for this opinion. The sarcasm of Hafiz and other poets of his school is not directed towards the true Sufis, but towards Sufistic adventurers and those pretenders who, under the garb of the mystic, conceal a treacherous and impious heart. Besides, Hafiz has no sympathy for the man of dry austerity and formal penance. It is of such men that Sa'di says in his *Gulistan**:—

"Of what avail is frock, or rosary,
Or clouded garment? Keep thyself but free
From evil deeds, it will not need for thee
To wear the cap of felt: A dervish be
In heart, and wear the cap of Tartary."

That there is a mystic signification in the poems of Hafiz is evident from what he himself says in his *Saknulah* :

بده ساقی آن خسروانی قدح
که دل را بهفزاید و جان فرح
مراد از قدح ناده سرمدیست
وزین ناده مقصود ما بشخودیست

* Eastwick's trans. of the *Gulistan*, Lond. Trubner & Co.

“ O Saki, give me that imperial bowl
Which opes the heart, exhilarates the soul.
By ‘ bowl ’ I imagine the eternal wine,
By ‘ wine ’ I signify a trance divine.”

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell*).

Almost all the poems of Hafiz are susceptible of a Sufistic interpretation. Beneath the veil of voluptuousness are hidden the germs of deep mystic philosophy. Even that most seemingly erotic couplet of Hafiz—

اگر آن ترک منم از دست آرد دل ما را
بخال هندویش بخشم سمرقند و بخارا را

“ If that Shirazian Turk would deign . . . take my heart within his hand,

To make his Indian mole my own, I'd give Bukhara and Samarkand”
(Trans. by Herman Bicknell)—has been differently interpreted by Sufistic *moulvis*. To them it means—

“ If the All-Beautiful (God) is kind to me,
For a spark of divine knowledge I would sacrifice both this
world and the next.”

But we are perhaps digressing. Let us continue. The first and the most important doctrine of the Sufis, is that God is the only Reality, He alone exists, and that all things corporeal and incorporeal emanate from Him just as rays of light emanate from the sun, or in other words, all Creation is “ the evolution of Plurality from Unity.” The great philosopher poet of Persia, Omar Khayyam, says :

ای زندگی و توانم به تو
جانم و دلی ای دل و جامم به تو
تو هستی من شدی از آنی به تو
من نیست شدم توانم به تو

“ My body's life and strength proceed from Thee !
My soul within and spirit are of Thee !
My being is of Thee, and Thou art mine,
And I am Thine since I am lost in Thee !”

(Trans. by Whinfield†).

The Sufis liken creation to a drop from the Ocean of Divinity.† The souls of men are merely the particles of the spirit of the Creator in

* *Hafiz of Shiraz* by Herman Bicknell. Lond. Trubner & Co.

† *The Quatrains of Omar Khayyam* by E. H. Whinfield, Lond. Trubner & Co.

‡ *Dictionary of Islam*, by Rev. T. P. Hughes, Lond. W. H. Allen & Co. See article on Sufism.

whom "we live and move, and have our being." The well-known lines of Pope * very clearly express their favourite theory :

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

The Sufis believe God to be the First Cause—the primary source of all actions. The so-called school-fellow of Hasan Bin Sabah † says :

این هستی تو هستی هستی دیگر است
این هستی تو هستی هستی دیگر است
رو سر بگریبان تفکر در کش
کهن دست تو آستین هستی دیگر است

"Thy being is the being of Another,
Thy passion is the passion of Another.
Cover thy head, and think, and thou wilt see,
Thy hand is but the cover of another."

(Trans. by Whinfield).

The unlettered but inspired Turkish poet, Yunus Imre, is a thorough-going mystic and most bold in his exclamations. The following is a translation of some of his Sufistic verses‡ :—

"The Mighty One of 'Be ! and 'tis,' that Lord of gracious sway
am I.

That King, who, ere 'tis cut, provides for each his bread each
day, am I.

Who unto one doth horses give, doth wives and wealth and
children give.

The while another lacks a groat,—that One of gracious sway
am I.

He who did earth and sky create, who maketh Throne and
Stool§ rotate ;

Thousand and one His Names ; Yûnus, He of the Koran, yea,
am I."

Now when God is the First Cause and the source of all our actions,

* Pope's *Essay on Man*.

† Dr. E. Denison Ross in his Introduction to Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam* (Lond. Methuen & Co.), clearly proves that Omar was not a school-fellow of 'the old man of the mountain' as is generally supposed to be the case. Also see Mr. Beveridge's article in the "Calcutta Review," October, 1904.

‡ Gibb's *History of Ottoman Poetry*.

§ Throne and Stool stand here for 'Arsh and Kursi spoken of in the Koran. The 'arsh is the throne of God, and Kursi may be conceived as the Footstool below the throne.

man has no freedom of the will. And when He is the Real Author (*Fa'il-i-mutlaq*) of all the acts of mankind, there cannot and should not be any actual difference between good and evil, vice and virtue. To the Sûfis, therefore, the science of human duty is a formal nothing—absolutely useless and lacking a purpose. All Sufis are predestinarians. They argue that approbation and condemnation cannot, in all fairness, be applied to what we are *compelled* to do. The erudite tent-maker of Nishapur exclaims:—

بزدان چو گل وجود مارا آراست
دانست ز فعل ما چه خواهد برخاست
بی حکمش نیست هر گداهے که مراست
پس سوختن قیامت از بهر چه خواست

“When Allah mixed my clay, He knew full well
My future acts, and could each one foretell ;
Without his will no act of mine was wrought ;
Is it then just to punish me in hell ? ”

(Trans. by Whinfield).

Hafiz very well illustrates the doctrine of predestination by the manner in which people of the East instruct a parrot. The bird is placed before a mirror and the instructor hides himself behind it and repeats the word that are to be taught to him. The parrot takes his own reflection to be the form of another bird and mistaking the voice of his teacher for that of his imaginary rival tries to imitate it. Hafiz likens man to the parrot in the mirror, and says that we do not actually speak what we seem to speak, but that the spirit of the Divine Master is hidden in the background, and He is the cause of all our actions. He says .—

در پس آئینه طوطی صفتم داشته اند
آنچه اشد ازل گوشت بگو میگویم

“I, like the parrot, in the mirror view ;
What says the Eternal Master, say I too.”

Jalaluddin Rûmi, one of the greatest of Sûfistic poets, says in his mystical *Masnavi**:—

“He is as Azar,† maker of idols, I am only the idol ;
Whatever instrument He makes me, that I am.
If He makes me a cup, a cup am I ;
If He makes me a dagger, a dagger am I.
If He makes me a fountain, I pour forth water ;
If He makes me fire, I give forth heat.

* *The Masnavi* of Jalaluddin Rûmi, trans. by Whinfield. Lond. Trubner & Co.

† Azar, the father of Abraham, was a famous sculptor.

If He makes me rain, I produce rich crops ;
 If He makes me a dart, I pierce bodies.
 If He makes me a snake, I dart forth poison ;
 If He makes me a friend, I serve my friends.
*I am as the pen in the fingers of the writer ;
 I am not in a position to obey or not at will."*

In short, we are all but inanimate instruments in the hands of the All-Powerful. It was He who made us what we are. He uses us as He likes. If we sin it is not of our doing :—

حافظ بخود نبوشید این خورقه می آلود
 پا کدام معذر دار

"Since *Hafiz* not by his own choice
 This his wine-stained cowl did win,
 Shaikh, who hast unsullied robes,
 Hold me innocent of sin."

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

Since it was destined that *Hafiz* should drink wine, he should not, in all justice, be blamed for it. Then why are we made to sin ? Because, say the Sufis, sin is required to call forth mercy, which is the highest attribute of God. The astrologer-poet of Persia, Omar Khayyam, says :—

آمد خرابات زمی خوردن ماست
 خون در مزار تو به در گردن ماست
 گرمی نکنم گناه رحمت که کند
 رحمت منه موقوف گنه کردن ماست

"Wine-houses flourish through this thirst of mine,
 Loads of remorse weigh down this back of mine ;
 Yet, if I sinned not, what would mercy do ?
 Mercy depends upon these sins of mine "

(Trans. by Whinfield).

And again—

خمام زهر گنه این ماتم چیست
 روز خوردن غم فائده بیش و کم چیست
 انرا که گنه نکرد غفران نبود.
 غفران ز بوائے گنه آمد غم چیست

" Khayyām, why mourn thus for thy sins ?
 From grieving thus what advantage, more or less, dost thou gain?
 Mercy was never for him who sins not,
 Mercy is granted for sins—why then grieve ? "

(Trans. by Edward Heron-Allen*).

* *The Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyam*, by Edward Heron-Allen, Lond. H. S. Nichols.

The well-known Urdu poet *Zowk*, the poet-laureate of the last King of Delhi, expresses the favourite doctrine of predestination in a rather devotional spirit when he says :—

کہا فائدہ فکر ہمیشہ رگم ہوگا
مہم کہا میں جو کر ٹی کام مہم ہوگا
جو کچھ ہوا ہوا کرم سے تیرے
جو کچھ کہ ہوگا تیرے کرم سے ہوگا

“What boots the thought of loss or gain,
What am I that any work will be done by me?
Whatever I did, was through Thy grace,
Whatever will be done by me will be through Thy kindness.”

One of the greatest virtues of Sufism is the liberal view it takes of all the religious systems of the world. The Sufis prefer Islam to other religions because they think it to be more perfect as a system, but they certainly express the opinion that all religions point to the same God, and that one is as good as the other when its tenets are faithfully followed.

The Persian poet Saib says :—

گفتگو کفر و دین آخر یکجا میکشد
خواب یک خواب است اما مختلف تعبیر ما

“Free-thought and faith—the upshot’s one; they wrangle o’er a name:
Interpretations differ, but the dream is still the same.”

(Trans. by E. G. Browne*).

Hafiz puts the same thought in the following couplet:

ہم کس طالب یار اند چہ ہشیار و چہ مست
ہم جا خانہ عشق است مسجد چہ کنشت

“Every one the Friend solicits, be he sober, quaff he wine,
Every place has love its tenant, be it or the mosque or shrine.”

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

All forms of worship, they say, tend to the same thing. The Mussalman prays in the mosque, the Christian in the church, the Jew in the synagogue, the idolater in the temple—but however various their manner of devotion may be, they are all animated by *love*, hence each must be acceptable to God who is Love personified. Hakeem Khayyami in one of his quatrains says † :—

“Temple, as Ka’bah, is a hall of worship;
Bell-ringing also is a call of worship:
The arch and church, the chaplet and the cross,
Truly are emblems which are all of worship.”

* Cf. *A year amongst the Persians*, by E. G. Browne. Lond. Adam and Charles Black.

† Trans. by Herman Bicknell, vide the intd. to his *Hafiz of Shiraz*.

Jalal-ud-din Rumi has the following anecdote in support of this doctrine.* "Moses once heard a shepherd praying as follows : 'O God, show me where thou art, that I may become thy servant. I will clean thy shoes and comb thy hair, and sew thy clothes, and fetch thee milk.' When Moses heard him praying in this senseless manner, he rebuked him, saying, 'O foolish one, though your father was a Musulman, you have become an infidel. God is a Spirit, and needs not such gross ministrations as, in your ignorance, you suppose.' The shepherd was abashed at his rebuke, and tore his clothes and fled away into the desert. Then a voice from heaven was heard, saying, 'O Moses, wherefore have you driven away my servant? Your office is to reconcile my people with me, not to drive them away from me. I have given to each race different usages and forms of praising and adoring me. I have no need of their praises, being exalted above all such needs. I regard not the words that are spoken but the hearts that offer them. I do not require fine words but a burning heart. Men's ways of showing devotion to me are various, but so long as the devotions are genuine, they are accepted!'"

The Sufi in quest of Truth has to perform a spiritual journey under the guidance of a spiritual teacher or *Murshid*. The *Murid* or the disciple must choose a saintly preceptor who might help him in successfully passing through the various stages of divine development. Perfect devotion to the *Murshid* is enjoined, and every Sufi understands the significance of Hafiz's well-known couplet :

یمانی سجاوه رنگین کن گوت پیرمغان گوید
که مالک بخبر نبود ز راه و رسم منزلها

"Stain with the tinge of wine thy prayer-mat if thus the aged Magian bid,
For from the traveller of the Pathway no stage or usage can be hid."

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

The *murid* is to blindly follow the instructions of his spiritual guide—the Magian or the tavern-keeper, who is the traveller of the Pathway leading straight to God. At first the devotee is rather sceptical and uncertain, but by-and-by these feelings give way to admiration and delight, and at last "his eyes are opened, his heart is made clairvoyant through Divine Love; wherever he turns his gaze he sees the Face of God; God shines down on him from every star in the sky, God looks up at him from every flower in the field, God smiles on him in every fair face, God speaks to him in every sweet sound; all around him there is God, nothing but God. If he turn his eyes inward and look into his

* Whinfield's trans. *Masnavi*.

own heart, there he can read letter by letter the very heart of God. For he has now become one with God, knowing and feeling that there is naught beside God ; and he can cry out with Mansur ' I am The Truth ! ' and exclaim with Bayazid of Bistam, ' There is none other than God within my cloak ' ! *

According to these mystic philosophers the soul existed before the body and it is imprisoned in an elementary cage in order that it might gain certain experiences of things material. The ultimate end of the souls of men, the particles of the divine essence, will be their final absorption in the Deity. " The world," say the Sufis, " and the things of the world are not what they seem ; our life here is a fall and a ruin ; for the soul has once been absorbed in God, and only in re-absorption can one hope to find rest." † The attainment of this re-absorption by means of death is the chief object of the Sufi's desire. Death to them is a welcome visitant. Says *Zowk* :

توے کوچے کو وہ بیمارے غم دار الشفا سمجھے
اجل کو جو طہیب اور مرگ کو اپنی درہا سمجھے

" That patient of sorrow thinks thy love to be a hospital,
Who considers death his physician and death his remedy."

In death and consequent re-absorption lies the highest perfection and happiness of the soul. The annihilation of individual souls has been likened to " rain-drops falling into the ocean." Asadullah Khan Ghalib, the king of modern Urdu poets, expresses this idea when he says :

عشرت قطرہ ہے دریا میں فنا ہو جانا

" The highest pleasure of a *drop* is in its annihilation in the *ocean*."

And now we come to the most charming theory of Sufism—that relating to the philosophy of love. God existed what time there nothing else was—He alone was there, crowned with beauty and glory. Being the embodiment of perfect Love he desired to be loved, and this led to the creation of the universe. This being the case, Love should be our guiding principle, our faith, our religion. We have nothing to do with free-thought and faith, ours should be a religion of Love, says the greatest of mystic poets, Hakeem Sanai :

ہمیشہ آنکس کر عشق رہبر ارست
کفر و دین هر دو پرده دروازست

" To him whose guide is Love,
Paganism and faith are both the curtains to his door."

* *Gibb's History of Ottoman Poetry*.

† Prof. Cowell's remarks on Sufism, see *Life and Letters of Prof. Cowell*, by G. Cowell. Lond. Macmillan & Co., p. 11.

The poet means to say that faith and paganism both are like curtains to the door of God. Both alike, like the curtain, obstruct your view and keep what is in the room hidden from your gaze. Love alone can enable you to see beyond this veil—to see God as He really is. But how do the Sufis explain the difference of religions when they hold that all forms of worship are animated by love? Says the *Lisan-ul-Ghaib* :—*

در ازل پرتو حسن ز تجلی دم زه
عشق بهدا شد آتش بر عالم زه

“ When beamed thy beauty on creation’s morn,
The world was set on fire by love new-born.”

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

Jealousy necessarily followed the manifestation of Beauty and the creation of Love, and hence arose the different religions of the world.

The Sufis hold that an element of love is to be found in all things, and that human love is a step towards the love of the All-Beautiful. Look around you and reflect, says the mystic, and you will find that nothing is free from love—God has put a spark of this emotion divine into all things. We all admire human beauty, but little do we think that we are merely adoring the far-off reflections of Divine Beauty. Meer, the renowned Urdoo poet, exclaims :

تم ہوئے ہم ہوئے کہ مہر ہوئے
انہی زلفونکے سب اسیر ہوئے

“ Whether it be you, or I, or Meer,
The self-same ringlet has captivated all.”

The great desire of the mystic is the annihilation of self, without which he cannot have access to the Divine Spirit. Says Hafiz :—

مہمان عاشق و معشوق ہمچہ حایل نیست
تو خورہ حجاب خودی حافظ از دیان ہر خیز

“ Between the lover and the Loved
Doth no one intervene :
Hafiz, remove the veil of self
Which has been cast between.”

(Trans. by Herman Bicknell).

The Sufis enjoin the highest degree of self-annihilation. Imam Ghazzali is of opinion, that if to a man, practising the annihilation of self, it occurs that his self has been effaced, such effacement of self is incomplete and defective. When he is “effaced from effacement,” the Sufi has reached the end of his spiritual journey. But how is the self to

* *Lisan-ul-Ghaib* or the “Tongue of the Unseen” is the title given by Jami to Hafiz, in consideration of his spiritual writings.

be effaced ? By love and by love only. Unless we take some lessons in the school of love, we shall not attain this object. Earthly love is not to be despised, since it uplifts and ennobles us, and is a step towards the love of the All-Beautiful. "Love," says Mr. Browne, "is with these mystics the Sovereign Alchemy transmuting the base metal of humanity into the Divine Gold." The following lines of Jami * embody the very essence of Sufi philosophy :—

"Though in this world a hundred tasks thou triest,
'Tis Love alone which from thyself will save thee,
Even from earthly love thy face avert not
Since to the Real it may serve to raise thee."

Though earthly love is only a means to the desired end, it should not be neglected. At all events it gives us a start. Says Dagħ, one of the greatest of living Urdu poets :

گیا مے عرش معلیٰ پر شور نالو کا
خدا بہلا کرے آزار دہنے والو کا

"The noise of my cries has reached God's Throne,
Heaven bless my charming torturers !"

We never forget God when we are in trouble. He is then our only stay. And so love serves at last to remind us of Him by making us delightfully miserable. But human love is not in itself the goal to be attained. It is illusionary love (*ishq-i-majazi*), whereas the Sufi's goal is *ishq-i-haqiqi* or True Love. The Sufi must bear in mind the well-known words of Jalaluddin Rumi † :

"Love's radiance shineth round about our heads
As sportive sunbeams on the waters play ;
Alas ! We revel in the light He sheds
Without reflecting back a single ray.
The human soul, as reverend preachers say,
Is but a mirror to reflect God's grace ;
Keep, then, its surface bright while yet ye may,
For on a mirror with a dusty face
The brightest object sheweth not the faintest trace."

But to revert. Mr. E. G. Browne, whom we have taken the liberty of quoting so often, speaking of the philosophy of the Sufis, says in his remarkable book *A year amongst the Persians* : "The renunciation of self is the greatest lesson to be learned from a merely human love

* Trans. by Mr. Browne, vide his *Literary History of Persia*.

† *The Song of the Reed*, trans. of the *Masnawi* by E. H. Palmer, Lond. Kegan Paul & Co.

We love our fellow-creatures because there is in them something of the divine, some dim reflection of the True Beloved, reminding our souls of their origin, home, and destination. From the love of the reflection we pass to the love of the light which casts it ; and loving the light, we at length become one with it, losing the false self and gaining the True, therein attaining at length to happiness and rest, and becoming one with all that we have loved—the Essence of that which constitutes the beauty alike of a noble action, a beautiful thought, or a lovely face."

From the above account of Mahomedan mysticism the reader will have seen that love is the guiding principle, the ruling passion of the Sufis. Theirs is essentially a religion of love. They acknowledge not the *jalal* or the terrible attributes of the Deity. His Beautiful aspect or *jamal* is the only thing they see. How delightful ! How consoling must be such a religion ! How soothing must be the doctrine which teaches you to contemplate on the Love and Beauty of God and to set everything else at naught, and which assures you that in everything you see a dim reflection of His Glory ! This article cannot better be concluded than by quoting at length the beautiful lines of Jami, so exquisitely rendered into English by one of the greatest orientalists of the day*,—

"From the rose flashed forth His beauty, and the nightingale
Beholding it, loved madly. From that fire the candle drew the lustre
which beguiles

The moth to immolation. On the sun His beauty shone and straight-
way from the wave

The lotus reared its head. Each lustrous lock of Leyli's hair attracted
Majnun's heart

Because some ray divine reflected shone in her fair face. 'Twas He to
Shirin's lips

Who lent that sweetness which had power to steal the heart from Parviz,
and from Farhad life.

His beauty everywhere doth show itself, and through the forms of earthly
beauties shines

Obscured as through a veil. He did reveal His face through Joseph's
mantle, and destroyed

Zuleykha's peace. Whatever veil thou seest, He hides beneath the
veil : whatever heart

Doth yield to love, He charms it. In His love the heart hath life ;
longing for Him the soul

* Trans. by Mr. E. G. Browne, cf. *Thoughts and Aspirations of the Ages*, Lond.
Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Hath victory. The heart which seems to love the fair ones of the
world, loves Him alone.
Beware ! say not *He is All-Beautiful and we His lovers !* Thou art but
a glass,
And He the face confronting it, which casts its image on the mirror.
He alone
Is manifest, and thou in truth art hid. Pure love, like Beauty, coming
but from Him,
Reveals itself in thee. If steadfastly thou canst regard, at length thou
wilt perceive
He is the mirror also. He alike the Treasure and the Casket : " I "
and " Thou "
Have here no place, and are but phantasies vain and unreal.
Silence ! for this tale
Is endless, and no eloquence hath power to speak of Him ! 'Tis best for
us to love
And suffer silently, being as naught ! "

A. F. M. ABDUL ALI.

THE SECRET OF THE JAPANESE NATION.

THE Japanese nation is at the present moment astonishing the world. No one can deny the fact that Western civilisation has received a shock which at present it can in no way comprehend. Till recent times the nations of the West, wrapped in their impenetrable mantles of self-conceit, have imagined themselves to be the only centre of what they are pleased to call civilisation, when suddenly and without warning they are called upon to witness the fact that from the distant East have come knowledge, brain-power, comprehension, before which many an Occidental might quail and feel ashamed.

How has Japan, within the last thirty-five years, so aroused herself as to compete successfully in every way with Western brain-power, and Western skill, when before this her people appeared to the uninitiated as simple-minded, uneducated (at least as we use the term) and almost childlike?

"The Orientals are inferior in every way to the Occidentals," says the smug European as he sits at home and talks comfortably of many things of which he knows nothing. He has been brought up to believe that what he says is true, and we cannot blame him. But what of those who know the East, its learning, its people, its wonders? They tell a different tale. "In many ways," they say, "the Easterns are ahead of us, in many ways we can learn from them." And they are right.

Are there any ethnologists living who can successfully explain the apparent mystery of the Japanese? Is there any elucidation of the matter?

There is a complete elucidation, but it is one which will, I am well aware, at first appear strange to Western minds. All I can do is to set forth here a plain and simple account of the facts connected

with the history of the Japanese as they really are ; I do not ask anyone to believe it if his own intuition can inform him any better concerning the matter or if he feels it does not agree with his sense of logic and truth. Any student who has visited India, China and Japan, and has had frequent intercourse with the aborigines of these lands, will be well aware that many things are known to them which are the deepest mysteries to us : of late years it has become customary to study much by the light of Oriental books and Oriental knowledge, and to add to the learning of the West the more esoteric and mystic learning of the East.

To study history from an esoteric standpoint may seem extraordinary ; at first sight history appears to be such a purely exoteric production. What can be more purely exterior than wars and dynasties, treaties and laws ? Yes, that is so. But how far back will most of our written treatises on history take us ? British history is certainly not very old. As far as I am aware, the earliest mention of Britain is in the annals of the Roman historian Herodotus, who writes of the Phœnicians as trading with the people of the Cassitendes (Scilly Islands) some 450 years B. C. The geologic records certainly take us further back by some thousands of years, but their accounts are meagre. What do we really know concerning the history of the Neolithic man whose body is occasionally discovered in some forgotten barrow of Cornwall or Devon, beyond the facts that he used certain flint instruments of war and toil, ate certain foods, wore certain skins, and buried himself in certain (to us) curious fashions ; all is fragmentary and imperfect.

Certainly, other national records date back further. China, Egypt, Babylon, Peru, Mexico possess documents which trace the history of their lands and peoples back some four or five thousand years.

The "Troano" manuscript of the Mayas of Yucatan dates back 3,500 years and mention events which occurred some 8,060 years previous to its being written. The "Popul Vuh" or sacred book of the Guatemalians goes back also to what to us seems prehistoric times. Plato mentions events told to him by priests of Egypt which took place B. C. 9564.

In spite of these facts, we are still at a loss as to the history concerning the beginnings of the various races which now inhabit

this globe, and the several causes which either retarded or hastened their early progress. Is there any means by which we can obtain this knowledge? Certainly, yes. There are in the possession of many persons now living in the world the records of the history of man which go back, not thousands, but millions of years. It is not my purpose in this short article to deal with the means by which this knowledge is obtainable; it suffices to say that the correct interpretation of the esoteric side of the various, especially the Oriental, religions of the world, by persons specially qualified to do so, will result in this knowledge of the secular history of the nations.

To state clearly the place occupied by the Japanese in the evolutionary system, one must first explain that system in its entirety as comprised by Eastern students.

The earth on which we live is one of a series of seven planets round which the wave of life flows. Mars and Mercury are also planets of the same series; the other four are invisible to the naked eye.

The life-wave passes in succession through each planet in its turn, our earth taking the fourth place in the circle. The complete journey round the seven planets constitutes a "round" and the time taken to accomplish it is, roughly speaking, some 49 million years. During the time the life-wave sojourns on any planet seven great races of mankind are evolved upon it, and each of these races consists of seven branch races. The average time taken for one race to evolve is about a million years (in reality much more). At the present time the life-wave is upon our Earth and is on its fourth "round." A great number of the people now in the world belong to the fifth race of this fourth round, but enormous numbers of fourth race and third race men are still living, as the races necessarily overlap one another to an enormous extent.

Naturally, each race is a great improvement upon the one preceding it, but it can easily be understood that a nation at the zenith of the fourth race would naturally be equal, if not superior, to a nation at the early stages of the fifth, and this, as will be seen later, is particularly the case with the Japanese.

The name given to the third race is Lemurian. It includes all the negro races, Kaffirs, Papuans, Melanesians, Borneans, etc. The

name of the fourth race is Atlantean and among its representatives are Chinese, Japanese, Finns, Magyars, Turks, Hindus, and North American Indians.

The name of the fifth race is very well known. The term Aryan is familiar to every student of mankind, and it includes such races as English, French, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Spaniards, Italians. Of course, it can easily be understood that certain admixtures of races are to be found in almost every nation and scarcely one of the peoples now living can claim to belong exclusively to any one race, to such a great extent are they permeated with the blood of earlier races. I do not propose, in dealing with the Japanese, to go into any details concerning the gradual development of the great fourth race, but it will be necessary in the interests of those who do not know them, to give the names of its great sub-races, which are as follows :—

- (1) Rmoahal.
- (2) Tlavatli.
- (3) Toltec.
- (4) First Turanian.
- (5) Original Semite.
- (6) Akkadian.
- (7) Mongolian.

As most people are aware, the Japanese are Mongolians ; furthermore, they belong to the most highly developed branch of the Mongolians, hence they stand absolutely at the summit of the great fourth race, and possess in a marked degree the characteristics and mental qualities for which that race, when at its zenith, was distinguished. The fourth race was noted for the possession of psychic powers and intuition of a very high order and these powers enabled its peoples to possess a knowledge of science, agriculture and sociology tending to a state of civilisation far exceeding anything yet/attained by the fifth race, although the fifth race at its height will naturally in its turn far exceed the fourth. As an example of engineering skill alone, let us consider the Pyramids, the two greatest of which were erected by fourth race men, the stones being raised by a process which is only just becoming known to fifth race people, and which can only be wielded by a very small percentage of them, and then only in an imperfect manner.

Speaking of the Japanese, Mr. Scott Elliot in his book, "The Story of Atlantis," says—

"The interesting fact about the Mongolians is that its last family race is still in full force—it has not, in fact, yet reached its zenith—and the Japanese nation has still got history to give to the world."

Another thing which has tended to the advancement of the Japanese is the fact that to their own high mental and psychic development they have added all the best attributes of Western civilisation, as evinced by some of the most evolved branches of the Aryan race. Hence they combine in a remarkable degree all that is best in both races.

Professor A. H. Keane, in his well-known work on Ethnology sounds loudly the praises of the Japanese race. He says :—

The Japanese stand intellectually at the head of all the Mongolic peoples without exception. In this respect they rank with the more advanced European nations, being highly intelligent, versatile, progressive, quick-witted, and brave to a degree of heroism unsurpassed by any race. The sense of personal honour so feebly undeveloped among the Asiatics, became a passion under the mediæval feudal system, and led to astounding acts of devotion and self-sacrifice. With much enterprise and originality is combined an imitative faculty surpassing even that of the Chinese, as shown by the fact that their first steamer with engines complete was constructed solely from the directions given by a Dutch treatise on the subject. These varied mental qualities explain the rapidity with which the Japanese, the barriers of exclusion once broken down, have taken their place in the comity of the Western Nations!

The almost abnormal brain-power of the Japanese is a great contrast to their small and delicate bodies, and yet this is a psychological fact which must not be passed over, since it is becoming daily more recognised that genius of any description is apt to produce delicacy, if not degeneracy of the physical body; we must await the dawn of still higher evolution before great brain-power is seen inhabiting a strong, highly developed body. At present the mind is in advance of its vehicle.

It is scarcely fitting to close this brief article without some allusion to the nation against which at this moment the Japanese are waging such successful warfare.

The Russians, although usually classed as fifth race people, are in reality one of the most composite nations on earth, and contain an enormous admixture of fourth race blood. The Russians are usually classed as Slavs, the Slavs being one of the early branches of a sub-race of the fifth race. Ratzel, the German ethnologist, considers the Slavs to be on a very low level, comparatively speaking. Since they have never had the upraising influences to which the other sub-races have been subjected, they have never come under the great influences of the civilisation of Byzantium, Greece and Rome. Furthermore, they are considerably weakened in intellect and their savage propensities increased by the large admixture of Tartar blood, the Tartars being a much earlier branch of the great Mongolian sub-race than the Japanese. The name Tartar is apt to be misleading, since it originally designated a remote Eastern branch of the Mongols, but is now applied to a Western branch (the Turks) by reason of the fact that their rulers have in many cases been original Tartars. Enough is known of the propensities of the Turkish races to assure the fact that any nature in which a large admixture of Turkish blood is found cannot help being gradually lowered in the scale of humanity, as is unfortunately the case with Russia, and sufficient has been said to show that the Japanese are, ethnologically speaking, in a very high position and well calculated to get the better of a nation in which mere physical force is so largely predominant.

L. M. YATES.

KNOWING AND BEING.

(PART II.)

IN my first article on "Knowing and Being," which appeared in the February number of this Review, I attempted to show that the Indian Vedānta in its theory of knowledge proceeded in its search for truth by the method to which European thinkers could take no exception. It started with the Self as the surest ground of certitude, for though everything else might be doubted, the doubter could not doubt himself. (Shankar's *Atmānātma Viveka*.) Nowhere in ancient times was the *cogito ergo sum* so well recognised in its correct form as in India.* The Vedānta also recognised the position that in every empiric cognition, the self was invariably a necessary element, and that such cognition always meant the synthesis of the Self and Not-Self (B. G. II. 16.) It further recognised the fact that this Not-Self was none other than the Self itself, externalised and appearing as conditioned by Time and Space and other relations of externality. And proceeding thus in its search, it discovered that the limitations to which both the individual Self and the Self in Nature appeared subjected could, in the course of man's development—mental, ethical and religious—be gradually sublated, so that, eventually, the two might appear face to face, so to speak, in their true character, and recognise their identity—the result of such consummation being that All must be realised as *advaita*, One and Non-dual.

The same result could be arrived at, if the Hegelian dialectic is fearlessly carried to its legitimate conclusion.

No system of philosophy is so bold and rigorously logical in this respect as the Indian Advaita. It has not got to justify or

* In speaking of Greece, Prof. Jowett remarks that "there had been an obscure presentiment of *cogito ergo sum* more than 2000 years previously." See Vol. 2 of his *Dialogues of Plato*, p. 20.

reconcile the dogmas of any Personal Revelation. Unhampered by any such considerations, it boldly pursues its course in the search of truth, and proclaims what it finds with equal fearlessness.

It is ready to admit the fact that in this world of sense-experience, man is met at every step with strife and discord ; he has the whole picture of the world as in a kaleidoscope, in which objects present no uniform appearance in any two moments. All is perpetual flux and change. The Vedantin is here at one with Heraclitus. The concrete riches of human life lie between these two extremes—a limitless Self and this perpetual flux and change,—this *Samsār*. (2 Hald. 230-33.) To us and to intelligences like ours, the truth consists in the synthesis of the One and many. (B.G. XIII. 26.)

But this is not a necessary truth. It must be remembered that this perpetual flux and change imply time relations which it would be philosophically wrong to carry into the region of Mind (*Atman*) which is itself timeless—timeless, because time itself, as Dr. Haldane might say, falls within it (2 Hald. 227-228), or as a Vedantin might say, it cannot be without it.

And although the Hegelian dialectic as to the alternation of self-externalisation and return with richer content each time in the process is of use to us as a guide to a complete comprehension, in the end, of the Absolute Being as the Ultimate Reality, it is unphilosophical to think that such a process of externalisation and return is necessary in the case of the Absolute Being itself to become self-conscious.

The Absolute from its very nature must be self-conscious, if it is All Intelligence. It cannot require an Other to become itself Self-conscious. To say that it does would be to deprive it of its natural freedom and subject it to a law of necessity. Hegel, however, does this and explains the descent of the Logos by means of his dialectic and also vindicates thereby the Christian dogmas of the Trinity and Atonement—God, Father, going into Otherness, finite mind, the Son, that is, God imposing on Himself the limits of man's finitude and then returning unto Himself in the fulness of His Self-consciousness (Holy Ghost).

But is it not true that the truths of philosophy are present to the mind of God as a whole in an Eternal Now and are not the

results of a ratiocinative process? All the great ideals of Absolute Truth, Absolute Beauty, Absolute Goodness, says Professor Upton, are eternally realised in the Eternal Absolute; only in us they are "a revelation of the perfection which *ought to be realised* . . . and it is only as the Ideal becomes in virtue of self-surrendering devotion and moral effort actually realised in our characters, that man's divine sonship, which is implicit in him, in virtue of his being of the same substance with the Father, becomes an explicit reality." (Upton's Hibbert Lectures, p. 287.)

According to Hegel himself "the conceptions of philosophy can be no abstractions [though] for us they always will be such." (2 Hald 254.) "Nature cannot be taken as appearing to God in the abstract externalities of Space and Time and, indeed, stands to him in no direct relation, for the plane of appearance which is distinctive of it pertains merely to the finite mind of man." (2 Hald. Analysis p. XXII.)

What, then, is the meaning of God standing in need of another-ness to become self-conscious? Does not His relation with that other become a necessary relation and does He not, in such a conception, lose His character of Absolute Being? God (says Origen) does not require the Second Person in order to come to Himself. (Inge's Christian Mysticism, p. 90; see also Lotze's Phil. Rel. pp. 59-63.)

The Absolute, as I have elsewhere stated, quoting Dr. Calderwood and J. S. Mill (Mill's Hamilton 116*n*), is that which is free from all *necessary* relations, as a condition of *existence*. It *may* enter into relations, being essentially free; but those relations, if removed, must not affect its existence.

Philosophically, it would not be correct to say that it is in the very nature of God a necessity for Him to create the world. It may be impossible for us to apprehend Him without such a world, but it is not a necessary condition of His *existence*.

Then as to *cognition* of the Absolute, according to the theory of the Vedanta, it must ever be borne in mind that it looks at the question from two—apparently opposed—points of view; and the conclusions thus drawn have to be understood by reference to the standpoint with which they are connected.

These are the two paths called *pravritti* and *nivritti*—the one

having a tendency to externality and the other to introspection—the one stimulating to Activity and the other drawing to Renunciation—the one giving rise to a world of empirical experience, necessary and useful for practical life ; the other leading to philosophic and spiritual enlightenment. (Ishopanishad, 15.)

The key to the correct reading of the Vedant consists in the recognition of this two-fold path, which has its sanction in the Vedas. It represents the stages in the evolution of the consciousness of man.

It is undisputed that man in the early stages of his development views himself and the object world as self-subsisting and independent entities with “sharp and clear distinctions in forms in which separation and isolation are the order of things.” Everything observable in the world appears as being the effect of an antecedent cause ; all objects in it appear as occupying space ; all events occurring in it appear as taking place in time. But in a further stage of development man finds that these relations of Cause and Effect, Space and Time, are relations which the mind itself makes, for its own purposes, and which fall within itself, and that they are true only for itself. They are forms in which the mind perceives the so-called objective world, which independent of it and apart from it has no existence (Mand. IV. 36). Its reality to the mind is only to the extent that it is presented to the mind *within itself* and by laws peculiar to itself. This reality is termed phenomenal or dependent reality, which both Western and Indian idealists equally assert.

It is a mistake to suppose that Indian Advaitins condemn this reality as illusory in the sense of a positive blank or absolute nothing. On the contrary, they have again and again emphasised its necessity and usefulness for practical life. No man in his daily life can well neglect the body in which his Self is, so to speak, encased ; he is bound to maintain himself and work out the rôle of his earthly existence. No man can, without injury to himself, ignore the environment in which he finds himself placed, or discard his social and other relations and the duties they impose on him. A personality, and that a knowing personality, with all the appliances which Nature has furnished, is absolutely necessary to man for his onward progress—intellectual, social, moral and religious.

Without it his own evolution and development and ultimate self-realisation, which is his goal, would be impossible. (Shankar, Ved. Sutr. I. 1. 1.) All this universe, says Shankar, is for man's edification to help him in self-realisation; experience acquired in the process of self-externalisation (*pravritti*) and return (*nivritti*) developing the Self, so to speak, and making it richer and richer in content in the process. (Ait. IV., Mandukya III. 15.)

Professor Max Müller is, therefore, not wrong when he says that "Shankar claims for the phenomenal world a reality sufficient for all practical purposes—sufficient to determine our practical life, our moral obligations, nay, even our belief in a manifested or revealed God." (M. M. Theos. 319; see also his Six Systems, 202.)

The knowledge, then, which man acquires in his initial stages of development is not ignored by the Advaitin as unessential. He knows that man here has duties, purposes and ends necessary for his social needs. But he also knows that this knowledge is not of a nature sufficiently far-reaching to guide us in the search after the ultimate truth (2 Hald. 4); he designates this knowledge *Avidyā* or false knowledge—false in the sense of empirical and as implying the tendency of the mind to look for truth outside itself (B. G. xviii. 61). The manifold, says Shankar, is evolved out of wrong knowledge (Ved. Sutr. II. 1. 14; 1, Thib. 323). This knowledge indicates the *pravritti mārga* of the Vedantin, in which all the Space and Time relations have full play.

This path admittedly does not lead to the end which the Self ought always to have in view, viz., its own self-realisation. In the world, as we see it, the mind meets at every step with strife and discord, and every sort of differentiation and antithesis; it forgets that all this strife and discord is of its own making, that it is due to its own activity and has no reality outside itself. (Shankar, Ved. Sutr. II. 1. 14.) It is, as Hegel would say, for itself and within itself. It is only on reflection that it discovers that these differentiations and antithesis are referrible to a higher unity, in which they find their reconciliation and explanation, and acquire a deeper meaning when thus viewed. (2 Hald, 61.) Such a process of alternate self-externalisation and return into a higher unity must continue till self-realisation results, and when that stage is reached, where it possibly

can be, the result must necessarily be that these differentiations disappear and all is realised as one and Non-dual (*advait*). *Paramārtha-avasthāyām vyavahar-abhāvam vadanti vedāntīh sarvā.* (Shankar, Ved. Sutr. II 1.14 ; 1, Thib. 330.)

In Hegelian language, as thought itself makes distinctions and relations, so it also transcends and cancels them ; in the very process of distinguishing, there is an implication of higher and higher stand-points where these distinctions begin to disappear (2 Hald. 221) and, as the Advaitin puts it, ultimately vanish.

This return of the Self unto itself is indicated in the Vedantic conception of *nivṛitti* (turning inwards). The region in which this return takes place is not conditioned by the relations of cause and effect or of time or of space, which are valid only so far as the phenomenal world is concerned. (Ved. Sutr. II 1.14.) The inward path is free, says the Advaitin, from such limitations, from *desha kāla vastu parichheda*.

The reader must have noticed how far the dialectics of Hegel and the Indian Advaitin run parallel and where they diverge. The following summary may be of use in this connection.

1. Being and Not-Being finding their reconciliation in becoming (Hegel). Compare Bhagavat Gita, ix. 19 and Shankar, quoted at p. 553 of this Review for 1904.

2. Self-externalisation of Being (Hegel). Compare the Vedantic conception of Being projecting itself through its power called *Maya*. (Ved. Sutr. I. 4.26 ; Mandukya II. 12.) The phantasmagoria of a world which is thus projected man regards as external to himself. (Ballantyne ; Shankar's Viveka Choodamani, 142-146.)

3. In this process of externalisation the Absolute Being is unmoved though moving. (Hegel, Ved. Sutr. II. 2.2.)

The Advaita conception of the Absolute projecting itself *on itself* conveys the same idea. (See pp. 873 and 993 of this Review for 1904.) But Shankar candidly admits that though it is impossible to explain *how* the One becomes many, he does not ignore the eternal activity of Brahma when he attributes the world and all that has come into being to its inseparable power, *Maya* ; this is implied in the intelligent guidance (*satta sphoorti*) under which alone it is said that *Maya* can act. (Ved. Sutr. II 2.2 ; 1 Thib. 369.)

4. What happens in this process is the gradual and progressive

elimination of the notion of Nature being related to Intelligence as the effect of a cause. (Hegel, see 1 Hald. 112.)

This is exactly what the Advaita teaches in its *nivritti* path. (*Mandukya*, II. 32 IV. 22, 71.) When man abandons the outward path and begins to see *within* himself, he realises, or at all events he is on the way to realise, the truth that All is One in an Eternal Now without any of the limitations and relations of externality which oppressed him in the outer world of finitude. (See p. 871 of this Review for 1904.) He begins to understand that, though he cannot explain *how* the world has come into being, it can have no existence and no meaning independent of Brahma, since the individual itself is Brahma and the world itself is based on it, is for it and within it. (Ved. Sutr. II. 1.14; 1 Thib. 322.) The differentiations and distinctions which he used to make in this world of finitude as being external to himself begin to lose their significance for him.

5. "The picture of a pure self-consciousness regarding things from the highest standpoint, finding itself in its objects and no longer troubled by any distinction between the object world and itself, because it has got rid of all the abstractions of lower standpoints—such a picture we cannot present to ourselves, because we are compelled to view the universe from the standpoint of the particular individual. But by reflection we may get towards the grasp of the concrete truth that this is the final conception of the Self, the real foundation and meaning of experience, and that it is really actualised in experience." (1 Hald. 112.)

For the Advaita view on this subject see the very first paragraph of the present Article. It asserts that *Atman* (Self) and that alone is the ultimate Reality, and nothing independent of it is.

6. That Reality is Mind. There is only one Reason, one Mind; and Mind, as finite, has not a real existence. (Hegel, 2 Hald. 101.)

What is called Mind in the Hegelian system is designated Brahma, or Atman (Self) in the Vedanta. Both agree in holding that this is One and there is nothing like a finite Atman or Self. In the Hegelian system the human soul is called a "finite spirit"—an objectionable expression, I should think, since it is inconceivable in the very nature of things for spirit to be finite. In the Vedanta it is designated *jeewa*, but it asserts that it is not different from Brahma; it is metaphorically called individual soul on account of

its connection with the limiting adjuncts (upádhis). (Shankar, Ved. Sutr. III. 2.10 ; 2 Thib. 149.) Till the dawn of true knowledge it continues to be influenced by such limiting adjuncts ; it considers itself fettered by Time and Space relations in this world of sense-experience ; it erroneously identifies itself with the intellect (*buddhi* and *manas*) and *ahankára* (the lower egohood). These, in the Indian systems, are only the instruments of knowledge and can only function when enlightened by the true Self (Atman) ; they do not constitute our ego ; like other organs of sense and body, they are only a product of *prakṛiti* (Nature, Becoming) and as such liable to constant change. The true Self is the universal, eternal and changeless Self and never finite.

7. All things are ultimately reducible to thought, according to Hegel (Schweglar, 432). God is defined as " Mind that comprehends itself completely. Within such Mind all reality of whatever character or degree must fall." (2 Hald. 170.)

Compare B. G. XIII. 30, in which Shrikrishna is represented as saying : " When he perceiveth the diversified existence of beings as rooted in One, and proceeding from it, then he reacheth Brahma."

The last stage or category is All Thought, Universal Sentieny, says Shankar in *Māndukya*, IV. 89.

8. The spirit of man whereby he knows God is simply the spirit of God Himself (3 Hegel. Phil. Rel. 303). There is a " potential identity of man and God in a single subject of knowledge." (2 Hald. 169.)

When the Advait posits man's identity with God and subscribes to the doctrine of *tat tvam asi*, it does not mean anything more than that the two are identical in essence ; that both are one Atman or Brahma. It does not identify the man of the flesh with the Supreme Being. What it says most significantly is that stripping Brahma of the category of cause and the individual soul as the effect of that cause, what remains is All Thought, All Intelligence: *kāryopādhirāyam jeevāh kāranopādhireshvarāh kāryā kāranatām hitwā poornabodhovashishyatay*, Prapakar, quoted by Prof. Bhanu in B. G. XIII. 2.

This is the identity which the Advaitin claims for man and holds forth as the ideal which, he says, it is possible to reach under proper culture.

It is only at this last stage—this culminating point—that some divergence between Hegelianism and the Indian Advait becomes manifest. The one apparently holds it to be absolutely impossible for man actually to become identical with God, while the other holds it to be possible, though, indeed, under conditions almost bordering, in practice, on the impossible. The one retains the element of plurality in the Unity, while the other discards it in the highest stage of development. The one posits as an ultimate reality the unity of Being and Not-Being=Becoming, the other says that Becoming is not a necessary truth but only contingent as involving relations which in the case of the Absolute cannot be necessary.

This is what according to the present Master of Balliol is the *summum bonum* of Hegelianism :—

Thought has always its opposite or negative, which it at once “excludes and involves, and this process is repeated in regard to it, with the result of reaching a still higher unity. . . . And so on through ever widening sweep of differentiation and integration till the whole body of thought is seen in its organic unity and development—every fibre of it alive with relation to the whole in which it is a constituent element.” (E. Caird’s Hegel, 164.)

Beyond this, Hegelianism apparently refuses to go ; and, indeed, generally speaking, all European idealists do the like. They seem to think that it is absolutely impossible for man to reach the condition of complete self-realisation, although potentially he is identical with God, and that it is blasphemous to conceive the possibility of such identification.

No doubt, so long as this feat is not accomplished, and, indeed, to the generality of human beings, it is practically impossible, the position taken by these thinkers is correct ; and Shankar himself admits its correctness (Tait. II. 1. Chand. II. 23. Kath. III. 14) ; and the distinctions of subject and object, knower and known, and the relations involved in them continue as valid as ever.

But where complete self-realisation is possible (as to which, see later on) and ensues in any given case, then, in such a case, the only philosophically correct view is that All is Thought and all element of plurality giving rise to variety must disappear as a differentiated entity. One who has reached this stage, if haply there be any, sees no differentiations anywhere ; to him All is

Brahman. This is the position which the Advaitin takes, and it is certainly the most impregnable position logically.

Plurality presupposes relations—relations of subject and object &c., &c., but “how (asks Shankar) can the One enter into relations with itself.” (Ved. Sutr. II. 2. 10 ; 1 Thib, 379.) He, however, concedes that having regard to the manifold of existence manifested on itself by its own power, Maya, under its intelligent guidance, Brahma may be *assumed* to have within it this element of plurality, as its potential content, *nāma roopa beeja shakti roopam*. (Ved. Sutr. I. 2. 22.) But such experience is *our* experience and the experience probably of intelligences like our own. We cannot assume it to be the experience of all possible intelligences. “The truths of the senses are not necessarily the truths for *all* minds, but only truths for beings with senses like ours.” (Ferr. Gr. Phil. 33. 87.) As in the Eleatic system, the universe is a “mere subjective phenomenon,” possessing no such truth as that which Reason might compel us to attribute to the Permanent One (*ib.* 86).

The highest philosophical truth seems to be “Mind” conscious of Itself—Mind knowing Mind in its completeness—Atman seeing Atman, the veil of Nescience being now completely removed.

The way in which the Advaitin seeks to arrive at this truth is by what is termed *adhyāropāpavād* (Dvivedi's Introduction to Mandukya, XVII)—an assumption of the negative of Being to explain the Becoming (see pp. 876-7 of this Review for 1904). This negative of the *Atman* is *Anatman*. It is this to which the world with its relations of externality is due. When this has fulfilled its purpose of effecting the complete self-realisation of the *Atman*, there is no longer any occasion for the recognition of the *Anatman* as a differentiated entity in its negative aspect. The assumption of *anātman* as the logical opposite of *Atman* is necessary only for explaining the universe and its object and aim. When that is accomplished, the true nature of the *anatman* becomes revealed. As *avidya* it was assumed to be in the *Atman* and inseparable from it, (see p. 553 of this Review for 1904) ; with the dawn of knowledge it is itself resolved into Thought, and must disappear as a differentiated opposite. With light must disappear darkness.

It is interesting in this connection to quote here a passage from Hegel himself :—“The good, the absolute good, eternally

accomplishes itself in the world, with the result that it is already accomplished in and for itself and *does not require to wait for us*. That it does so wait is the *illusion in which we live and which is the sole active principle upon which interest in this world rests*. The idea in its process causes this illusion to itself and its whole action consists in cancelling this illusion. *Only from this error does the truth spring, and herein alone lies the reconciliation with error and finitude*; otherness or error as cancelled is itself a necessary moment of truth which is only in so far as it makes itself its own result."*

And what is the result when the climax is reached, assuming the possibility of such an event in the case of any particular individual or intelligence? Dr. Haldane thinks it difficult to ascertain "what in ultimate analysis that [Ultimate] reality would disclose itself to be." (1 Hald, 285.)

Fichte, in his enumeration of the several stages of mental development, states as follow:—

God alone is and beside Him nothing is; . . . that the *divine life appears broken up in a multiplicity of things as the one light in the prism is broken up into a number of coloured rays*; . . . that the form ever conceals from us the essence, our seeing itself hides the object we see; our eye itself impedes our eye. Yet this only applies to the empirical point of view; . . . But, 'only raise thyself to the point of view of religion, and all wrappings disappear, the world passes away for thee with her dead principle and the Deity itself enters thee again, in its first, in its primal form, as life, as thine own life, which thou must live and art to live.' The multiplicity of phenomena remains, it is true, for the empirical consciousness, but it is now known for what it is, as the unsubstantial reflection of the One Divine Being in the mirror of thought. (1 Pfliederer 291) . . . 'As soon as man abolishes himself, purely, entirely, to the very root, God alone remains and is all in all; man can produce no God for himself, but he can do away with [his lower] Self as the great negation, and then he passes into God.' (Ib. 293.)†

How closely analogous are these sentiments to ours! Still, there are passages in Fichte which indicate that while, like Hegel, he posits the "fellowship of God and Man," the dualism is not entirely wiped away.

* Hegel's Encyclopædia, Works, Vol. VI. p. 15, quoted by Prof. Upton in his Hibbert Lectures for 1893, p. 305. The italics are mine.

† The italics in this para are mine.

It is only the Indian Advait which has taken the lofty position and boldly asserted that, *from the standpoint of the Absolute*, the highest necessary truth is Unity, and Unity alone, without any differentiated element of plurality in it.

I say from the standpoint of the Absolute, for, as stated before, and it can never be too often repeated, that from the empirical point of view of the universe, the truth is, undoubtedly, Unity in difference, the unity of Being and Not-Being, or, as Professor Ferrier might say, the synthesis of Subject and Object, the *chit-jad granthi* of the Vedanta. But, on the highest plane of thought, this very synthesis is discovered to be a synthesis of the self with itself, and is a unity in identity, with the differentiation of subject and object wholly disappearing. As stated by Fichte, the multiplicity of outward phenomena may remain, but it would be for empirical consciousness only. (See also 1 Thib. 381.)

When all has been realised as thought, where is the room for any element of plurality to remain? In the case of one who has reached this highest stage, the sum total of his past experience which has transformed his entire personality and character has no distinctive meaning whatsoever. To use an Hegelian expression, it has enriched the mind, it is true, but in the very process of so enriching it, it has disappeared.

And what, again, would be the distinguishing characteristic of this plurality, if it is supposed to exist *in relation* after complete self-realisation? As a distinctive element it must be either in its infinitude or as a finite existence *within* the infinite. If the former, it must, as another infinite, destroy the infinitude of the Absolute itself. Shankar says that a plurality would imply substances exclusive of each other, and thus the Self would itself become limited (Ved. Sutr. III. 2.37, 2 Thib. 180). If it is a finite existence *within* the infinite, it would be superfluous to the conception of the Absolute, as Maimonides might say (see p. 650 of this Review for 1904). It may be truth for us but not for all possible intelligences. It is not a necessary truth.

Thus starting with Self (*Atman*) in our search for the reality, we come back to self (*Atman*) in the end. The individual soul thus regains its heritage at last.

IMPERIAL FISCAL POLICY.

THE Anti Tea-Duty League, started by a retired and apparently ruined tea-planter, by letters to the weekly papers of the United Kingdom, has succeeded in producing an immense volume of correspondence, going principally into the technical aspects of tea production. But when it comes to the point where it has to be shown that the increasing tax on tea in England has alone ruined the tea industry in India, we find that the producer is not the only sufferer.

It seems so natural to conclude, that the consumer's purse being only of a limited capacity, if he has to pay double for an article, he must use only half the quantity, or accept a quality only half as good. Therefore the producer must either sell double the *quantity* for the same price or diminish the *quality* by half, if he wants to avoid a loss ; and this is what appears to have been done to some extent, judging by the correspondence.

The sudden putting on of a duty causes the entire trade, consisting of producer, carrier and distributor, to be affected. The producer cannot stop his crop maturing ; and matured, he must get rid of it ; while the distributor cannot find room for unlimited accumulations of stock ; he must sell. The only relief is to be found in the consumer, and he has to be induced by low prices to use more of the article.

What affects each interest equally is primarily the amount of production and the desire for consumption ; or supply and demand. As regards tea, we all know that there has been over-production, and to get rid of the stocks, the producer, the carrier, and the distributor have all had to sacrifice something ; and the consumer has suffered.

But the correspondence shows that the tea planters have hedged

somewhat, by plucking the coarser leaf, which can be got in larger quantity but is not so good in quality. The consumer is getting coarse tea, and the Government are taxing good and bad tea alike at the same figure, and accordingly would rather score on an increased bulk of tea. But again, it appears that the consumption, instead of increasing, is falling off, and one writer states that the Exchequer will receive £400,000 less on that account than was expected.

Apparently, therefore, we might conclude either that the consumer is dissatisfied with the quality of the tea, or he is getting his tea elsewhere. Here the exchange question comes in. China accepts payment in silver. India must have gold; a reason for duty against China in favour of India. New Zealand gives this preference to India.

As to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is perhaps absurd to expect much from an official who, when approached on such a delicate question as *Indian Tea*, disposes of it jauntily by saying that "*tea was the only thing to tax.*" He is not in a position to look at Imperial interests in the matter. He is fogged and bewildered between the "free fooders" and the "fiscal reformers," and the uncertainty of the justice or expediency of a tax on tea which comes mostly from India, while it is barred on corn which comes largely from Russia and would benefit the English farmer, must seriously affect his equanimity, one would think. Either British finance should be on Imperial lines, or local; and if the latter, the logical conclusion seems to be, that British dependencies should be left entirely free, to work theirs on the same principle. Why India should be barred, as distinct from the colonies, may be intelligible enough to the old schools of thought, which sanctioned the doctrines of free trade, but *plus* Indian cotton duties to protect Manchester.

But this and other thoughts antagonistic to the spirit of the age are subjects to be seriously considered by English statesmen; and whether persistence in them will not lead to much trouble in the future. Meanwhile the Chancellor has taken off 2d. from the tea duty, with the same lightheartedness with which he clapt it on; and the League insist that the duties should be taken off altogether. If this was to happen, and held to justify an expansion of the tea industry by extending cultivation, it is not clear that tea would be

in any better plight than at present. But by plucking finer, the customer would get better quality ; the quantity thrown on the market would diminish ; and prices would legitimately rise. It is the mad rush to invest in tea growing, which is responsible for the present depression. Organised combination in the tea, as in other trades, is the only way to keep the investing public informed of the limit up to which capital in the gross can hope to find profitable investment in any direction.

Now that we have a Ministry of Commerce and Industry, it is to be hoped that it will draw attention to desirable measures which would, in some degree, protect the public against its own follies, which it embarks on occasionally, in complete ignorance of the probable results.

T. F. DOWDEN.

THE HOUR OF DREAMS.

Saccharissa's grove and the Yprès tower,
The spray-swept downs where the seabird screams,
Does their memory cling with a magic power ?
Do you visit them still in the hour of dreams ?

Do you mark at noon how the opal haze
Lies, a shimmering veil, on the Kentish hills ?
Do you linger at dusk neath the leafy maze
Where Philomel sobs and trills ?

Do you still feel the throb of an unheal'd wound
When on picture and panel the fire-glow gleams ?
Do you think then of her who too late you found ?
Do I haunt you still in the hour of dreams ?

DOROTHY HARDING.

THE SHROUD OF NÁNAK.

ABOUT four centuries have sped since this happened. When he, who sounded a vigorous protest against the mere forms and husks of religious truth, and tried to show to men that the realisation of spiritual verities was possible mainly through righteous living, *i e.*, carrying out the commands of the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God, heard faintly at first, but culminating at last in a life of selfless deeds and finding its consummation in devotion and knowledge, was passing away from the sight of men, it is said that Hindus and Musalmans who had vaguely caught from his life the words which seemed to echo the essentials of their respective faiths, began to dispute as to their respective right to the possession of his body for the performance of his funeral obsequies. The Hindus thought he was a Hindu and his body should be cremated, while the Moslems thought he was a Musalman and it ought to be buried. Had Nának lived now, creeds like Christianity too might have claimed a share. And the legend goes on to tell us—and we can take it in the form of a parable—and a beautiful parable it is—that as the crowd gathered round his remains and the parties approached to assert each its right to his body, the coverings were removed and lo! the body had gone, and in its place the only thing left was the shroud of Nának ! All were struck with awe, and the parties peacefully decided to divide this garment, one half of which was buried by the Musalmans and the other half burned by the Hindus ; and, to this day the pious pilgrim or the curious traveller to the so-called resting place of the great teacher would have been shown the two mausoleums which enshrined his divided shroud and where the priests of two alien creeds would have gathered the pilgrim's pious offerings and dismissed him with sweets, withholding from him the peaceful influence which lingers around such places. But this was not to be : the

flood in a neighbouring river effaced them both, as if the very powers of Nature could not tolerate the semblance of division and discord in the *post mortem* story of the life of one who worked to bridge the gulf which divides man from man. And what is the lesson the parable has to teach us? Is it other than this, that, however steeped in ignorance and darkness men may be, the glimmer from the torch of the truth that righteousness and religion are one, kindled anew in the brightly burning soul of a sincere and earnest man, will be caught by them, though for a moment, revealing the unity within; and, though men will for the time being lose the body and the substance, and clutch at the shadow and the outer garments which divide humanity; nay, even though the direct inheritors of a resublimated teaching will daily repeat its words, like one in a dream, and make no attempt to bring into their lives the righteousness and justice and love which they inculcate, though these teachings be enveloped in darkness again and again, their spirit cannot die, and time after time it will rekindle in the hearts that begin to live, and will help to bring men nearer and nearer unto the Kingdom of God or Goodness where love will reign and hatred and injustice shall be no more.

Shall we wait for the birth of a great soul who will live and teach righteousness, or shall we let this spirit take birth in our hearts and thus prepare for his coming?

UMRAO SINGH.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is the prophet rather than the biologist
A Shadow Athwart that sees visions of a richer and nobler future
Our New Prospect. for mankind arising out of a fusion of widely
 different civilisations. A recent writer on
 Japan observes that many question whether such a result is possible,
 but Japan attempts the achievement. If it succeed, "China also
 and India will feel the impulse of the new life and will start upon
 a course full of promise"; if it fail, "the future shall be but a wearisome
 repetition, in more degrading forms, of the past." Why should
 all Asiatics fail where Japan fails, and why should India enter upon
 a career of promise if Japan succeeds? Although Japan has
 seriously shaken the theory of community of characteristics based
 on a geographical bisection of the world, the habit of investing the
 East with attributes different from those of the West still survives.
 The biologist, however, introduces a new element in the speculation.
 He takes each nation or race separately, and does not assume that
 the nations of the East shall all rise or fall together. He would
 compare and contrast the histories of the nations whose future
 forms the subject of speculation, and apply to each the principles
 which he is supposed to have established. We owe to Herbert
 Spencer the fashion of regarding society as an organism: one consequence
 of following up the analogy is that we feel bound to
 predict a decay for every nation as we are sure of the decay of every
 individual. As M. Ribot puts it: "Every family, every people,
 every race brings into the world at its birth a certain amount of
 vitality, and of physical and moral aptitudes, which in course of time
 will become manifest. This evolution has for its causes the continual
 action and reaction between the being and its surroundings. It goes on
 until the family, people or race, has fulfilled its destiny.

When this sum of vitality and of aptitudes begins to fail, decay commences." We are not sure if the biologist will concede a second life for a family, people or race, which he knows is denied to the individual organism. If, therefore, biological analogies may be legitimately applied to social evolution, it becomes relevant to inquire whether a nation, which does not at the period of observation exhibit the ordinary symptoms of growth, has exhausted its vitality, or whether it is affected by a passing phase of a curable distemper. Nothing is more common amongst us than to extol the civilisation of ancient India and to bemoan our modern degeneracy. If this degeneracy is comparable to the decay of a plant or an animal, and attributable to analogous causes, the biological sociologist may seriously doubt whether there is any more reason why Japan's success should dangle before the Indian eye the prospect of a national rejuvenation than the sight of budding youth and joyous vigour should fill declining age with hopes of the sun going back upon his course. "When Japan was still barbarous, China was highly civilised," says Mr. George William Knox in his new volume on "*Imperial Japan*": so was India; and have we not been reminded times without number in what state the ancestors of Englishmen were roaming on the banks of the Rhine when the forefathers of the Hindus were discussing philosophy at Janaka's court? Why have China and India lagged behind in the race? Have they lost their original stock of vitality? This doubt casts a shadow upon that prospect of a new life which for some time has made the pulse of the East beat more quickly.

It is somewhat comforting to reflect at the very outset that the biologist is not quite sure of his ground. The trend of recent opinion seems to be different from the view which was popular thirty years ago. At any rate, a writer on the "*Principles of Heredity*," in a volume of which the ink is just dry, maintains that "Man has not evolved into a civilised being; he has merely developed into one. The change in him consists solely or principally in a change of mental acquirements, not in a germinal change. He transmits his civilised habits by tradition, not by inheritance." Tradition may reverse its course; it may be corrected by education and the impulse of a new life, while a physiological decay may be impossible to arrest. Indeed, according to Mr.

Knox, before the recent and almost sudden awakening, Japan itself was showing, at least to a superficial observer, symptoms of decay similar to those observable in China, India and Korea : " Not only had the development possible under the old ideals reached its limits, but also the men in control of affairs were no longer competent. The Shogun was imbecile, and his councillors without vigour or high intelligence ; the Daimyo, with few exceptions, were debauchees without grasp upon Government ; their higher officials too were like themselves, and the retainers of the Shogun were proved effeminate, fond of luxury, and without martial spirit. The people were oppressed and the officials were corrupt. Religion had long since lost its influence upon the higher classes, and now the priests were immoral and the people indifferent." It looked as if Japan was like any other country of the East, worn out, decrepit, a prey to hastening ills. The world is now agreeably disappointed, and we must learn that beneath apparent symptoms of deterioration there may be unsuspected stores of vitality, and that, apart from the truth or otherwise of the biological theory of social evolution, a considerable amount of caution is necessary in applying the theory. Contact with new ideals may wake into a vigorous outburst of life an apparently decayed constitution. This possibility chases away the shadow. Yet it is only a possibility : how does it strike us in the light of Indian history ? In interpreting history we are apt to read into it the conclusions at which we wish to arrive. Yet is it not possible to take such a view of the vicissitudes of Indian civilisation that we may reasonably or fondly suspect stores of moral and physical vitality beneath the overlying symptoms of degeneracy ? An answer to this question will involve the writing of the history of India and of Indian institutions from a new standpoint. The causes of the vicissitudes will have to be carefully investigated, and the area of their active operation determined and localised. Would the biologist regard the whole of Indian society as one organism, and the history of Indian institutions as the history of a single organic entity ? If recent history has been a record of deterioration, is the entire population of India included within its purview, or may we hope that there may be unspent stores of vitality in communities and races which have not yet figured prominently on the stage of Indian history ? The politician dislikes the suggestion that India is

a museum of nations rather than a single nation, and vehemently maintains that there is a unity of aspiration which actuates the millions who happen to talk different languages, who are differently coloured, and whose beliefs and ideals have been differently moulded. To him differences spell weakness; they hamper his immediate ambition and he would fain ignore them. The philosopher, who wishes to speculate about the future of the country, might regard it as a piece of good fortune that the population is not homogeneously made up of races and communities which have played their part in history and are bound to withdraw from the stage. All races do not leave a brilliant record behind them, and it may be that the less distinguished races in India have, biologically, as much degenerated as the more powerful communities, the makers of history. Yet the optimist may appropriate to himself the benefit of the doubt. A still more important consideration in the interpretation of history would be whether there really has been a deterioration, as is so generally assumed, and if so, whether the retrogression is of a nature to raise a strong presumption of organic decay. It would obviously be impossible within the limits of a note to discuss at length the character of the vicissitudes of all the important phases of national life. We shall confine our attention to literature and philosophy, and inquire whether these may be said to have so uniformly declined in recent times as to point to only one possible conclusion regarding the future of the historic representatives of Indian civilisation.

The reason why modern India is compared unfavourably with ancient India by the historian of philosophy is that in later times the Hindu thinkers could only comment on the older philosophical treatises, and, however learnedly and voluminously they might have written their commentaries, they could not originate any new systems of metaphysical thought which might vie with the philosophy of the Upanishads. The history of philosophy in all civilised countries, however, shows that metaphysical speculation, based on *a priori* methods, does not admit of indefinite development, and the limits of philosophic investigation and invention along certain lines may be reached without the mind of the race having exhausted its stock of vitality. We live so close to the popular superstitions of our own day, and are removed

by the distance of so many centuries from the popular beliefs and practices of the Upanishadic times, that we are apt to imagine the people to have drifted by slow degrees and by a process of deterioration from a purer and more rationalistic mental atmosphere into one charged with puerile inventions and the promptings of ignorance and fear. We have no elaborate records of the popular religion of ancient times; but such as have been handed down to us by those walking encyclopædias, the Brahmins, are enough to show that human nature was much the same when the Atharva Veda was composed as when the more elaborate Tantras came into existence. We must leave it to others to discuss the relative merits of a religious philosophy which credits the gods with interference in human affairs, but sets its face against the representation of such gods by visible objects, and the practice of setting up a material symbol for worship and adoration. We should certainly hesitate to infer that a generation which elaborated temple worship was mentally inferior to another which elaborated sacrificial worship. Religious and philosophic systems have flourished and declined in India, but not, so far as we can make out, in such a way as to indicate a corresponding fluctuation in the mental power of the race. Brahmanism declined, and Buddhism entered upon a glorious and vigorous career: it was in its turn stricken with what M. Barth calls "premature decrepitude," and what was the result? A fresh outburst of religious zeal and a new crop of sects. The form changed, but not the life. As the author of "A Literary History of India" remarks with rhetorical vividness: "In the midst of the changing scene Aryanism and Brahmanism remained unmoved, watching all and noting all from their own safe retreat, heedless of kings and warriors, battles and contests, greed for Empire and the coming storm, the tramp of passing bands of fighting men, the flames of burning towns, the wreck of principalities, the aggrandisement of new conquerors, and the submission of the people, all of which were but the crude factors wherewith poets and dreamers might fashion their drama of the world's history."

Literature was in full blossom when Brahmanism revived. The nine gems of Vikramaditya's court will for ever illumine the pages of Indian history. A short period of darkness supervened in Northern India after the brilliant age of Bhavabhuti and Sankara-

charya. "No great name," writes Mr. R. C. Dutt, "belonging to science or literature has been handed down : a thick and impenetrable darkness hangs over these centuries in Northern India." But the light was not extinguished for ever : Magha, Somadeva, Jayadeva and other luminaries appeared in the firmament. It is generally stated that with their setting, synchronously with the Muhammadan conquest, Indian literature became a thing of the past. This statement, however, ignores the vernacular literatures. These may bear no comparison with the productions of the master minds that enriched the literature of the "divine tongue." It is unfair to compare the growth of yesterday with the old banyan which has been sending its roots into the ground and been growing since the days of the Vedas. We should not claim for the vernacular literatures equality of rank with Sanskrit. But the courageous and successful endeavour to convert into the current language of the people the wealth hoarded up in ancient and inaccessible vaults can hardly be regarded as a symptom of intellectual decay : it was rather a sign of unabated vitality. Tulsidas, Jnanadev and Sridhar, Nanak, Chaitanya and Basava could not be products of an age overtaken by intellectual sterility.

As in literature and philosophy, so in art and the industries, it will be interesting to investigate the causes of the decline. The conclusion would probably be that the hand that carved the caves and built the temples, the fingers that wove the delicate fabrics, and the eyes that designed the style and the pattern, have not lost their cunning and their inspiration, and that the causes of the decay are adventitious, rather than organic. How about physical degeneracy ? The theory that has occupied the field up till now is, that every race, which has invaded India and settled in our fertile and enervating plains, has deteriorated, and yielded place to a more vigorous invader. If this be so, we can no more change our destiny than we can shift the latitude of our peninsula or alter the snowfall on the Himalayas. Has no one the ingenuity to project a ray of light into such a gloomy interpretation of history ? Have we only to look forward to the day when the earth will stand differently inclined towards the sun, and Bombay will be above the tropic of Cancer ?

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Baltic fleet has gone the way of the Pacific fleet, and Admiral Rozhdestvensky contemplates to-day in a hospital the fruits of overweening self-confidence, which goeth before a fall in the case of a nation as in the case of an individual. "Where is that speck of a country called Japan?" asked M. Pavloff before the war, in the presence of the Korean Emperor; and scanning a map through a pocket magnifier he pretended to have discovered it in a corner of the Pacific Ocean. "If she opposes Russia, she will be treated thus," said he, and blew a few matches from off the palm of his hand. It has been given to Admiral Togo and Marshal Oyama to blow off the matches, which strew the Korean Strait and the hill-sides of Manchuria. Russia was never strong on the waters, and it was universally believed outside Russia that Rozhdestvensky was to be sacrificed to keep the impatient critics at home quiet for a time, until the land forces had time to gird up their loins once more and smite the enemy back. Kuropatkin the unlucky retired and an untried General stepped into his place. The fleet lies buried at the bottom of the sea, and Linievitch is not yet ready. As a naval Power Russia is extinct; as a military Power she is under suspended animation. It was so usual to associate the name of Russia with an inexhaustible supply of fighting men that one would have expected Japan to be overrun within a few months by

A multitude like which the populous North
 Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.

The multitude is busy passing resolutions and throwing bombs.



With teeth set and powder dry, Japan is not so absorbed by the excitement and the anxieties of the present as to be oblivious of the ultimate issues on which her future hangs. One hears more of her diplomatic endeavours than of the activity in her arsenals. She says little of her power and her achievements, as if they were a surprise to herself: her representatives, on the other hand, put forward various suggestions for the creation of new

friendly ties and the perpetual maintenance of peace in the East. Germany has begun to be suspicious—the work of a bad conscience ; and a Japanese Prince was sent to attend the royal wedding at Berlin. France recognises the position as too delicate even to speak of the Mongol as a scourge like Attila and—Bismarck ; for a scheme said to have been conceived by a Japanese statesman for the invasion of Indo-China, to pay off old scores, has seen the light of day. Japan understands the expediency of silence, and even when Admiral Rozhdestvensky was abusing the hospitality of neutral French ports, she did not lodge a formal protest. All the tact that an Oriental Government can command is required in dealing with these two Powers, who are not quite inclined to believe that the young and ambitious Mongol will let bygones be bygones and forget the affair in Laiyang. President Roosevelt will sit on the fence. So the proposal is that the relations between Great Britain and Japan must be placed on such a firm and perpetual footing that the peace of the East may for ever be assured. Lord Lansdowne seems to think this possible. Will an alliance between Great Britain and Japan be sufficient to ensure the peace of the East ?



Every watchful Government may be assumed to be constantly discussing with its military advisers the state of the defences of the country and the methods of improving them, as improvements become necessary. The British Parliamentary system of government gives a publicity to the discussion which must inevitably create false alarms and exaggerate the dangers of a situation. From the Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons on the 11th of May one would imagine that Great Britain was on the brink of a war with some great European Power, or perhaps a combination of Powers, and that the next event of importance for which we must be prepared after the Russo-Japanese war is an attempted invasion of India by Russia, and of England itself by some naval Power—France, as was hypothetically assumed, lest the mention of the more dreaded name of Germany should set a spark to the not over-cordial feelings towards England entertained among the Teutons. We are concerned more with the situation on our north-western frontier than with a contingency which no one has seriously contemplated since the days of the Armada, with the reputed and possible exception of Napoleon. Mr. Balfour's speech, in so far as it related to India, could be interpreted, as is so often the case with his utterances, in two exactly opposite ways. He dwelt so vividly upon the difficulties of transport which the invader would have to encounter when traversing the mountain fastnesses of Afghanistan that he was understood by some to apprehend no danger to India from the north-west. Yet he protested that he did not consider the

problem of the defence of India as otherwise than grave. The explanation of the enigma lay in the Prime Minister's opinion that the whole question of the danger to our frontier hinges upon the construction of railways in Afghanistan. It is evident that if railways were built in that State with Russian capital, the optimist would quickly have to reconsider the foundations of his faith. When, therefore, the Prime Minister said that any attempt on the part of Russia to extend her strategic railways within the borders of Afghanistan must be regarded as an act of aggression, there was apparently a unanimous disposition in the House to agree with him. So far as Russia is concerned, the "threat" is clear in its meaning. Did Mr. Balfour consider there was a probability of Russia putting pressure upon Afghanistan to obtain a concession for railway construction? Some understood him in one way, and others in another. It is tolerably clear, however, that the Prime Minister believed in the probability of Afghanistan being either absorbed in Asiatic Russia, unless Great Britain resisted the attempt, or being compelled to assume such a favourable attitude towards Russia that it would cease to serve as a "buffer." How would the Amir act? It is hoped that the doubt which at one time surrounded that question has been dispelled by the new treaty.



The British Government had an understanding with the late Amir that His Highness was to have no "political relations" with any other foreign Power. The present Amir has confirmed that agreement "in the principles and in the matters of subsidiary importance regarding internal and external affairs," and has agreed that he will not contravene the engagement "in any dealing or in any promise." The wording of the treaty would thus appear to be sufficiently comprehensive to include concessions to foreign Powers to build railways within the State. One wishes the terms of the treaty had been more explicit, in view of the importance attached to the extension of strategic railways within the territories of the high contracting party. The full instructions given to Mr. Louis Dane must remain an inviolable secret: he has only told the public that they were not as comprehensive as had been wished in many quarters. Extension of commerce, and of railways to be built with British capital, the training of the local army under British officers, and some satisfactory arrangement regarding the frontier tribes, were among the suggestions which in England, and to a certain extent in India, had been pressed upon the attention of the Government. The Amir, evidently, does not wish to be caught in the tangles of various kinds of engagements which are likely to encroach upon his independence. On the other hand, he has taken particular care to emphasise his position as an "independent king" in the treaty to which he was asked to affix his seal. His

Majesty the Amir Habibullah Khan, as we should hereafter call him, has not been quite as demonstrative in his appreciation of British friendship as was his father. Even in his father's lifetime there were nobles in his State who did not share the Amir's admiration for British valour and his confidence in British honesty. He had to explain to his nobles, at the time of the Penjdeh affair, that Mr. Gladstone was a weak man and that the Conservatives, when in power, would always act in a manly spirit. It struck the suspicious Afghans, however, that party Government in England was only a cunning device to shirk responsibility. The statesmen of Afghanistan appear to be as suspicious of the British as of the Russians. They wish to keep both at arm's length and do what is absolutely necessary to respect the old treaty engagements. Who will break the peace of the East after the Russo-Japanese war, is a matter of varied conjecture. It has been said that the menace of the East is Germany. The Kaiser is believed to be in a bad temper, and France is anxious to propitiate him. The Tsar must be in a still worse temper. We cannot propitiate him. Mr. Balfour evidently thinks that we must be prepared for the worst.

CORRESPONDENCE.

POLITICS, LOCAL AND IMPERIAL.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

DEAR SIR,—Surely, the East is beginning to know herself, if not the West also, after so many able articles published by you. Is there not a danger lest the bearing of the various writings should be lost in their variety? Take the two in the April number. Dr. Keane endeavours to tell what elements have gone to make up the varied populations combined in that great empire; really, an able analysis of a long past process, only to be seen in progress in a new country like the United States of America where the elements are not yet fully fused, but are in process of fusion. Mr. J. D. Anderson, I.C.S., on the other hand, deals with present problems of Government. It seems to me that, whilst he fully understands the great diversity in peoples and languages, he fails to realise the distances which make these peoples and languages, not one nation, but many nations in one empire. The diversity in race and language is not greater than in Europe. But there we see not unity, but plurality and variety in Government. India is ruled by the village Panch, the Municipality, and the British. Yet each of these rules in a very different sphere, and the simple villagers are far apart even from the men conversant with municipal matters. How much more are they both separate from their imperial rulers? It seems to me that Congress men can better forward the weal of India by seeking to increase the light they themselves rejoice in amongst the simple people of their own localities, than by aiming at control of imperial affairs. For should the central Government be weakened, the units forming the empire would fall apart in fatal helplessness. Whereas, if each unit is gradually brought forward, all may, in time come into line as separate sovereign states. And if not as separate states like those of Europe, yet at any rate, not less self-ruled than the separate and individual states of the American Union. But this cannot be until each Congress-man is great in his local influence and works to form a band of such ability in his own unit as shall be able to accept such power as devolution may offer to the fit. The need for this has been fully shown in the smaller spheres of Municipal life where, at first, there were very few fit to take responsibility.

Let the aim be, therefore, local efficiency, and let Congress meet for mutual encouragement and exchange of ideas. For, let it never be